dec. 15c

modern screen

• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
DEC 19 1947
PERIALS DIVISION

PER.



TYRONE POWER

Helen Neushaefer **announces**

An Amazing New Lipstick



HELEN
NEUSHAEFER

With the new
wonder ingredient
LASTEEN

and a new case
with the stunning
"Color Teller Tip"



Golden metal swivel case

39¢ plus tax

Created by Popular Demand

for a lipstick as fine as her nail polish

Women all over America have asked Helen Neushaefer to create a lipstick as lastingly lovely as her nail polish . . . one that really stays on . . . not too moist . . . not too dry, but *just right!* From her cosmetic chemists has come this amazing, new lipstick . . . containing LASTEEN, to give her lipstick what the miracle ingredient PLASTEEN gives her nail polish. Now available at chain store cosmetic counters . . . in five beautiful shades that harmonize with Helen Neushaefer nail polish.



10¢ plus tax
with **PLASTEEN**

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., 80 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

©CIB 108126

PN1993
.M334



"There's your man, Sis— 238,857 miles away!"

GIRL: And that, my half-pint pest, is about as close as I get to *any* man *any*where.

CUPID: Maybe you should make like those stars, Sugar. They're practically cuddling your moon-man. But, of course, they *sparkle*.

GIRL: I get it. All but one teeny-weeny point—just how do I put sparkle in this 5-watt smile of mine, Mr. Smarty-Pantless?

CUPID: I'll tell you, glum one. But first . . . see any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh, and blue skies and red sails in the sunset and . . . what's my tooth brush's color scheme got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Only just about everything, Miss Ignorance of 1947. That "pink" is a sign to *see your dentist*. Quick. Let him decide what's the matter. May be simply a case of today's soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: *Smile* . . . remember, urchin? . . . it was my smile we were yappity-yappiting about. Where'd it go?

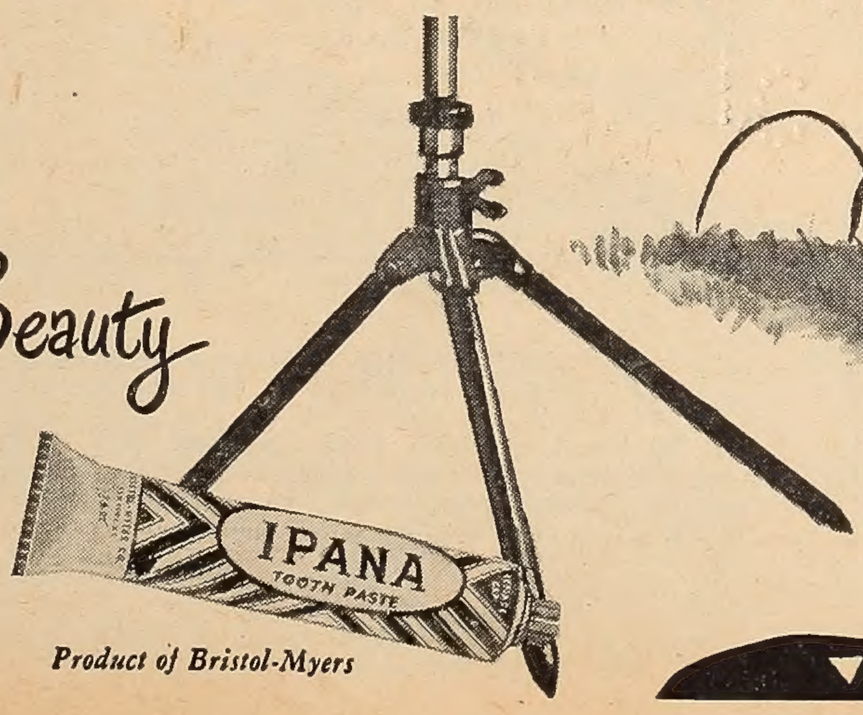
CUPID: This way: A sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. So-o-o, if your dentist advises massage—that's for you. 9 out of 10 dentists *do* recommend gum massage . . . regularly or in special cases, according to a recent nationwide survey. And this same survey shows they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.



HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.

Ipana

For your Smile of Beauty



Product of Bristol-Myers



DECEMBER, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

stories

CROSSROADS (Danny Kaye) by Florabel Muir 24
THE DAY WAS THANKSGIVING . . . (Bette Davis) by Ida Zeitlin 28
TRY AND STOP ME! (Tyrone Power) by Henry King 30
THEIR FINEST HOUR (Cary Grant) by Ed Sullivan 32
THAT IMPORTED FEELING by Deborah Kerr 34
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT by Darryl Zanuck 36
MINE, ALL MINE (Kathryn Grayson-Johnnie Johnston) by Jane Wilkie 38
"I WILL BE YOUR SON!" (Evelyn Keyes) by Abigail Putnam 42
"TO TEDDY, WITH LOVE" by Betty Hutton 44
UNFINISHED BUSINESS (Rita Hayworth-Victor Mature) by Carl Schroeder 46
QUEEN OF THE "MARY" (Elizabeth Taylor) by Christopher Kane 48
WHAT MAKES THE SENATOR RUN? (William Powell) by Cameron Shipp 52
"WHY DON'T YOU TWO GET MARRIED?" (Ann Sheridan) by Hedda Hopper 54
GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Shirley Temple) by Dee Lowrance 56
WITH THIS RING (Marie McDonald) by George Benjamin 58
HELP WANTED! (Tom Drake) by Cynthia Miller 60

features

GOOD NEWS by Louella Parsons 4
EDITORIAL: A Turkey Leg to Mr. Zanuck by Moss Hart 27

departments

REVIEWS by Virginia Wilson 16
FASHION by Constance Bartel 69
INFORMATION DESK by Beverly Linet 79
BEAUTY: "Be a Good-Looking Sport!" by Carol Carter 84
FAN CLUBS by Shirley Frohlich 86
MUSIC: "Sweet and Hot" by Leonard Feather 92

COVER PORTRAIT OF TYRONE POWER BY NICKOLAS MURAY

DESIGNED BY LESTER BEALL

ALBERT P. DELACORTE, Executive Editor HENRY P. MALMGREEN, Editor

TOM CARLILE, western manager

SHIRLEY FROHLICH, associate editor
FLORENCE EPSTEIN, assistant editor
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
CONSTANCE BARTEL, fashion editor
BEVERLY LINET, research editor
CHARLES SAXON, cartoon editor

CHRISTOPHER KANE, story editor

ROMA BURTON, western editor
GUS GALE, staff photographer
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
DON ORNITZ, staff photographer
CARL SCHROEDER, editorial consultant
LAYNG MARTINE, promotion director
JEAN KINKEAD, contributing editor

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

Vol. 36, No. 1, December, 1947. Copyright, 1947, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Chicago Advertising office, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. Single copy price, 15c in U. S. and Canada. Subscriptions in U. S. A. and Canada $1.80 a year; elsewhere $2.80 a year. Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.

Esther Williams' Eye-filling Curves!

Melchior's Marvelous Songs!

M-G-M splashes its musical stars across the screen in a gay and gala entertainment in TECHNICOLOR!

Durante's Delicious Gags!

Cugat's Latin Rhythms!

Johnston's Ardent Kisses!

This Time For Keeps

ESTHER WILLIAMS

LAURITZ MELCHIOR · JIMMY DURANTE · JOHNNIE JOHNSTON

XAVIER CUGAT and his orchestra

Terrific Tune Hits!
including:
"Un Poquito de Amor"
"I Love to Dance"
"This Time for Keeps"

M-G-Mermaids in Aqua-colossal Water Ballets!

DAME MAY WHITTY • SHARON McMANUS • Screen Play by GLADYS LEHMAN • Story by ERWIN GELSEY AND LORRAINE FIELDING

Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Lana Turner had a wonderful time dancing with Ty, but a few days later she was crying at the airport as he took off in a new DC-3 Douglas Transport. Lana's going to join him in Africa, then on to Paris.



Before leaving on a ten-week flight that took him around Africa, Ty Power gave a party in the Champagne Room of the Mocambo. Clark Gable came with Dolly O'Brien, one of his favorite and steady companions.



Van and Evie Johnson hated to budge from their own fireside but they did it for Ty. They may bid for Diosa Costello's beautiful home so they'll have enough room for their growing family—expected in January.



Richard Greene and his beautiful actress wife, Patricia Medina, also bid Ty goodbye. Although movie roles await him in England, Richard's reading play scripts like mad with an eye towards the Broadway stage.

■ As sad as any separation is, particularly where a child is involved, the Danny Kaye rift is beginning to assume a slightly sophisticated Noel Coward slant.

Instead of nursing the blues, or crawling into a shell, Sylvia has bloomed into an outwardly gay, happy charmer—and when I say charmer, I mean it. She's cut her hair short, the new ballerina styles are wonderful on her, and she looks cuter than peanuts. And that's what I call being smart.

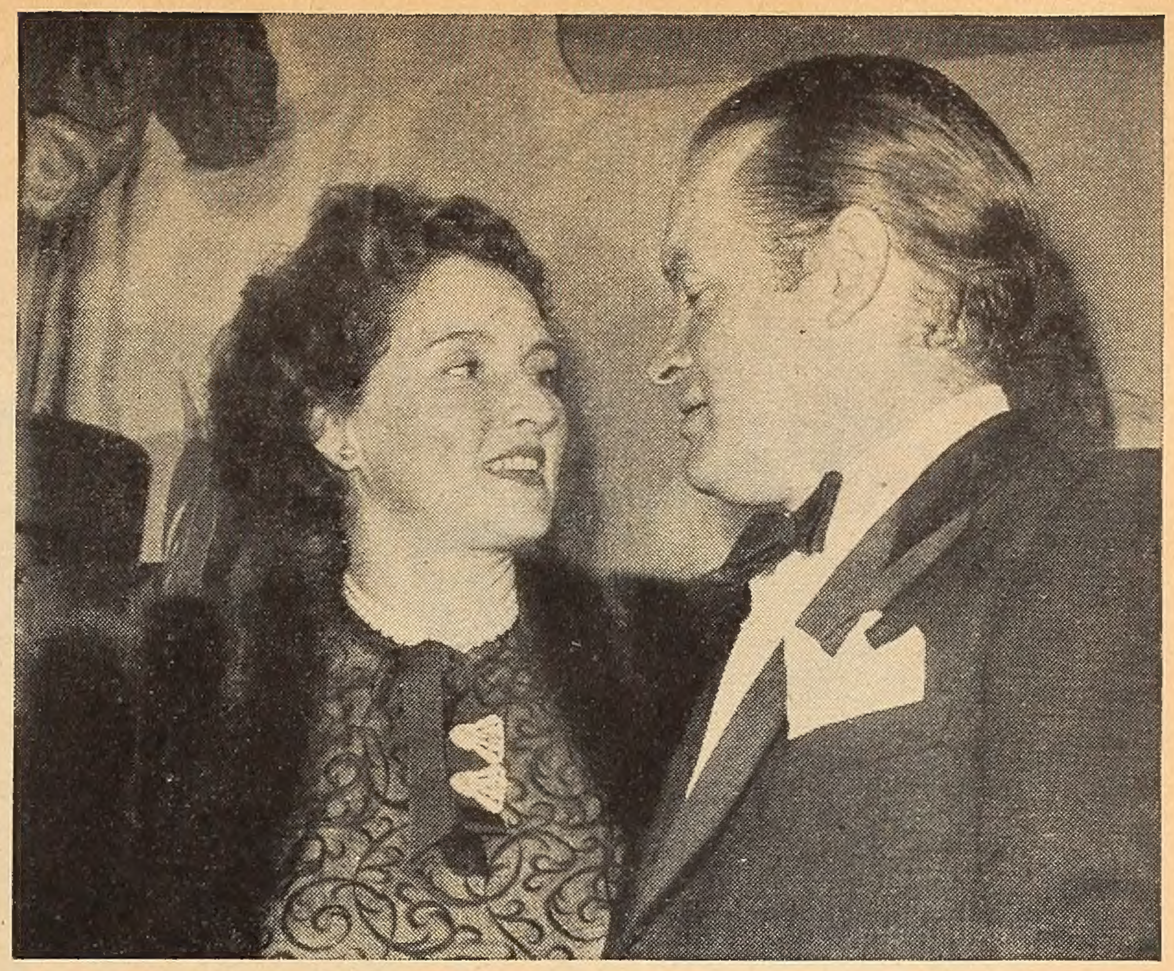
Although Danny still sees attractive Eve Arden, his chief interest since he and Sylvia separated, he has frequent dinners with his wife.

I think it's pretty cute that it is now Sylvia who thinks any reconciliation should wait a spell "until Danny knows exactly what he wants out of life"—in her own words.

Don't tell me it is any accident, either,



Adding glitter to the Power party were Hedy Lamarr and Mark Stevens. Since then their romance has hit a snag, with Hedy giving out big sister advice and sending Mark home for a speedy reconciliation.



Newly-appointed Paramount chairman of the Runyon Cancer Fund, Bob Hope, attended the party in unofficial capacity with his wife. At another Mocambo affair, he quipped, "Go ahead, folks, Elliot's paying for this."



Louis Jourdan (above next to June Havoc) is called the French Ty Power. Told by D. Selznick to stay exactly as he was, Louis later remarked. "I know I shouldn't change, but isn't my hair getting too long?"



For a change, Doug Fairbanks Jr. and his wife attended a party that wasn't for them. Busy now as Vice-President of the American Association for the United Nations, he'll make a picture soon with B. Grable.

that Sylvia's new office on the Warner lot (where she is working on his new song and dance routines) is very glamorous and feminine. There are bowls of fruit and flowers everywhere—with added floral offerings arriving twice weekly from Danny. Nice place to work—AND think things over.

In a very cheery voice, Sylvia told me, "Danny and I haven't hit it off so well in years as we have since we parted."

And don't believe those silly stories that Danny didn't want Sylvia to continue writing his material.

He may be a little mixed up these days—but he ain't THAT crazy.

* * *

Wonder if I was in on the start of a romance between Joan Crawford and Tony Martin? We won't know until she returns from Honolulu—but here's what happened the night before she left:

Joan, looking like a dream boat in a stunning black dress with tiered sleeves, came into the Mocambo with a gent I didn't recognize. But before you could say, "What's this?" Joan and her escort were sitting in Tony Martin's party.

Suddenly, Tony was on the bandstand, singing a farewell song right into Joanie's big orbs, "I'll Be Seeing You In All the Old Familiar Places." Boy, did he mean it?????

Then, much to the surprise of the breathless onlookers, Tony held out his hand to Joan and she joined him at the orchestra to duet, "Embraceable You."

The lady hasn't done anything like that since the good old days when she used to win dancing contests and put on exhibitions of the Charleston.

The Mark Stevenses have made up. They are going to give their marriage another try—which is the wise, sane thing to do.

But whether it is permanent or not, I don't know—and frankly neither do Mark and Annelle.

They both want the reconciliation to succeed, but there are many obstacles to overcome. I have never had anyone talk to me more frankly than Annelle did and it would be violating her confidence to repeat what she said. But I can say that she was hurt, and deeply hurt, over Mark's constant companionship with Hedy Lamarr during their separation.

I am an older, and wiser woman so I do not feel presumptuous in offering this advice. I have seen many marriages, movie and otherwise, go on the rocks in my time. I

(*Continued on next page*)

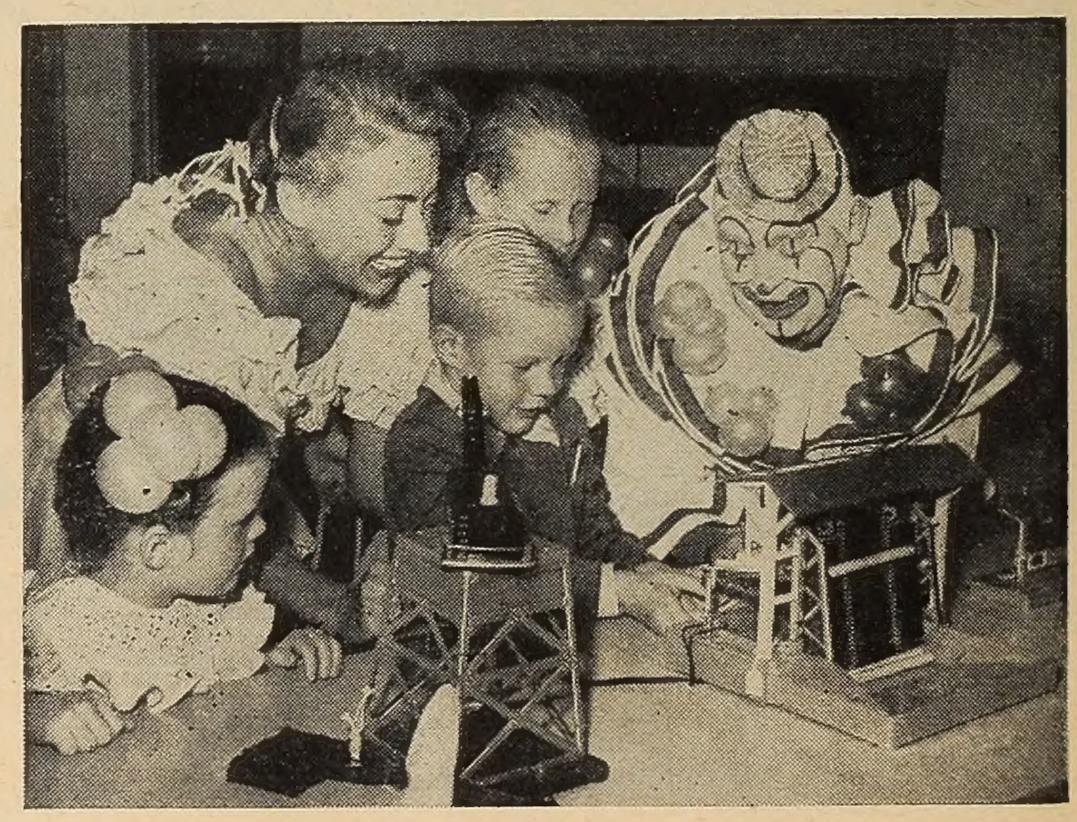
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Another of Uncle Bernie's creations was a lollipop tree, above Robert John Colonna's head. He plucked one with the aid of Bozo and gave his Dad a lick—also fed him much cake and ice-cream.



Bozo, the clown, welcomes Joan Bennett, her daughter, Stephanie (right) and Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl, to the Toy Menagerie. Uncle Bernie, the owner, gave a children's party.





An electric train display was one of the main attractions. Bozo shows Christopher the fine points while his Mom, Joan Crawford, his sister, Christina (right), and a friend watch interestedly.



There were over 100 kids at the toy store party and each went home with a gift. Maureen O'Sullivan shows Michael, Patrick and Maria the tree that gave lemonade when squeezed.

have also seen marriages salvaged and the principals go to many added years of happiness.

So I say to Annelle—bury the past, forget it as though it had never happened. Don't nag. Don't be constantly prodding and probing an old wound. Men are funny and when they say "I love you—and I'm sorry" they want that to be final.

Mark is a good boy and I think he was always in love with his wife and she with him. So let them keep their happiness and guard it.

* * *

Zounds! Is Annabella miffed over all the

ADVENTURERS ON THE MARCH! CONQUERORS OF A NEW WORLD!





A whole new world of drama, love, violence and spectacle lay before their sword of conquest! Fired with passions—dynamic with a brilliant cast—a saga of gold, empire and glory!

Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS

CAPTAIN from CASTILE

Color by Technicolor
STARRING

TYRONE POWER

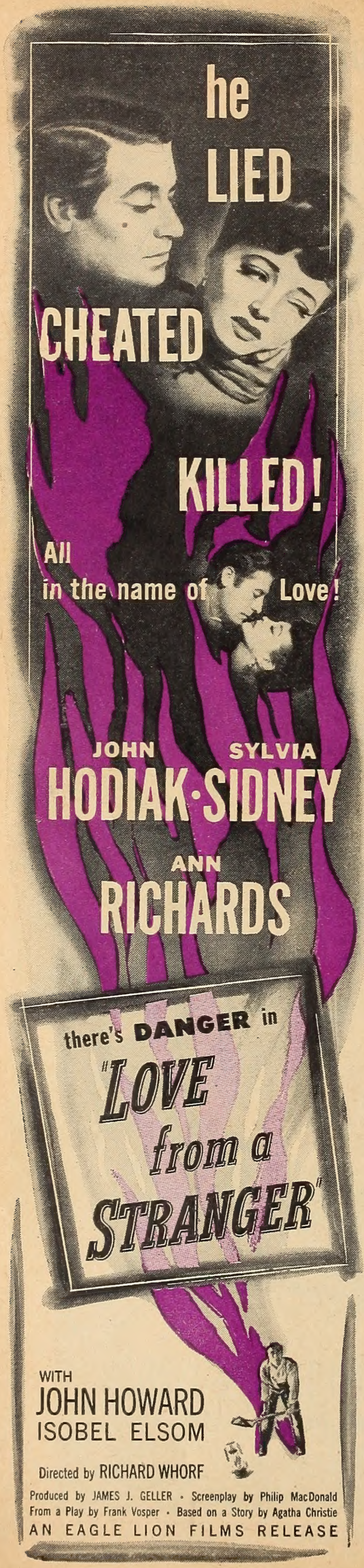
JEAN PETERS · CESAR ROMERO · JOHN SUTTON · LEE J. COBB

with Antonio Moreno · Thomas Gomez · Alan Mowbray · Barbara Lawrence · George Zucco · Roy Roberts · Marc Lawrence

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti — From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger

Directed by HENRY KING — Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

A 20th CENTURY-FOX MAGNIFICENT EPIC!





Jane Russell was chief bat-boy at the charity ball game for the Runyon Cancer Fund. She also teaches Sunday School at a Hollywood church!



Frank Sinatra and Andy Russell ran through an "Anything You Can Do" routine at the Runyon Fund game. Frank's the Fund's studio chairman.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

talk that she is refusing to give Tyrone Power his freedom?

In a hot little letter from Paris, Annabella wrote me, "I am hearing from all sides the rumors that I am refusing to divorce Tyrone and I cannot keep silent any longer."

She goes on to say that whenever he asks for his freedom she will grant it and that there has been so little pressure from him for a divorce that "I had to ask him several times to get a lawyer of his own—as I had done myself, to arrange our divorce. Does that seem that I am behaving like the dog in the manger—as I am being made out?"

Nope, I can't say that it does.

However, I think that Ty will ask for his freedom when he sees his ex-wife in Paris. Else—how come that Lana Turner is keeping a rendezvous with him in Casablanca just about the time you read this?

* * *

I'm crazy about Rita Hayworth. She's really a swell girl. It was wonderful to do her first interview since her return from Europe on my air show. And we had a lot of fun talking "girl talk" the night before the broadcast, at my home.

Don't get excited about romance rumors concerning Rita. She's been going out with a different beau every night including her old flame, Vic Mature. "But there's nothing serious in my life," she said. "I'll always like Vic—he's fun. But that's all."

What completely amazed Rita was to find her daughter, Rebecca, who didn't know how to talk when she went away, chatting

AROUND HER YOUNG HEART SHE WORE THE SCARLET LETTER OF SOMEONE ELSE'S SHAME...

...THAT HAGEN GIRL!

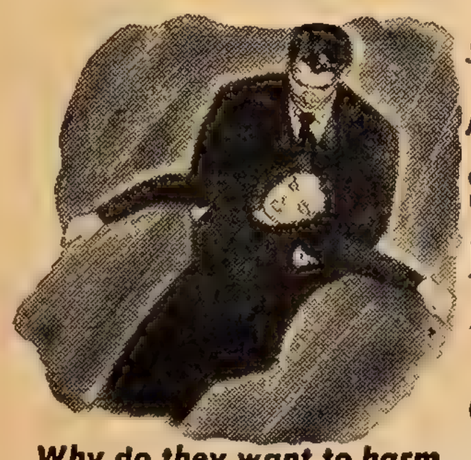
HAUNTED BY THE WHISPERS OF AN INDISCRETION SHE WAS TOO INNOCENT TO UNDERSTAND.

It was too late to turn back now. Tonight held the answer to Mary Hagen's future. And if going alone to meet Tom Bates let loose another floodtide of lies and rumors, she was prepared to face it. Mary didn't care anymore.

Her mind was made up. She was going to meet Tom Bates, the man who had made her unworthy of love.

THE ONE THING MARY HAGEN NEVER EXPECTED AWAITED HER THAT NIGHT...THE ONE ROLE YOU WOULD WANT SHIRLEY TEMPLE TO HAVE IS ON THE SCREEN NOW!

For if what they said was true, that her life was ruined even before she'd lived it, at least she would know why. She would know that terrible secret... the story of the scandal whose ominous shadow had darkened her days and turned nights into torment.



Why do they want to harm a girl like Mary Hagen?

Warner Bros. present

RONALD REAGAN·SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

"THAT HAGEN GIRL"

with RORY CALHOUN

PENNY EDWARDS · LOIS MAXWELL · HARRY DAVENPORT

Screen Play by Charles Hoffman · From a Novel by Edith Roberts · Music by Franz Waxman

Directed by PETER GODFREY · Produced by ALEX GOTTLEIB

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Mrs. Bob Hutton (Cleatus Caldwell) wore an unusual pearl choker at Harry Richman's Ciro opening. Bob, signed with WB for 7 years, is feuding with leading lady Joyce Reynolds.



Vera-Ellen, who's been dating Farley Granger, and Rory Calhoun, who's been beauing Rhonda Fleming, saw the Richman show together. Rory's bought a boat with Guy Madison.



Frank and Nancy Sinatra came to the opening, danced most of the evening. They've started weekly painting lessons, under John Vogel. Meanwhile, Frank's canvasses are decorating his friend's homes.

and gabbing like a Magpie now.

"Maybe she's going to turn out like her father," I suggested, recalling "genius" Orson Welles' gift for gab on every subject. Certainly Rebecca doesn't get her garrulousness from her beautiful mother who is a very quiet person.

I must say my radio producer (male) was upset about the gown Rita was wearing. It was straight from Paris and completely new with a small hoop around her waist to make the skirt stand out.

"Can you imagine a girl with a figure like *that* wearing a hoop?" whooped my radio friend, very depressed about the whole thing.

* * *

Let's go to a couple of parties that were really honeys!

One was formal, grand and elegant, and the other was slacks, Mexican food and whoopie and I had the time of my life at both.

Swanky plus was the glamor party given by Lana Turner and Tyrone Power before Ty took off for Africa.

The setting was the newly-decorated Champagne Room, adjoining the Mocambo and believe me it is a "setting" guaranteed to show off the ladies and what they wore.

The room is in black, silver and crystal. The tables, gleaming with orchids flown in that day from Honolulu, looked like jewels.

A MAN... trying to run away from his past...

A WOMAN... trying to escape her future!

when they clash it's ***WILDFIRE!***



Mitchum's a private detective, a little on the shady side—who makes a buck wherever he can find it. Greer's a gal with a gun, and a way with men—an exciting combination—but deadly!

RKO PRESENTS

ROBERT MITCHUM • JANE GREER

in

Out of the Past

with

KIRK DOUGLAS • RHONDA FLEMING • RICHARD WEBB

STEVE BRODIE • VIRGINIA HUSTON

Produced by WARREN DUFF • Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR

Screen Play by GEOFFREY HOMES

RKO RADIO PICTURES

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



When it comes to ties, Glenn Ford finds he can't be exclusive. Wears the same as William Keighley, director of the Lux shows, at the broadcast of *Stolen Life*—Bette Davis' first role since motherhood.



"Take it off!" they cried to Esther Williams—and she did for $5000, at the Runyon Cancer Fund auction on Harold Lloyd's estate. Harry Crocker m.-c.'d and blushed as her dress went home with L. B. Mayer.

Charlie Morrison, ye host of the Mocambo, had a clever idea. Individual brandy snifters holding single gardenias with the names "Lana and Ty" enscrolled on the glass were a part of the decor. If I hadn't known that it wasn't possible, because Ty is not free, I would have thought this an engagement announcement.

All evening long, six violinists bowed their way among the tables playing the most romantic tunes. Obviously, Ty and Lana went all out to make this a beautiful affair.

The newest twosome of the evening was Hedy Lamarr and Mark Stevens making their first public appearance together. Of course, this was before the Stevens made up.

You couldn't move two inches without bumping into the Gary Coopers, Clark Gable (still romancing socialite Dolly O'Brien), Cesar Romero and practically the entire star roster of both 20th and M-G-M.

Early the next morning, Ty left and Lana was at the airport to kiss him goodbye. Don't think the photographers missed that one. She's really in love with him—and it's mutual.

* * *

On the other hand—there's nothing like a party where everyone lets his or her hair down and has real fun instead of being formal and all dressed up. The Walter Langs—maybe you remember Mrs. Lang as Fieldsie, Carole Lombard's secretary, and Walter is, of course, the well-known director—had a Mexican dinner in their garden, and oh, what a fun party that one was.

Once a year, the Langs throw this party and the orchestra is furnished by the guests —usually the same—Fred MacMurray tootin' the saxophone, Ann Sothern at the piano, Cesar Romero at the bass fiddle and two or three others. This year's vocalist was new—Miss Ann Sheridan in the flesh.

Lana Turner, wearing her heart on her sleeve since Ty's departure, came with a girl friend. Lana wore tricky slacks, a jet top and black trousers and managed to look beautiful, if lonesome.

Evie Johnson, in a peasant skirt and blouse to hide her figure (she'll be a mother soon), had a million laughs with Van right by her side. If you could see the way he waits on her and never leaves her, you would know all this gossip that they aren't getting on is the silliest of the season.

Zachary Scott, minus mustache, looked odd to me. I asked if there had been a battle over shaving his mustache for his new picture. "Not a battle," he laughed. "The director just *insisted*."

That Mousie, and I mean Mrs. William Powell, is the cutest thing in town and everyone is crazy about her. She loves parties and hates to go home. Bill was to be my guest on the radio the following day, so neither he nor I felt we could stay late. Everytime Bill started to leave, Mousie hid so he couldn't find her. But don't think he didn't know what she was doing. He's on to her.

June Havoc, pretty blonde sister of Gypsy Rose Lee, came with Bill Spier—and I miss my guess if these two aren't married soon.

At five o'clock the next morning the party was still going strong with most of the guests in the kitchen stirring up ham 'n' eggs. Now you know what I mean when I say it was a big night!

* * *

Dana Andrews' 13-year-old son, David, worked his entire summer vacation in a camera shop in North Hollywood because, as he told his old man, he "wanted to earn his own money."

Just before David started back to school, Dana received a bill for the camera gadgets Dave had "charged" during his chores.

"The amount," said Dana, grinning, "was exactly four times his salary!"

* * *

This kills me:

Several weeks ago, the Eagle-Lion company staged a big premiere at the Carthay Circle for *Red Stallion* and every animal and bird in the business was invited to be present (complete with trainers) and show off in the forecourt.

When, a couple of days before the event, no acceptance had been received from Lassie, an Eagle-Lionite called M-G-M to see if the canine would be present.

"We doubt it," was the surprising reply.

"Why?"

"Well," came the unexpected answer, "Lassie is a STAR and those others are just SUPPORTING animals!"

* * *

Purely Personal: The Brian Donlevy di-

SHE WALKED
TO THE ALTAR
WITH FOUR
MILLIONAIRES





...and still
she wasn't
a wife!







COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Ginger ROGERS · Cornel WILDE

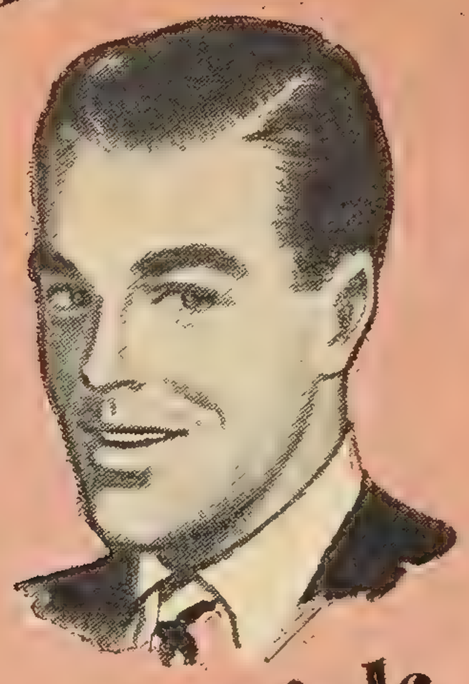
It Had to Be You

with PERCY WARAM · SPRING BYINGTON · RON RANDELL

Screenplay by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

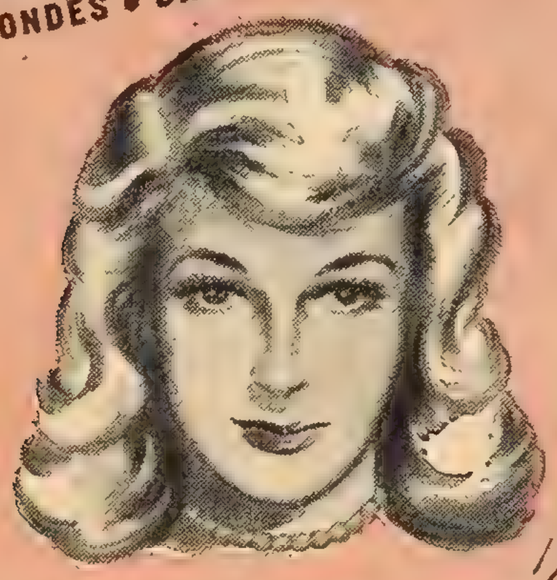
Directed by DON HARTMAN and RUDOLPH MATÉ · A DON HARTMAN PRODUCTION

Gentlemen



Prefer Girls

(BLONDES • BRUNETTES • REDHEADS)



with Color Bright Hair



Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair sparkling, *natural-looking* color and highlights. Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Nestle Colorinse washes out completely with shampooing. Delicately scented, easy and absolutely safe to use.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 9 flattering shades

10c and 25c —at drug & dime stores

HAVE THE WHOLE FAMILY use Nestle Creme Shampoo—the wonderful, new lanolin creme shampoo in a tube. They'll love it. 10¢, 25¢, 59¢ at all toilet goods counters.



Alan and Sue Ladd (in the East for the shooting of *The Long, Gray Line* at West Point) arrived in New York on Alan's birthday—hence the cake.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



The gal with the monk's hair-do is Valli, famous Italian import, in one of the first scenes from Sinatra's *Miracle of the Bells.*

vorce suit is a disgrace. The mess should have been settled out of court. It has hurt Brian, his wife, Hollywood and most tragic of all, their beautiful little girl, Judy. What kind of "love" is it that drags an innocent little girl through mud in a fight for her custody? . . . Last year, every producer in town was trying to steal Gregory Peck for a picture. This year, it's Burt Lancaster. . . . I, personally, get more mail with plugs for Larry Parks. . . . Ever since a famous psychiatrist said that women with freckles are more "passionate" than their freckle-less sisters, they have been kidding the dirndls off cute little Jeanne Crain. . . . I won't even bat an eyelash with surprise if Clark Gable marries rich, blonde, social Dolly O'Brien when she is free. Clark always liked sophisticated women, which certainly proves that opposites attract. Clark is a hunting and fishing man, himself. . . . Is Ingrid Bergman losing personal contact with her fans? It seems to me she is becoming almost a "myth" she is such a recluse. . . . Humphrey Bogart would like to have Lauren Bacall in every one of his pictures but he's afraid he'll run into the same thing Cornel Wilde did when he was plugging Patricia Knight's career. Sometimes husbandly devotion turns sour to movie producers. . . .

* * *

Did you know that RKO's new star, Jane Greer suffered partial paralysis of the face when she was ten years old and she believed she would always be disfigured?

It's an amazing story she tells.

"I was so miserable, I cried, cried, cried all the time," Jane told me. "I didn't know it then, but those tears saved me.

"Crying contorts the muscles and this constant 'exercise' is what brought about my recovery."

Do you wonder that Jane is a firm believer that "Every cloud has a silver lining"?

* * *

Ran into Judy Garland at M-G-M. She and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, were entering one of the projection rooms to see *The Pirate*—and they were holding hands.

It's wonderful to say that Judy looks so well, her old pert self again. She was upset over a story (not mine) that her doctor had "forbidden" Vince to direct her next picture.

"It's not that we are having any trouble," Judy told me. "It's just that he believes a complete change of faces during my working hours will be best for me."

Let's hope Judy's bad luck is all behind her. I'll always think of her as just a little girl and little girls shouldn't have troubles.

Next month, I'll have some New York gossip for you. I'm heading East for my annual jaunt, and people seem different, new and exciting to me in New York. I've always said people behave differently on vacations.

Until then, so long—good luck and keep on sending those interesting letters.

On the screen in Technicolor for all America's millions... the play all America loves best!



WARNER BROS.
Present
Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER



starring IRENE
DUNNE
WILLIAM
POWELL

with
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

EDMUND GWENN • ZASU PITTS

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

From the original play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by
ROBERT BUCKNER

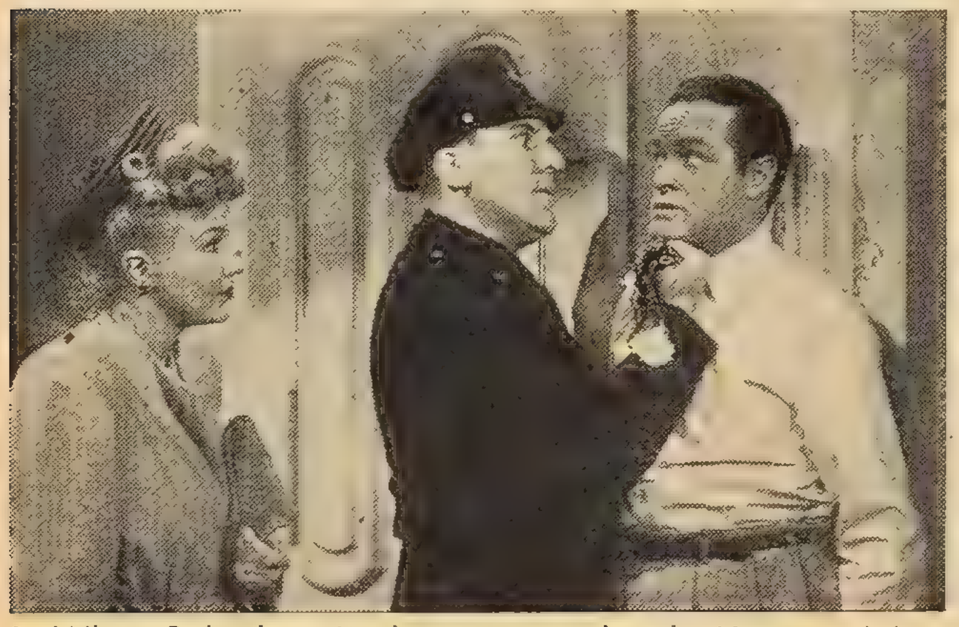
Welcome! The longest-run stage hit in history (8 straight years!) is a Warner Picture now! Heed the happy word of all who've already seen it and head for Warners' finest the first moment you can!

movie reviews

BY VIRGINIA WILSON



1. Bob, an all-night disc jockey, is about to marry Vera Marsh, when he's confronted by "General" Signe Hasso who insists he's King of Barovia.



2. When Bob doesn't show up at church, Vera and her brother, Bill Bendix, pay him a call. Bill's always suspected Bob wasn't serious about marrying his sister.



3. Bob's life is threatened by the treacherous Barovians, but Bendix' cops eventually save him. Unfortunately Bob prefers the "General's" kisses to Vera's . . .



WHERE THERE'S LIFE

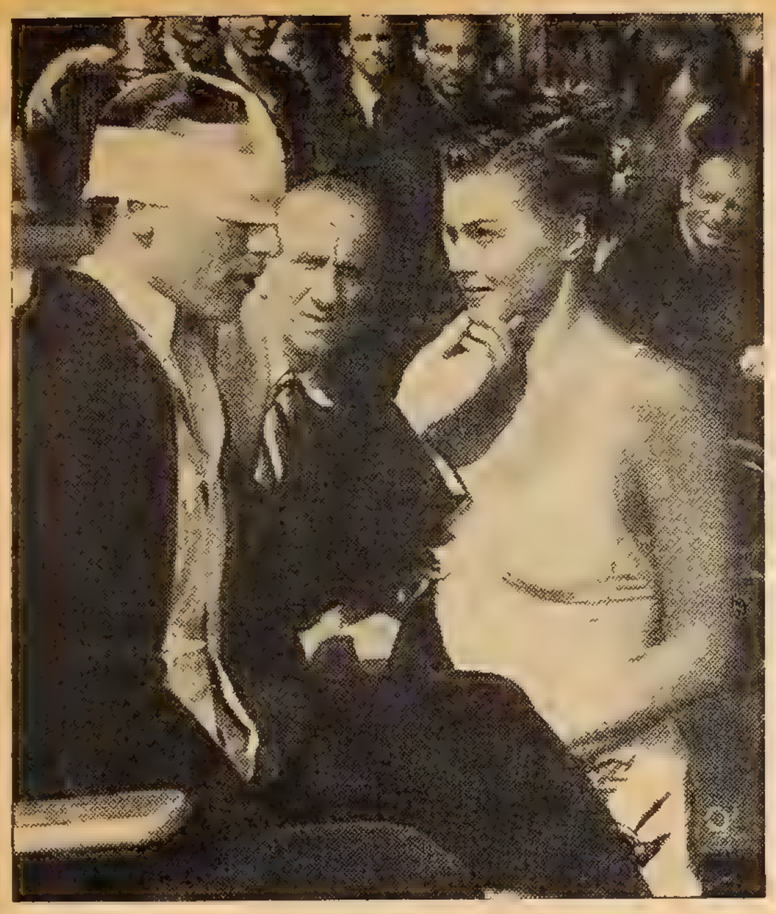
I suppose that title was bound to turn up on a Hope picture sooner or later! Anyway, this is top grade Hope, and if you want to laugh yourself into a state just short of coma, go and see it.

Bob, as a disc jockey named Michael Valentine, tangles with some characters who want to make him king of a little Balkan country called Barovia. It seems that the present king has just been shot ("Fine ad for the job," Bob grumbles) and has whispered on what is practically his death-bed that he has a son in America. A son called Michael Valentine, who knows nothing about Barovia, and, in fact, thinks he's an orphan.

Michael would have been better off proceeding on that orphan theory indefinitely. But no, he lets himself be kidnapped by a Prime Minister (George Coulouris), and a General Grimovitch. You will understand this better when I tell you that the general is a well-stacked blonde, played by Signe Hasso. They're all set to take Mike back to Barovia in a plane.

There are, however, a couple of things in the way. One, is a secret society called the Mordia which is trying to kill off all possible claimants to the throne of Barovia. The other is Mike's fiancee, Hazel O'Brien (Vera Marsh), who is planning to marry Mike the next day. She never heard of Barovia and she has seven brothers who are New York cops, who never heard of it, either. The oldest brother is Victor (William Bendix) and he never liked Mike very well. Always figured he was trying to get out of marrying little Hazel. So, when all of a sudden Mike disappears, the whole city police force starts looking for him, and it isn't to send him a wedding present, either.

Meanwhile, Mike is being spirited from hiding place to hiding place, with the Mordians in hot pursuit. Knives, guns—they don't care *what* they use on the poor guy. And if he goes to the cops he'll have Victor to cope with! But, of course, he has the General on his side, and that blonde hasn't commanded an Army for nothing!—*Par.*



This Time For Keeps: Durante keeps watch over Esther Williams, in love with J. Johnston.

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS

Esther Williams is back in the water again, and a fine thing for all concerned. Even if she *couldn't* swim like a precocious duck, she would still be a dreamy sight in a bathing suit. Her supporting cast includes Johnnie Johnston, Xavier Cugat, Dick Simmons, Dame May Whitty and those two sterling singer-comedians—Jimmy Durante and Lauritz Melchior.

Johnnie as Dick, the son of Metropolitan star Hans Harold (Lauritz Melchior), finds, when he gets out of the Army, that his father has everything planned for him. But Dick has been taking orders from top sergeants for three years, and he'd like to make a few plans of his own. He would especially like to be allowed to pick out his own girl, but papa has a debutante named Frances (Mary Stuart) practically ready to start up the church aisle.

Much nearer what Dick has in mind is Nora Cambaretti (Esther Williams), star of the aquacade which has New York happily waterlogged at the moment. However, Nora already has a beau, Gordon (Dick Simmons), plus a highly suspicious guardian-watchdog named Ferdi (Jimmy Durante).

In spite of these handicaps, Dick does pretty well. Nora has no idea he's the son of the famous Hans Harold, and thinks he's broke. She gets him a job with Xavier Cugat's band. Nora even falls in love with him enough to take him up to Mackinack Island where her grandmother (Dame May Whitty) can inspect him.

Meanwhile, Pop Harold is having sixteen kinds of fits. His son involved with a show-girl! (Pop hasn't ever seen the aquacade and is a little confused.) He isn't used to having his plans kicked around with such gay abandon, so while Dick is away being inspected by Grandma, Pop announces his son's engagement to the debutante. Naturally, when Nora reads that in the morning papers, it's going to take more than a little swim to cool her off!

There are some nice arrangements of Cugat's music in this, and Durante, as always, is terrific!—*M-G-M.*

The tougher they are...the harder they fall!

THE LAW GOT LITTLE CAESAR!

THE LAW GOT BABY FACE!

THE LAW GOT PRETTY BOY!

THE LAW GOT SCARFACE!



NOW...SEE THEM GET...

"THE GANGSTER"

...TOLD WITH BULLET FORCE!

The shock-by-shock story of his crimes, his battles, his women!



A KING BROS. PRODUCTION

starring

BARRY SULLIVAN • BELITA • JOAN LORRING

with AKIM TAMIROFF Henry Morgan • John Ireland

Elisha Cook, Jr. • Sheldon Leonard • Produced by Maurice and Frank King

Directed by Gordon Wiles • Screenplay by Daniel Fuchs from his novel "Low Company"

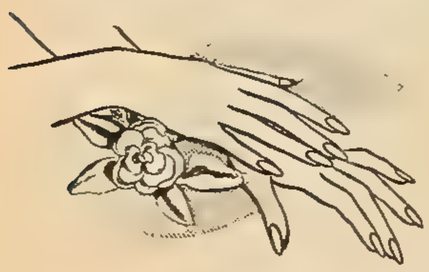
AN ALLIED ARTISTS PRODUCTION



GLADYS SWARTHOUT singing the great finale of *Mignon.* Look at her hands! They're strong —but smooth and softly feminine. The vigorous hands of an eloquent *artiste.*

"*For my hands? CREAM!*" said **GLADYS SWARTHOUT**

And the cream she uses is PACQUINS, the choice of so many stars



It's amazing! . . . the way women are changing to cream *for hand care. To* PACQUINS *Hand Cream But, then, it isn't really so amazing when you* see *and* feel *what Pacquins does for hands.*

TONIGHT give *your* hands *star* care. Cream care. Pacquins care.

Smooth on a dab of this snowy-white, quick-melting, fresh-fragrant cream.

Ahh . . . feels *good!* Really luxurious.

What's this? What's happened to that roughness, dryness, flakiness, chap? Why, your skin feels smooth, soft, velvety as the fabled gardenia petal.

And look! What's milk . . . or a pearl . . . or a moonbeam got that your hands haven't? Nothing!

Try Pacquins tonight. Just a 12-second massage. And tomorrow morning. And every night and morning. Pacquins *isn't* sticky or greasy. Disappears *fast.* It's a joy to use — as well as to have used. Try changing to cream . . . to Pacquins . . . now.



ELIZABETH WILKINSON, NURSE, REPORTS: "Pacquins was originally formulated just for nurses and doctors. Nurses' hands take a nasty beating — 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day. We *must* have this kind of hand care."

for "dream" hands—cream your hands with Pacquins HAND CREAM

Never Sticky or Greasy!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.



That Hagen Girl: S. Temple questions R. Reagan about the mystery surrounding her birth.

THAT HAGEN GIRL

Gossip is an ugly thing. When we whisper some rumor we've heard, it may be as dangerous as the sibilant whisper of a knife through the air. That's what happens in the case of Mary Hagen (Shirley Temple). Gossip, just gossip, but that's enough.

It all starts with what may or may not be a coincidence. In 1930, Grace Gately, daughter of Jordan, Ohio's, richest family, returns to her home town after a long trip. She has a nurse with her and she isn't allowed to see anyone, particularly Tom Bates (Ronald Reagan) whom she's gone around with for two years.

Here's the coincidence. On the same train is an inconspicuous little seamstress, Mrs. Minta Hagen (Dorothy Petersen). In her arms she is carrying a very new baby. Now it happens that no one in Jordan had heard Minta was going to have a baby when she left town a few months before on a visit. So the whispers start, and before long, everyone is convinced that the little girl is really the daughter of Grace Gately and Tom Bates.

Seventeen years later, when Mary Hagen is a senior in High School, the town is still convinced of it. Mary is a very pretty girl (natch—it's Shirley Temple), but she knows there's some mystery about her birth, although she has no idea what it is. She and young Ken Freneau (Rory Calhoun) are in love and she has no time for worrying about mysteries.

Then Ken's mother decides "that Hagen girl" isn't fit company for her darling boy. and Mary is told she can't have the lead in the High School play because all of a sudden she "isn't the type."

No wonder she badgers her friend, Sharon (Jean Porter) into telling her the story of the rumors. No wonder she goes straight to Tom Bates for an explanation. But that visit has consequences which even the busiest busybody in Jordan could not have foreseen.

On first thought, Shirley Temple and Ronald Reagan seem a slightly incongruous team, but it works out fine.—*War.*

DAISY KENYON

Joan Crawford deserts schizophrenia and alcoholism, temporarily at least, to portray a reasonably normal career girl. Daisy Kenyon is an illustrator for popular magazines. She is clever, sophisticated, beautiful. Un-



Daisy Kenyon: Career-gal Crawford falls for married D. Andrews, later weds H. Fonda.

fortunately, she is in love with a man who is married and has a couple of children, which naturally leads to complications.

Dan O'Mara (Dana Andrews) is a very attractive guy—so much so that you can understand why Daisy let herself get involved in this unhappy situation. He has become as much a part of her life as her career or New York. She couldn't, she tells herself, give up any of them. Besides, Dan needs her. He is one of the smartest lawyers in the city, but he brings his problems to Daisy because just talking to her about them helps. He wouldn't think of discussing business with his wife, who wouldn't know what he was talking about, anyway.

Then Daisy meets Peter (Henry Fonda). Peter is casual where Dan is dynamic, laconic where Dan is voluble. He isn't an easy man to get to know well. In all probability, if he hadn't stood Daisy up on a date, she would never have *bothered* to get to know him. But she isn't used to that kind of thing. And Dan is away. And when she *does* get to know Peter, she knows, too, that he is much more her sort of person than Dan. So —with Dan still away—they get married. As suddenly as that.

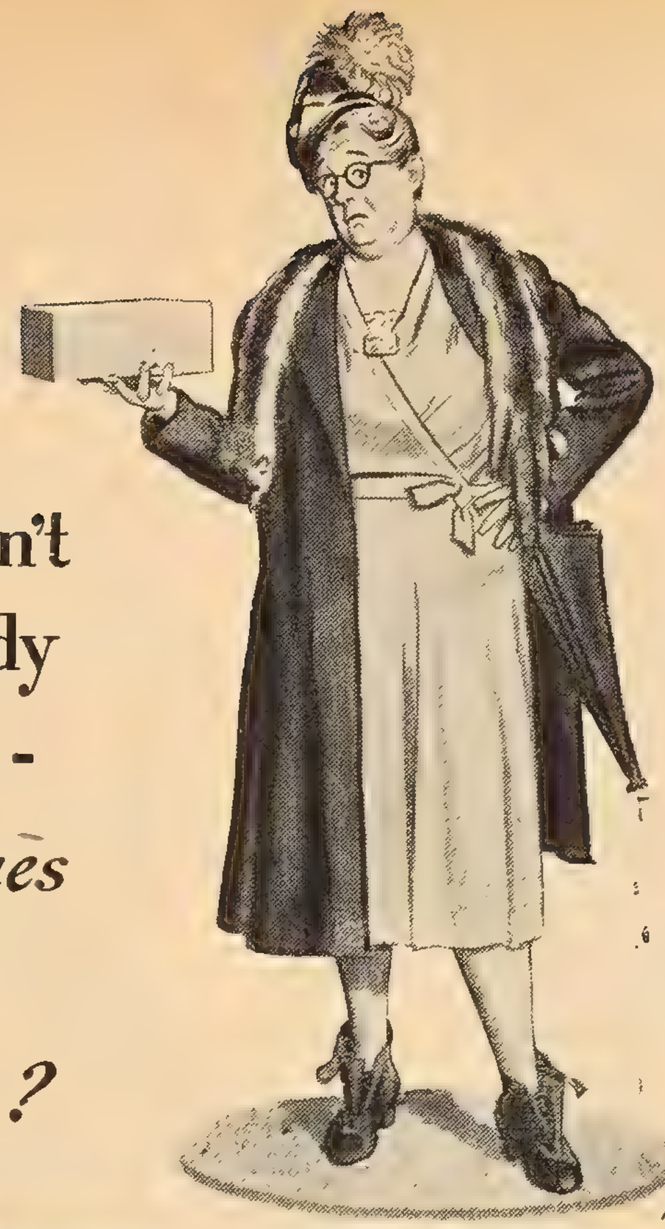
When Dan gets back, it naturally looks to him as though Daisy had been trying to escape from the love he is sure she still feels for him by leaping into a crazy marriage. When he meets Peter—and he does—everyone is very polite and on the surface it looks like a woman and her husband having a quiet drink with an old friend of the family. But you don't know Dan if you think he's going to give up so easily. He has had to fight for everything he's gotten in life, and he has no intention of stopping now.

I think you'll find *Daisy Kenyon* fairly absorbing. However, I don't advise you to adopt its code of morals.—*20th-Fox.*

LOVE FROM A STRANGER

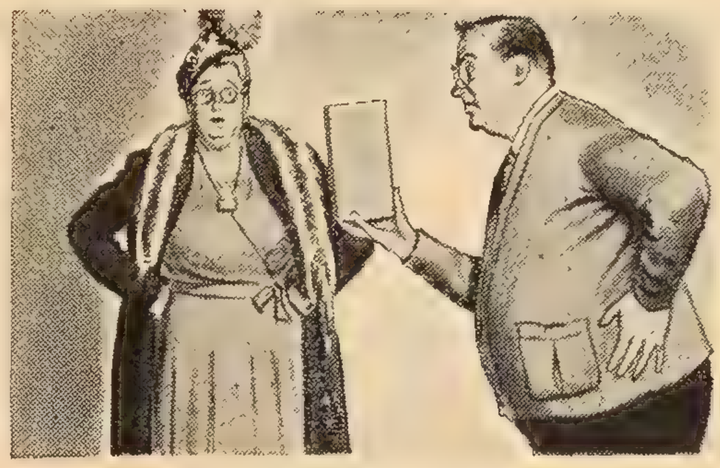
You read in the newspapers all the while about naive women who are swept off their feet by romantic strangers, with disastrous results. Women, apparently, will believe anything if it's said with sufficient charm, and plenty of men are ready to trade on that gullibility.

Of course a girl as attractive as Cecily Harrington (Sylvia Sydney) isn't exactly surprised when a handsome stranger falls in



Why didn't somebody tell me - *All tissues aren't Kleenex ?*

Barshak



Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain *tissues*. If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this sniffle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!



Bess, you alarm me—snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!



Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy — the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues — one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more . . .

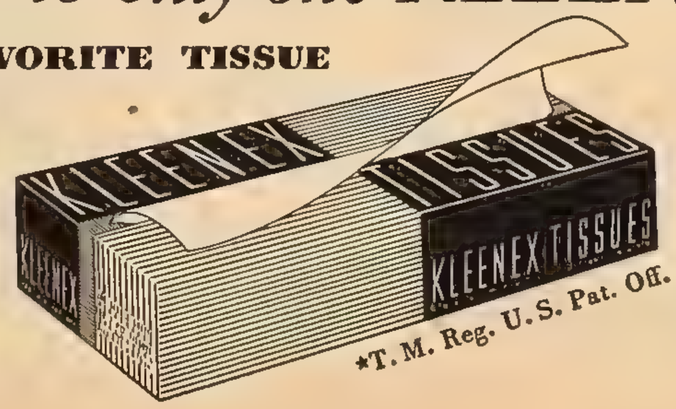


Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you just know Kleenex has super *softness*. And are those tissues *rugged!*

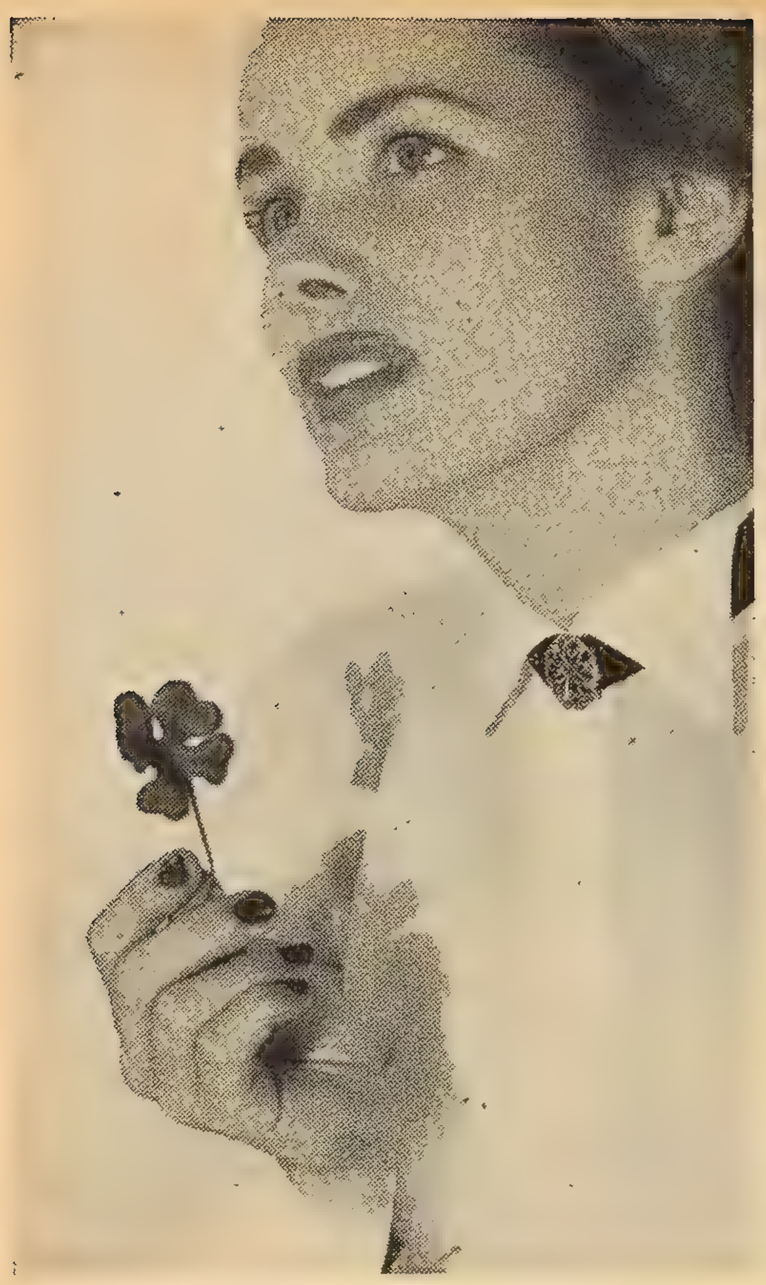
Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**



AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

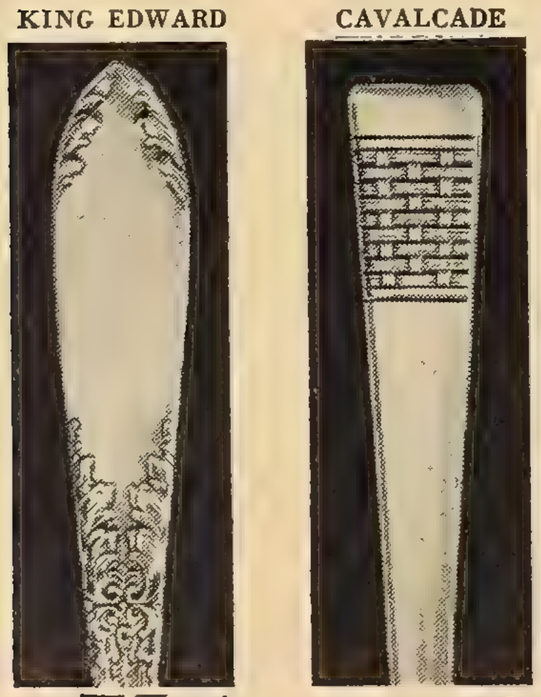


Lucky you!

● You'll be just as proud as you are lucky when you own King Edward Silverplate! Its exquisite beauty, fine craftsmanship and enduring quality mean years and years of pride and pleasure for you!

● Two famous patterns: *King Edward*—beloved for its traditional elegance. *Cavalcade*—distinction in the modern manner. King Edward Silverplate is guaranteed for unlimited service. Ask to see the complete services for 6 or 8 in anti-tarnish chests. From $28.95. At silverware departments and jewelers.

KING EDWARD CAVALCADE



King Edward

EXQUISITE

silverplate

love with her. After all, other men have been in love with her. In fact, she's engaged to one, Nigel Lawrence (John Howard) and very dull he is, too. Admittedly, this new Manuel Cortez (John Hodiak) is a fascinating change, but you'd think it might have occurred to her that her recently acquired forty thousand pounds might have something to do with it. However, he keeps telling her how beautiful she is, and Nigel never even mentioned that. In fact, Nigel would go away for months at a time and all she would hear from him would be a picture postcard not even saying, "Wish you were here."

There are a couple of people who try to hold Cecily down to earth a bit. One is her friend, Mavis (Ann Richards) and the other is Auntie Loo-Loo (Isabel Elsom). But all their arguments can't counter-act what she feels when Manuel kisses her. So she marries him and they go to a cottage in Devonshire to live happily ever after.

Only it's a funny thing. No one knows where they've gone. Cecily thinks Mavis knows, but actually, Manuel has given her a fake address in Ireland. And Nigel hasn't been able to trace their whereabouts at all. Manuel acquires a power of attorney which means that if anything should happen to Cecily, her whole fortune would go immediately to him.

Naturally, something *is* going to happen to Cecily, unless the combined efforts of Scotland Yard, Mavis and Nigel can prevent it. The race is too close for comfort, and you'll watch it strictly from the edge of your seat. —*Eagle-Lion*

UNCONQUERED

This is a whopping big De Mille epic in Technicolor, full of more Indians on the warpath than you've seen since you had nightmares at the age of eight. It also has Gary Cooper, looking even more noble than usual, Paulette Goddard, and considerable excitement in "the only good Injun is a dead Injun" tradition.

Abby Hale (Paulette Goddard) is sent to the colonies in 1763, as a bond slave to be sold at auction. On the voyage over, her red hair catches the eye of a man named Garth (Howard Da Silva). Garth can afford to buy himself a redhaired bond slave if the spirit moves him. He's been trading powder and guns to the Indians, which is a remunerative business. The fact that the guns will inevitably be fired against white settlers doesn't bother Garth a bit.

But it does bother another traveler on the ship, Captain Chris Holden (Gary Cooper). Chris is well aware of the danger implicit in the maneuvers of men like Garth, and he hates him so much that when Garth tries to buy Abby, Chris overbids him. When Chris gets her, he sets her free, which is quite a shock to her vanity. Then Garth tells her the whole thing was a joke and that Chris didn't buy her at all. He persuades the slave dealer to support his story, and Abby goes unwillingly with Garth, hating Chris for the "joke."

There are bigger things at stake now than a redhead's heart. The wild Allegheny country is hearing rumors of Indian war councils. But the British generals of His Majesty's forces in America know singularly little of Indian ways. And to counteract the influence of men like Chris Holden who do know, there is Garth who has married the daughter of a great Indian chief (Boris Karloff). Surely his wife (Katharine De Mille) tells him the truth when she says the red men are all for peace?

But Chris doesn't trust Garth, and because he doesn't, there is still a British flag flying over Fort Pitt when every other outpost has been burned to the ground.—*Par.*



Unconquered: P. Goddard is sent over to the colonies in 1763, as a bond slave. H. Da Silva, gunrunner, bids for her, but Cooper overbids and sets her free, leaving her prey to Da Silva's trickery.

NATIONAL SILVER COMPANY



The Unsuspected: The death of C. Rains' secretary involves his ward, J. Caulfield, in murder.

THE UNSUSPECTED

The most quietly diabolical character you've seen in some time is on exhibition in *The Unsuspected.* He is a delightful, soft-spoken gentleman who will make your scalp creep in seventeen different directions. He is the kind of murderer who is so casual about it that it doesn't seem like murder at all.

There are a great many people involved with this entertaining murderer. I'm going to tell you something about them, and include him in the list, although I don't think you're going to have much trouble guessing his identity, anyway.

Here are the people. Stephen Howard (Michael North), who was engaged to a girl who supposedly committed suicide, and who wants to investigate her death. Althea Keane (Audrey Totter) and her husband, Oliver (Hurd Hatfield), who drinks too much. Victor Grandison (Claude Rains) who narrates murder mysteries on the radio. A frightened little man named Press (Jack Lambert), and a sleek, expensive career woman named Jane Moynihan (Constance Bennett).

These people are all joined by one link—murder. Some of them don't know it and some do. The ones that do are very close to death. Stephen Howard, because he doesn't believe the suicide story about his dead fiancée, is a definite threat to the murderer. Stephen gets acquainted with all these people by claiming to be the husband of Grandison's adored ward, Matilda (Joan Caulfield). Actually, he has never met her before, but he had heard about her from his fiancée, who was Grandison's secretary.

The clues are many and varied. A half-finished letter, a vicious argument behind closed doors, a record that should never have been played. When death finally threatens Stephen, it comes in as frightening a form as you can possibly imagine.

There are eerie, chilling bits here and there throughout the whole picture. They catch at your nerves like a whisper in the dark. The cast is beautifully selected.—*War.*

INTERMEZZO

Some years ago, a foreign picture called *Intermezzo* was shown in the United States. A very bright man named David O. Selznick

"When you come back, be sure that bag's full of FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"





THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Intermezzo: Violinist Leslie Howard falls in love with Bergman, his daughter, Ann Todd's, piano teacher. Ingrid leaves the country. Leslie follows, and they are happy together for a while.

took one quick look and said, "Get me that Swedish girl that plays opposite Leslie Howard." Ingrid Bergman was the name of the Swedish girl. She was tall, with shining hair and deep blue eyes and a radiant face. She has since acquired considerable fame and as Mr. Selznick is still a bright man he is re-releasing *Intermezzo*. You'll want to see it whether you caught it on the first round or not.

It's a love story about a violinist named Halgar (Leslie Howard) who has a pleasant wife (Edna Best) and two children to whom he is devoted in a nice, comfortable sort of way. But when he returns from a concert tour, he finds that little Ann Marie (Ann Todd), his daughter, has a new piano teacher. Her name is Anita Hoffman (Ingrid Bergman) and quite suddenly she is the only thing in his life that seems really important.

You don't plan these things. Halgar didn't want to fall in love. He liked his pleasant,

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Here's a chance to boost your favorite stars, and to read about them in future issues of MODERN SCREEN. Because, if you like them, we'll write about them. And since we're in a hurry to know just how they stand with you, we're giving away three-months-free subscriptions to the first 500 of you who send in the Questionnaire below. Just write legibly and write quickly, and you may be one of the lucky 500 to get MODERN SCREEN for three months for free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

.

If any of the stars is UNPOPULAR WITH YOU, please check the box opposite his or her name. If you like them all, please check the box opposite "no dislikes." CHECK ONLY ONE BOX!

☐ *Ingrid Bergman*
☐ *Larry Parks*
☐ *Frank Sinatra*
☐ *Gail Russell*
☐ *Ann Sheridan*
☐ *Esther Williams*
☐ *Bing Crosby*
☐ *Glenn Ford*
☐ *Bob Mitchum*
☐ *Van Johnson*

☐ *No dislikes*

My name is

My address is

City. Zone. State. I am years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

easy existence, and after all, he was no young college student to say all for love and the world well lost. Yet, in a little while, he finds himself saying almost exactly that. Because Anita couldn't be happy long with this clandestine relationship. She decides to leave the country and solve the problem that way.

Only, the problem is not to be solved so easily, for Halgar follows her. She works as his accompanist, and together they have a triumphal tour of all Europe. In many ways they are divinely happy. But Halgar misses his little daughter terribly. And what about the scholarship which Anita has been offered in Paris and turned down because of Halgar? What about Halgar's wife? What does the future hold for a pair of lovers who have sacrificed everything and everyone else to their own happiness?

You'll be singing the hauntingly lovely melody *Intermezzo* again.—*Selznick*

THE EXILE

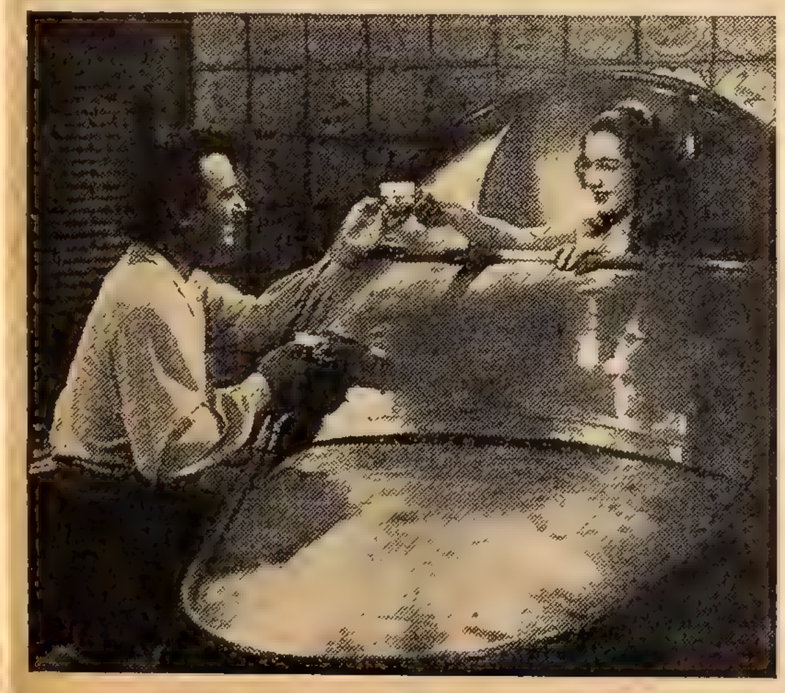
A completely non-athletic type, myself, I have a wonderful time watching Douglas Fairbanks leap over walls, fight duels up and down staircases and otherwise carry on in the best Fairbanks tradition. In *The Exile* he also makes love with his usual deftness to a young actress named Paula Croset.

The exile of the title is King Charles II (Doug Fairbanks) who in 1660 is living in Holland. He can't go back to England or Cromwell's men will have his head on a pike in a fast thirty seconds.

Charles lives a leisurely if not kingly existence, drinking Dutch ale at the local pub and making Engish love to the local wenches. But neither he nor his followers have any money, which complicates their lives. And Cromwell, tired of threats of Royalist uprisings, sends calm, efficient Colonel Ingraham (Henry Daniell) to Holland to dispose of Charles permanently.

About this time, Charles meets a Dutch girl who is different from the ones with whom he has been spending his roistering evenings. Katie (Paula Croset) has her own farm and her own idea of what is proper. But even Katie admits Charles' debonair charm and is quite happy to have him come and help her run her obscure little farm. From Charles' point of view it makes an ideal hiding place. Even the brilliant Colonel

(*Continued on page 112*)



The Exile: D. Fairbanks, exiled king, talks over an old love affair with Countess M. Montez.

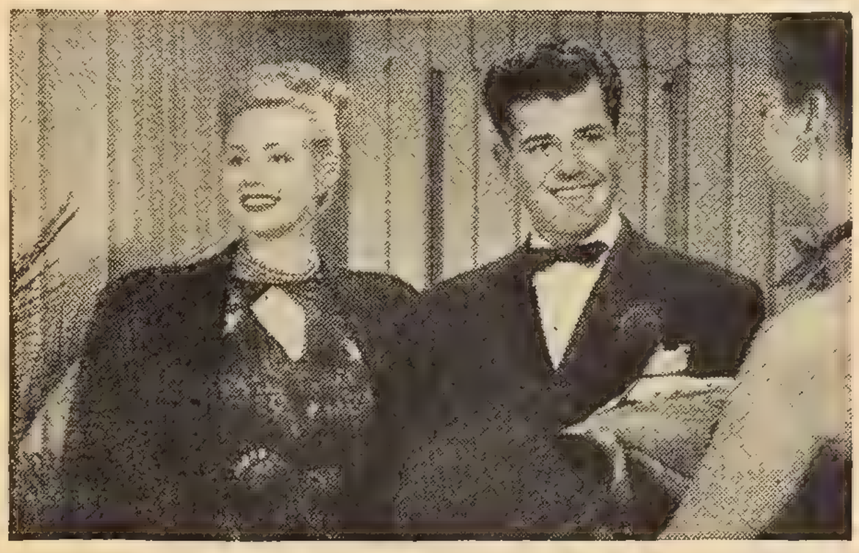
—that Always-Fresh look



says **VIRGINIA MAYO,** co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy **"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"**

"My beauty-glow cleansing

"No secret about a lovely-to-look-at complexion. Just beauty-cleanse the way I do with Woodbury Cold Cream. Whisks off even the heaviest movie make-up." Ginny is wise to Woodbury. It contains rich oils. It's really deep cleansing. Smooth it on quickly . . . skin blooms clean. Try Woodbury for that "Always-Fresh" look.





Excitement in the air — enter Virginia. She says, "First after work comes my date with Woodbury. Its rich cleansing smooths my studio dry skin. In a flash skin's fresh—*oh, so smooth.*" Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth skin — but surely. Try it, and see!

—with Woodbury Cold Cream"

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM — rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It *melts* — takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

crossroads



Above, before the split—Danny and Sylvia with George Burns, at a party given by Tony Martin, in the Beverly Hills Hotel. *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty,* and *A Song is Born,* wind up Danny's Goldwyn contract; he moves to Warners, afterward.



That thing's a tuba, and the shot might be a publicity gag. It seems Danny had just finished a Decca recording called "Tubby, the Tuba," concerning a forlorn tuba who wanted to star in a symphony orchestra. It's a leading juvenile favorite.

"We played a game of stay away—" That's the lament in the old song. But nobody knows if the Kayes have come to an end, or a new beginning.

BY FLORABEL MUIR

■ As this is written, the mystery of what goes on between Danny Kaye, the screen and radio comedian, and his talented wife, Sylvia Fine, appears to be hitting a new high.

Whereas only a couple of weeks ago, it looked as if all were over between them for good, with Danny sulking in a hotel, and Sylvia blithely minding her own business, they're now being seen together in the swank night spots of Beverly Hills and the Strip. So unpredictable are the vagaries of love in Hollywood that it would take a more reckless person than I am to say what may happen next.

The whole town (and Kaye's pals especially) cocks a questioning eye at lovely Eve Arden. But Eve continues to go about escorted by various personable young men, totally oblivious, apparently, to the fact that she is the storm center of the Kaye marital tornado.

It's becoming a habit in Hollywood for wedded pairs to have their spats, live apart, but continue to have dates with each other. They try so hard, it seems, to hold on to wedded happiness, even when love (*Continued on page 109*)

SLICK TRICKS FOR ST. NICK





"Bring me the 'Scotch' Tape, Al, he wants the pooch wrapped as a gift."



1 FIRST, seal wrapper with transparent "Scotch" Tape. Then letter names on in color with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



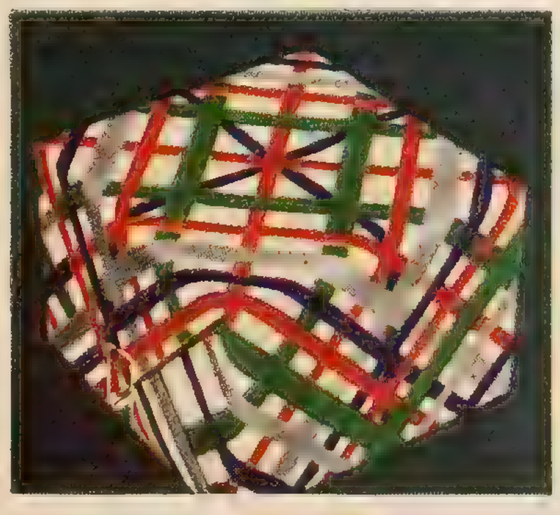
2 MAKE this frivolous looking package with colored cellophane bound firmly at the top with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



3 CUT designs out of tape strips and fasten to package for unusual effects. Try Christmas trees, stars, candles, sailboats.



4 ACCENT a package with this simple attractive corner treatment. Attach name cards with "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals.



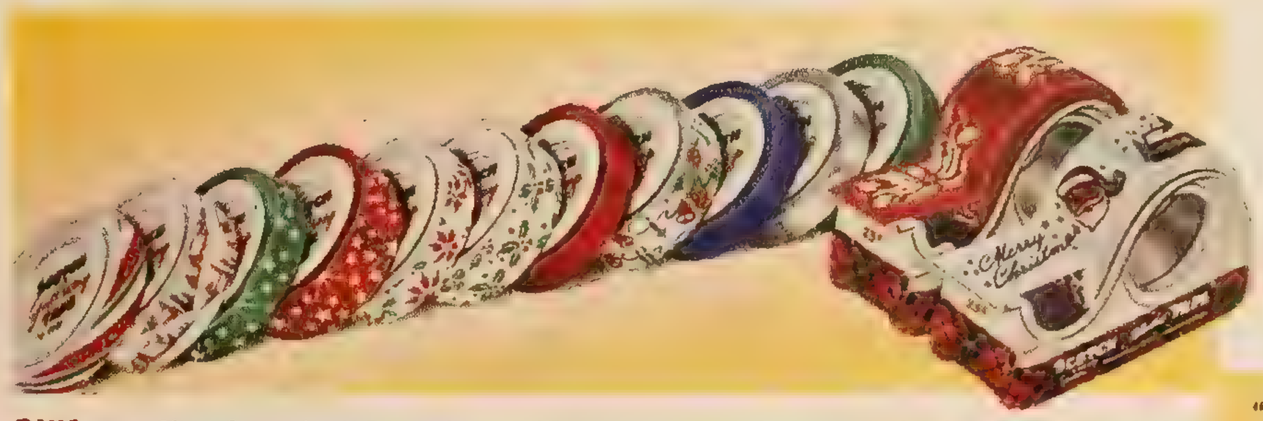
5 DESIGN an unusual all-over pattern on plain paper with multi-colored strips of "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



6 FOR an attractive decoration, hold spruce and holly twigs or miniature bells to packages with transparent "Scotch" Tape.



7 MAKE your gift wrapping easy and neat. Seal the wrapping paper firmly with transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape before decorating. It's almost invisible and sticks at a touch without moistening. Extra useful when wrapping odd-shaped gifts.



BUY a roll of each "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape design and work out clever packages for your gifts. You'll want "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals, too. Choose any of four bright colors —each dispenser holds 108 seals in seven different designs. "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape 10¢ per roll. "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals and transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape 25¢. At all drug, department, variety, stationery and hardware stores.

SCOTCH BRAND
Gift Wrap **TAPE**

SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING

"SCOTCH" is the registered trade-mark for the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U.S.A. by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO. Saint Paul 6, Minn.

THE 3M COMPANY

Also makers of "3M" Brand abrasives, adhesives, and a wide variety of other products for home and industry

© 1947 3M CO

frolic

THE FORMULA FOR ROMANCE



Frolic Perfume,
Eau de Toilette,
and Talc, $2.50

Frolic Perfume
$7.50; 4.50; 1.25

Gift suggestions by

CHERAMY

perfumer



De luxe Frolic Gift Set—
Perfume, Eau de Toilette,
Sachet, Bath Softener,
and Talc, $5.95

April Showers

THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH

April Showers
Perfume
$7.50; 4.50; 1.25

April Showers Eau de Cologne
and Dusting Powder, $2.25

April Showers Perfume
Eau de Cologne, Sachet, and Talc, $2.95

All prices plus tax

by Moss Hart

a turkey leg to Mr. Zanuck



■ Last Thanksgiving, as the train sped swiftly toward California, I sat in the club car and indulged in an old mental game of mine. It is an innocent and rather foolish pastime, and consists simply of remembering just where I was and what I was doing the previous Thanksgiving, and then the Thanksgiving before that and so on ad infinitum for as long as I can go back, and it usually comes to an end with me singing for pennies in a grubby backyard, getting cold enough and hungry enough to eat an entire turkey by myself.

I play the same game with Christmas and New Year's, and while it is no great shakes as a game, it does wonders in helping to digest that Holiday Dinner. The Thanksgiving Game finished, I started on another game of my own making, which is to idly speculate just what a stranger, preferably from another planet, and knowing nothing whatever about our country, would think of America. This, of course, is an infinitely more subtle game, and can be played with whatever materials there are at hand. The materials at hand in the club car were the magazines lying about, and it was my fancy, that afternoon, to look at the advertisements and try to form a picture of this country and its inhabitants as gauged by what the wily advertisers knew about us and our needs.

The results were startling. My friend, The Man From Mars, would have come to the inevitable conclusion, and in very short order, too, that we were a nation of constipated people, with bad breath, body odor, and tooth decay. Our women were almost always bridesmaids, never brides, our men bald, suffering from athlete's (*Continued on page 61*)



"You've carried the fight to the last gasp
—and you've lost," Mr. Arliss said. "You're
poisoned by the notion that defeat is shameful."



Bette stood at the inn window
—alone in a strange country—trying not to cry.
Because she was young and proud, and this
was the taste of defeat.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

The day was Thanksgiving...

■ The time was eleven years ago. The place was Tudor Close Inn at Rottingdean on the English coast, 60 or 70 miles from London. The girl was Bette Davis.

She stood at the window of her tiny room, and you'd have thought she was enjoying the view, lovely even in late autumn. But you'd have been wrong. She didn't even see the view. Her eyes were turned inward, and what she saw was a wall—high, blank and hopeless.

She'd fought, and been licked. All her dreams since she was old enough for dreaming lay toppled in ruins. It seemed one of those nightmare things, incredible in the light of day. She was broke, jobless, desolated.

The room was cold. Should she put a shilling in the meter and get some heat, or go down to a solitary luncheon? Neither prospect offered much cheer. Tudor Close was a lovely inn, but for good and sufficient reasons she'd taken its smallest room, and with her trunks standing packed, she could just about thread her way in and out. Downstairs she'd sit with her dreary thoughts for company. No chance of distraction. The British were a sterling race but, like the Yankees of her own New England, far from social. You'd have to stick around the place a good six months before they'd say hello.

Well, George Arliss was coming to tea, and tomorrow she'd be on the boat train for Southampton and home. Tomorrow was the 27th, she'd be in New York by— *Wait* a minute. Tomorrow was Friday—the last Friday in the month. Then today was the last Thursday; today was Thanksgiving!

Imagine forgetting! But there'd been (*Continued on page 106*)

by
henry
king

try and stop me!

It's rare that one man knows as much about another as Henry King knows about Tyrone Power. Mr. King directed Ty's first starring picture back in 1936. The magnificent *Captain from Castile* brings his total of Power pictures to seven. In seeking a by-line suited to the theme of our current cover, Ty's director was the obvious choice.

But it isn't always easy to pin down a man as busy as King. His remark when asked whether he would discuss Ty was, therefore, more than reassuring. He said, "Try and stop me!"



Lloyds of London, Tyrone's first picture, made him a top star, and also marked the beginning of the friendship with his director Henry King.



Under King's direction, Power made *In Old Chicago,* his second film, with Alice Faye and the late Wilson Hummel. Ty's part was originally intended for Gable.

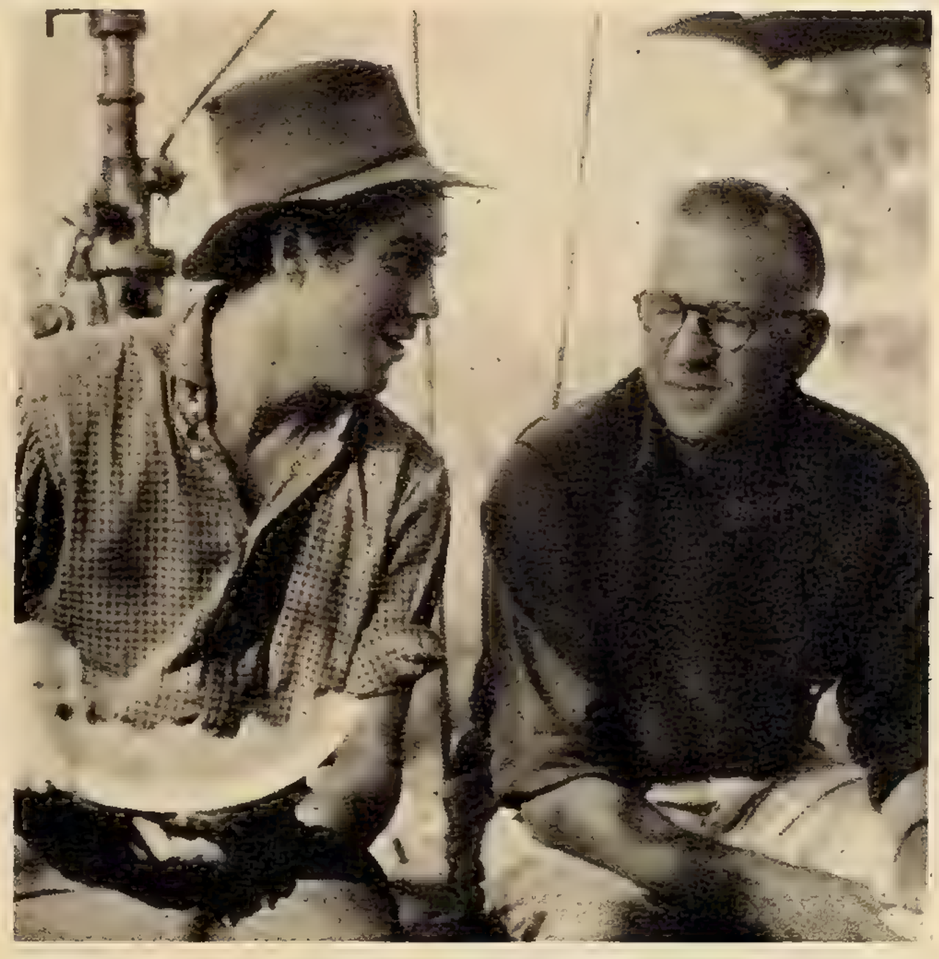
■ Tyrone Power sent me a letter from Guam, along toward the end of the war. "Looks like this scrap's going to be over soon," he wrote. "Have you read 'Captain From Castile' yet? My feelings will sure be hurt if that isn't my first picture when I get out."

Well, it wasn't Tyrone Power's first picture after he got out. *Captain From Castile* wasn't ready, so he did *The Razor's Edge.* But when Ty once gets his mind on anything, he never forgets it. I've been his friend and director for a long time, and I know.

I was off in Mexico chasing locations in my plane, while Ty flew away on his Latin-American trip. Before he left, I handed him the *Captain From Castile* script, (*Continued on page 89*)



Chick Chandler, Jimmie Flavin, Ty and King chatting between scenes of *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*



Even though he still looked boyish off-screen, Ty handled *Jesse James* as if he'd been a desperado from 'way back. By this time, working with King had become a habit.



The fifth Power-King combination was *A Yank in the R.A.F.,* with Betty Grable.



Early in 1942, Ty worked on one of his most popular films, *The Black Swan.* Then he enlisted as a private in the Marines, and became a lieutenant.



Lucky Seven is what Ty and King call this one. It's *Captain From Castile,* in lavish Technicolor. Young Jean Peters, the beauty on the horse, is his new leading lady.



Little food, less fuel, but the British don't complain. They stand in lines, shun black markets; gratefully, they soak up the pale winter sun. "These are the brave," says Cary Grant, "still living

their finest hour

by ed sullivan



■ The big, lean guy with the Tom Collins lolled back in a chair. In deference to the sweltering heat that panted up from the streets below his Sherry-Netherlands suite, he wore nothing but a bath towel around his body, and thus attired, he was quoting from the June 18th, 1940, speech of Winston Churchill:

"Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty, and so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will say: 'This was their finest hour.' "

The big, lean guy was Cary Grant, and he was saying that his trip to England had convinced him that, seven years after Churchill had called out to his countrymen to stand firm, the English *still* were living "their finest hour." With food rations reduced, petrol allowances abolished and the program of austerity stepped up, Englishmen still were sweating it out, still taking it on the chin like thoroughbreds. "It's amazing," said Grant, "simply amazing. You've got to tip your hat—and your heart—to the pure courage of a nation that has suffered, but hasn't whimpered."

Grant remembered a conversation he had held with a taxicab driver. "How's the Attlee government?" Cary'd asked him. "Not bad at all," answered the cabbie. "Things are bad, of course, for all of us, but the school children get their books free, (*Continued on page 62*)

They met her at the boat with two Cadillacs and gave her the keys to America. But Deborah Kerr was lonely, thinking of home, dreaming of dreary London mists under a bright California sky . . .



No sooner had Deb stepped off the boat than rumors were running about a Kerr-Garson feud. But they're good friends, even though Deb borrowed W. Pidgeon for *If Winter Comes*.

■ I'm gaining ground. Yes I am. No longer do I ask visitors to my home if they would "care for a cup of Pepsi Cola?" (Somehow I had got the impression that a "coke" to an American was like tea to an Englishman.)

Nor am I astonished any more if some girl happens to admire a dress I am wearing at a party, and bursts out, "Oh, where did you get it and how much did it cost?" Not at all astonished, even if people don't ask that sort of question, ever, in England. I've learned to reply, "Oh, it's just a little thing I picked up—I don't remember where the shop was exactly." (Do I want *her* to turn up in the very same number? I don't.)

It was not until the Atlantic Ocean had done its honor best to toss me clear off the Queen Elizabeth, and we had finally arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood—after taking in New York in a three-day snatch and gulp—that I first had that "imported" feeling creep over me. I was sitting in the office of Mr. Louis B. Mayer and he was pressing a series of buzzers on his desk. Every time he pushed a button, another executive would come in, and I would be presented.

I began to feel like some bit of merchandise, a piece of porcelain, say, that the company had imported from abroad at great cost and which was now being closely inspected for possible flaws. After all, there was a bit of to-do and expense getting me there. I thought of the various M-G-M delegations which had met us at every boat and train transfer point en route and treated us exactly as if we had signs attached to ourselves reading: *Handle With Care! Use No Hooks!*

Sitting there in Mr. Mayer's office, a growing nervousness began to overwhelm me. I wanted to jump up and (while making for the nearest exit) cry out, "No, no, gentlemen! (*Continued on page 66*).



that IMPORTED feeling

by DEBORAH KERR

"Gentleman's Agreement"

■ When the editors of MODERN SCREEN asked me to write about this picture and its star, I accepted, not only because I am enthusiastic about *Gentleman's Agreement,* but because it gives me an opportunity to answer one form of criticism that is perennially leveled at Hollywood.

That criticism is that Hollywood fails to measure up to its social responsibilities. Hollywood, say its critics, is interested solely in making money. Those who do not have to wrestle with the actual making of pictures, or count their cost, may not realize how rarely an "idea" picture can be found that is also one people will want to see. A factor known as dramatic interest is often overlooked. But no film, however realistic or timely, can be sure of an audience without it.

"Gentleman's Agreement," I realized as soon as I had read it, was no mere plea or preachment. If it hadn't been dramatic, frankly, I wouldn't have bought it.

Take the picture, *Boomerang,* which we recently produced at Twentieth Century-Fox. It contained an indictment of injustice in the United States. But if Dana Andrews had stood up in the courtroom and made a long, impassioned plea for justice while holding his wife's hand, nobody in the movie theaters would have stayed to hear him. The dramatic impact of the scene is what held them.

During the war, I made a picture based on the life of Woodrow Wilson. It was the most expensive picture I had ever made. It was carefully produced, lavishly mounted, excellently acted. Technically, I still consider it my finest production. But *Wilson* was a "failure." Not because it failed as an artistic achievement, for the fact (*Continued on page 77*)



1. Gregory Peck, free-lance magazine writer, is assigned by Albert Dekker to write a series of articles on anti-Semitism, if he can find an "angle."



2. That night he's invited to Dekker's home, meets his niece, Dorothy McGuire, and learns she suggested the series. At once, there's a spark between them.



3. Greg tells his mother (Anne Revere) and best friend John Garfield, Jewish vet, about his "angle:" he'll pose as a Jew, see how it affects his life.



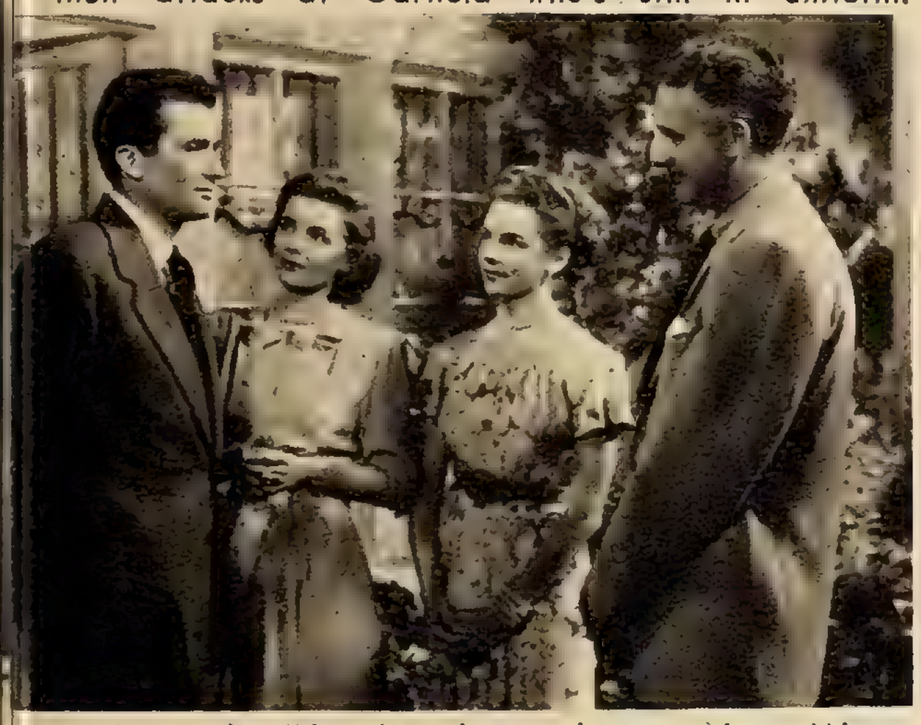
4. Greg, a widower, is queried by his son (Dean Stockwell) about being a Jew. He explains patiently that religious bigotry is evil, un-American.



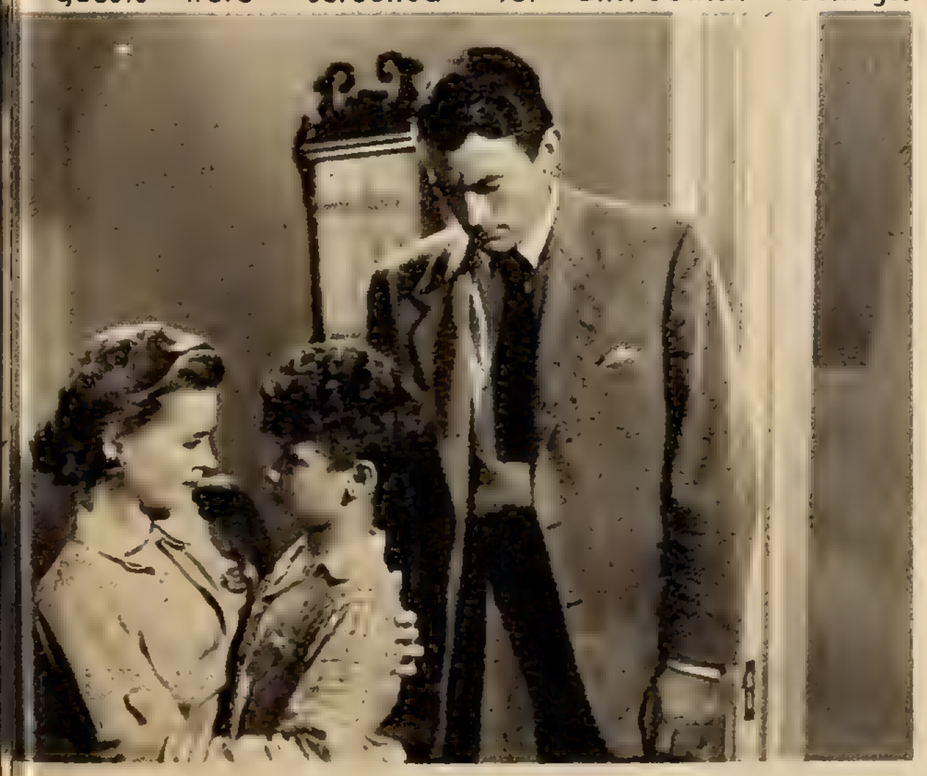
5. Greg and Dorothy have fallen in love, plan to marry when his job is done. But fashion editor Celeste Holm warns that his fiancée is a "phony."



6. In a fashionable night club, two drunken hoodlums make slurring remarks about Jews—directing their attacks at Garfield who's still in uniform.



7. Greg, the "Jew," and Dorothy visit Jane Wyatt and husband in exclusive Darien, Conn., where other guests were "screened" for anti-Jewish feelings.



8. In tears because his playmates taunted him, Dean is reassured by Dot. "You're no more Jewish than I," she says. Her satisfied tone sickens Greg.

by Darryl Zanuck

"YOU HAD THE EYES AND EARS OF MILLIONS," THIS GENERATION'S CHILDREN WILL SAY ONE DAY. "THEY LOOKED TO YOU TO MAKE A BETTER WORLD. WHAT DID YOU DO?" AND HERE IS DARRYL ZANUCK'S ANSWER.



Mine, all Mine

Now Katie was waiting in the rectory, and she'd never looked lovelier, and in Johnnie's head was that same silly song again: "Mine, All Mine . . ."

by Jane Wilkie

■ In the small room at the back of the dimly lighted church, Kathryn stood clenching and unclenching her hands, as the organ sailed into the resounding first chords of the wedding march. She opened the door a crack, and looked down the aisle. Johnnie was standing in front of the altar, blond and handsome in his tuxedo. Behind Johnnie, and rigid as a post, stood Joe Kirkwood, best man, his shirt front bulging where the studs should have been: Both were staring straight ahead. Kathryn suppressed a giggle.

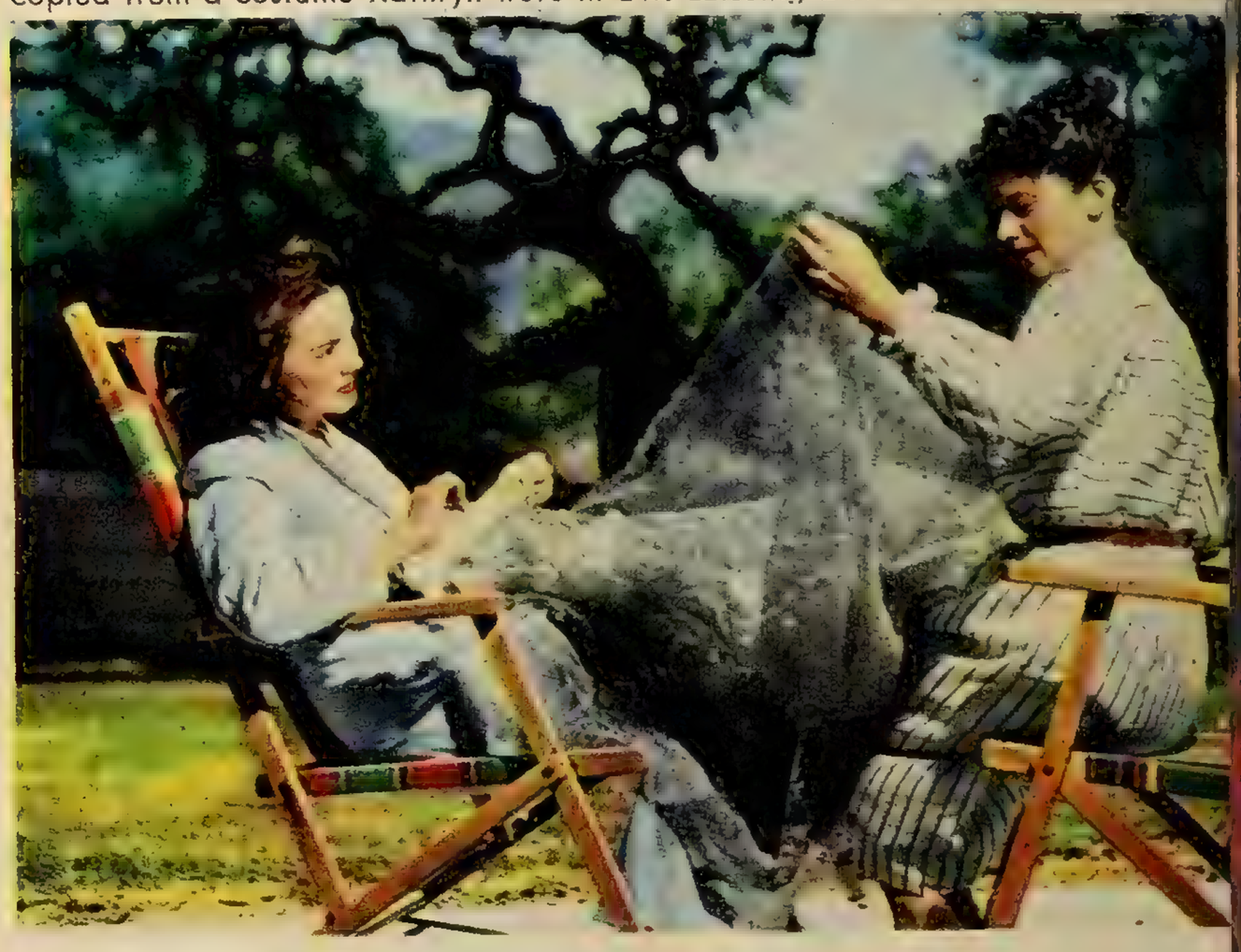
"That's better." Alice Weil, secretary on usual days and maid of honor on this particular day, patted Kathryn on the shoulder and started down the aisle. Bob Armstrong, M-G-M publicist who was to give away the bride, lifted Kathryn's hand and put it through his arm.

"Okay," he said. "Let's go."

Walking to the altar, Kathryn felt the whole chapel suffuse into a misty nowhere, and the only thing she could see was Johnnie, outlined sharply in black and white, looking at her as though he had never seen her before. She took her place by his side and smiled at him.

The minister was talking, and she listened. She had wanted a wedding with orange blossoms and rice and a wedding

Kathy and secretary Alice Weil, also her maid of honor, sewed orange blossoms on the gray veil. The gown was copied from a costume Kathryn wore in *The Kissing Bandit.*





Johnnie (in *This Time For Keeps* and *Man From Texas*) gave Kathy a pair of coach lamps as a wedding gift. Golf pro Joe Kirkwood (see pic at right) was groom's best man.



Mine, all Mine

gown and only a handful of people in the church, and now it was actually happening just that way.

Months ago, she and Johnnie had decided that they would be married in the beautiful little town of Carmel.

Up to a week ago, everything had been fine. The wedding was set for Thursday, August 21. Johnnie had ordered the rings, and the wedding gown Kathryn had designed was still in the process of being made. Maureen O'Hara was to be matron of honor, Joe Kirkwood Jr. best man, and Alice and Bob and the families of the bride and groom were to be the only audience. Then Johnnie's parents were taken ill and so was Kathryn's mother, and her father decided to forfeit the wedding in favor of staying home with his wife, thus leaving the wedding without family representation. So Bob Armstrong was asked to give the bride away, and the proceedings continued in an increasingly hectic manner.

Early Tuesday morning, Alice picked up the wedding sandals at the shoe shop, and then phoned Kathryn. The prospective bride was breathless.

"Oh, Alice!" she moaned. "Everything's gone wrong. We can't get the church for Thursday, or reservations at a hotel in Carmel. And to top everything, the minister is ill. Please come right over!"

At Kathryn's Santa Monica home, everything was confusion. Johnnie and Alice stayed on the phone steadily for hours. So did Maureen O'Hara. At three o'clock, the girls left Johnnie still glued to the phone, and raced into town for a fitting of Kathryn's dress and a dentist appointment afterward at five.

Kathryn stood impatiently while pins were put in and taken out of her gown, while Alice sat with a lap full of notes, phone numbers, and lists of things to do. Suddenly she stiffened.

"Katie," she said in a horrified voice, "isn't there something about a three-day wait?"

Kathryn gasped. (*Continued on page 101*)



Katie and Johnnie applied for wedding license at Monterey. They'll live in Santa Monica; house is English style, with a pair of white wrought-iron gates. One gate has *K* worked in it; the other sports initial *J*.



Dr. Fillmore Gray didn't scold the kids when they were an hour late for wedding rehearsal. Later, he noted that best man Joe K. was more nervous than the groom. "Weddings!" Kirkwood kept muttering painfully.



Bob Armstrong kibitzed the pre-ceremony gin game. Katie's secretary-maid-of-honor Alice Weil was born in Vienna, still has a slight accent which fascinates Katie. "Talk some more," Grayson's always saying.

Dressing was gruesome. Johnnie struggled with suspenders, wondered what he'd forgotten. "The ring," he recited. "The flowers—what if the flowers don't get here?" There weren't any orange blossoms in Carmel, so blooms were flown from San Francisco, arrived on time, despite J.'s fears.





Joe's big problem was collar buttons. "If you'd just stand still," Johnnie'd moan. "*You're* not getting married!"



Off to a honeymoon in Canada. "Just for 2 weeks." K. said: "I can't stay away from my new house!"

In English, he could

only nod his head, but that was

enough for Evelyn. Because

it was Pablo's dark-eyed

smile and wide-open heart

that spoke to

Señor Huston's lady.

by abigail putnam

Everybody paints in the Huston home, which is hung with priceless moderns. Pablo and Evelyn are over-the-shoulder admirers, as John does a portrait of his new son.





Collecting masks, writing and giving dinner parties are some of the family's hobbies. Pablo learns fast and occasionally beats them at their own games.



Pablo loves to watch Evelyn work in *The Mating of Millie*. She was chosen as the No. 1 Star of Tomorrow, by theater operators who know what movie fans like.

■ There's a new man in the life of Evelyn Keyes. Drop in one of these afternoons, and you're likely to find him in the pool. Ask him his name, and he's likely to tell you: "Pablo Albarrán Huston Evelyn Keyes."

A Mexican boy takes his mother's name along with his father's, but Pablo's been in the States some two months now, and he knows the difference. This is one of his jokes. He dies laughing over it. Look beyond the joke, and you'll find it's also a statement of fact very pleasant to the soul of Pablo—the fact that he now has a mother and father.

He calls them Mommy and Poppy, and divides his attentions half and half between them. Having kissed Evelyn, he'll rush over to do the same by John, and vice versa. Walter Huston is (*Continued on page* 103)

"I will be your son!"



"to teddy, with love"

by betty hutton

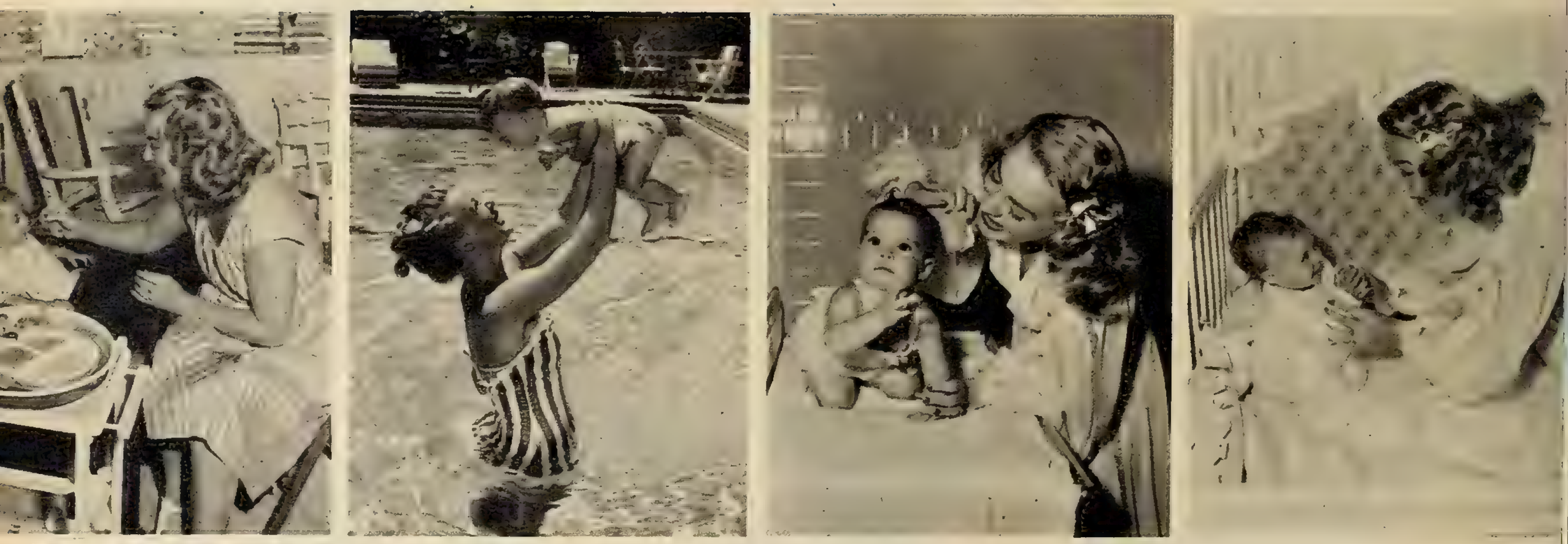
■ Our Buttercup's nine months old, and we're going to have another baby in April. And another one after that, only we don't mind waiting a while for the third. But I promised Ted we'd have the first two close together. For companionship, and so Buttercup won't be spoiled.

I hope the next is a boy. That's what I said before, but this time I mean it. No guy could be goofier over his daughter than Ted is, but we have our girl now and show me the man who's not crazy to have a son.

I remember the day we dropped in at a friend's, and Larry Adler's little boy was there. He had one of those gimmicks you drag around that makes music, only it wouldn't work. The minute he spies Ted, over he trots, because with kids my husband goes the Pied Piper one better, he doesn't even need the pipes.

"This is supposed to play," little Peter says. "Will you fix it for me?"

I left them together, and next time I looked, the kid has his arms wrapped around Ted's long legs, and there they stand, six-foot-two and no-bigger 'n-a-minute, smiling at each (*Continued on page 91*)



Buttercup (Lindsay Diane) Briskin giving mom some tips on care and feeding. (That milk bottle's just a container; Buttercup uses a glass.)

She's got the speech all ready. "Honey," she'll say, "here's a son, because you wanted one so bad. And me, I wanted another guy like you!"





Unfinished Business

■ To tell the honest, unadulterated truth, 40,000 people in and around Hollywood get married and 35,000 get divorced. It happens ever year like the Fourth of July—only the fireworks are more spectacular.

Now, you take Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature.

They get married and divorced, but not to and from each other. So, together they are not a statistic, and apart it doesn't seem to make sense.

Rita is just about as wonderful a





Appearing in public together for the second time, Vic Mature and Rita endured stares, but outstayed friends at Ciro's.

"THIS IS RITA," SAID THE VOICE ON THE PHONE. AND SO THE STRANGE LOVE STORY BEGAN AGAIN—THE STORY OF VIC AND RITA, WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY GOODBYE . . .

By Carl Schroeder

dream girl as you'll find in a life's living.

She could drive a man right out of his mind.

Vic is about as spectacular a guy as there is alive and kicking. He could drive a woman right out of *her* mind.

I think Rita and Vic have cultivated a special sort of insanity for each other, and that until this utterly unforgivable exposé by me, a depraved writer, the fact has passed almost unnoticed in the booby hatch that is Hollywood.

As for me, I've known them from the time they were so *unknown* that neither could scare up a group of autograph hounds with the aid of a brass band.

This Mature was once practically engaged to Rita Hayworth. Some people thought they were going to get married. It could have happened, but along came the war and a good many thousands of young men decided to wait and see how things played out.

It was while Mature was still a Coast Guard enlistee, waiting in Boston for a cork called the *Storis* to take him back and forth to a place called Murmansk and other spots nobody in their right minds would ever go, that Rita came to see him.

They said goodbye, Rita and Vic. And what they said to each other I wouldn't be knowing. Along about this time, the same thing happened to several hundred thousand other guys and girls. Then the men shoved off, thinking war thoughts, with half their minds back home.

Of course, (*Continued on page 107*)

SUCH A LITTLE GIRL AND

SUCH A BIG BOAT. BUT LIZ TOOK IT

ALL IN STRIDE: THE STATE-

ROOM STUFFED WITH FLOWERS, A

VISIT FROM LADY ASTOR,

AND A SHIPBOARD AFFAIR WITH

A PAIN IN HER NECK!

By Christopher Kane

■ It began so excitingly. Starting for England, on the Queen Mary, after having been away so long. MODERN SCREEN had sent a photographer named Bert Parry to cover the whole beautiful trip, and the sun was shining, and the water smelled good, and the feel of the deck under her feet was pure bliss.

There were a million kids on board. How they'd got there, she didn't know. Some officers were inviting them to leave, and they were grinning, and one of the boys spoke straight to Liz. "I'm going to stow away."

She expected him to turn up in mid-ocean. Or on mid-ocean, or however you say it.

In the cabin, there were flowers. Some from MODERN SCREEN. She sniffed them lovingly. "Oh, Mother, so sweet—"

And then she sank on the bed. "I'm tired—"

"All the interviews yesterday," Sara Taylor said. "They were enough to tire anyone. Out on the deck, you'll relax."

The first day, she relaxed. She hung over the rail, she lay in a deck chair, she ate huge meals.



When Elizabeth and Mrs. Taylor had their tickets checked at the pier, Liz sighed, "At last, I believe it!" She'd been looking forward to the trip all the time she was acting in *Life With Father* and *Cynthia.*



MODERN SCREEN sent Liz talisman roses—and photographer Bert Parry, to record the exciting moments of her Queen Mary voyage. But poor Liz was put to bed with a sore neck the second day out—and stayed there!



QUEEN of the "MARY"





And the next day, she looked worse. "My neck aches," she said. "And my ear."

Mrs. Taylor called the doctor. It turned out that Elizabeth had some gland trouble; she'd suffered attacks before. "You'll have to stay in bed," the doctor said. "All the way across."

She could have cried. "I'd been counting the days," she said. "And my head is so hot now—"

The hours seemed endless. Lady Astor, who was also a passenger, helped out. She'd come down and tell Elizabeth stories. She had a set of wax false teeth, and she'd stick them into her mouth and pretend to be a cockney flower woman. Very undignified, but funny.

Elizabeth made a vow. "After I get home, I'm going to send you a putty nose!"

When the boat docked in London, she had a fever of 104, and she went directly from the boat to the Dorchester Hotel, and to bed.

A few old friends came to call, while she was sick. There was a woman, a Miss Lings—she came bearing a can of peaches. Peaches are solid gold in England today. "I thought the child might like them," she said. "A little fruit is tempting when you're ill."

Thirty-two points is a week's rations in England; the Taylors found out later that a can of peaches costs 23.

People there seem to have been made more selfless. There's such devastation in England; families have lost so much. Once Liz was around again, she and Mrs. Taylor visited Elizabeth's god-mother, Mrs. William Cazelett. Her husband had been liaison officer between the British and Polish Governments; he'd crashed with Sikorsky.

That night (*Continued on page 75*)

Visitors aboard ship are still restricted, but that didn't keep Elizabeth's fans away. When stewards chased them from the deck, they cornered Liz in her stateroom. One of them threatened to stow away!





Liz made up for disappointments like this on her return trip, when she danced every night, and wore two new evening gowns. She saved prettiest gown for party given her by 808 Harvard freshmen, after the trip!

Dignified Lady Astor helped brighten Liz's bed-ridden days by doing funny impersonations, with the aid of comic props. The Taylors' trunks, incidentally, were crammed with clothing for their English friends.



Although she was ill, nothing could stop Elizabeth from patronizing the Queen's beauty parlor. She was thrilled by the exotic coiffeur hairdresser Claire Thompson created for the first "formal night" at sea.



Liz never gets sea-sick, so although her neck troubled her, she could enjoy her meals. Appalled by the food shortage in Britain, Liz has been sending cans of food overseas ever since she returned to California.



Elizabeth was completely dressed and ready to disembark when the "Mary" landed at Southampton, Eng. Immigration Officer Robert Ashton had difficulty checking her passport—she asked so many questions.

What makes the senator tick?



The makeup crew went to town on Bill Powell for his latest character part in *The Senator Was Indiscreet.* That white-haired dignity can't even be rumpled by Bill's gay wife, Diana.



In a top hat and carefully creased suit, Bill really looks his part. George Kaufman (director) and Nunnally Johnson (producer) of *The Senator* listen to one of his zany platforms—which Bill delivers with straight face.

dialogue by

george s. kaufman, nunnally johnson and **william powell**

as told to

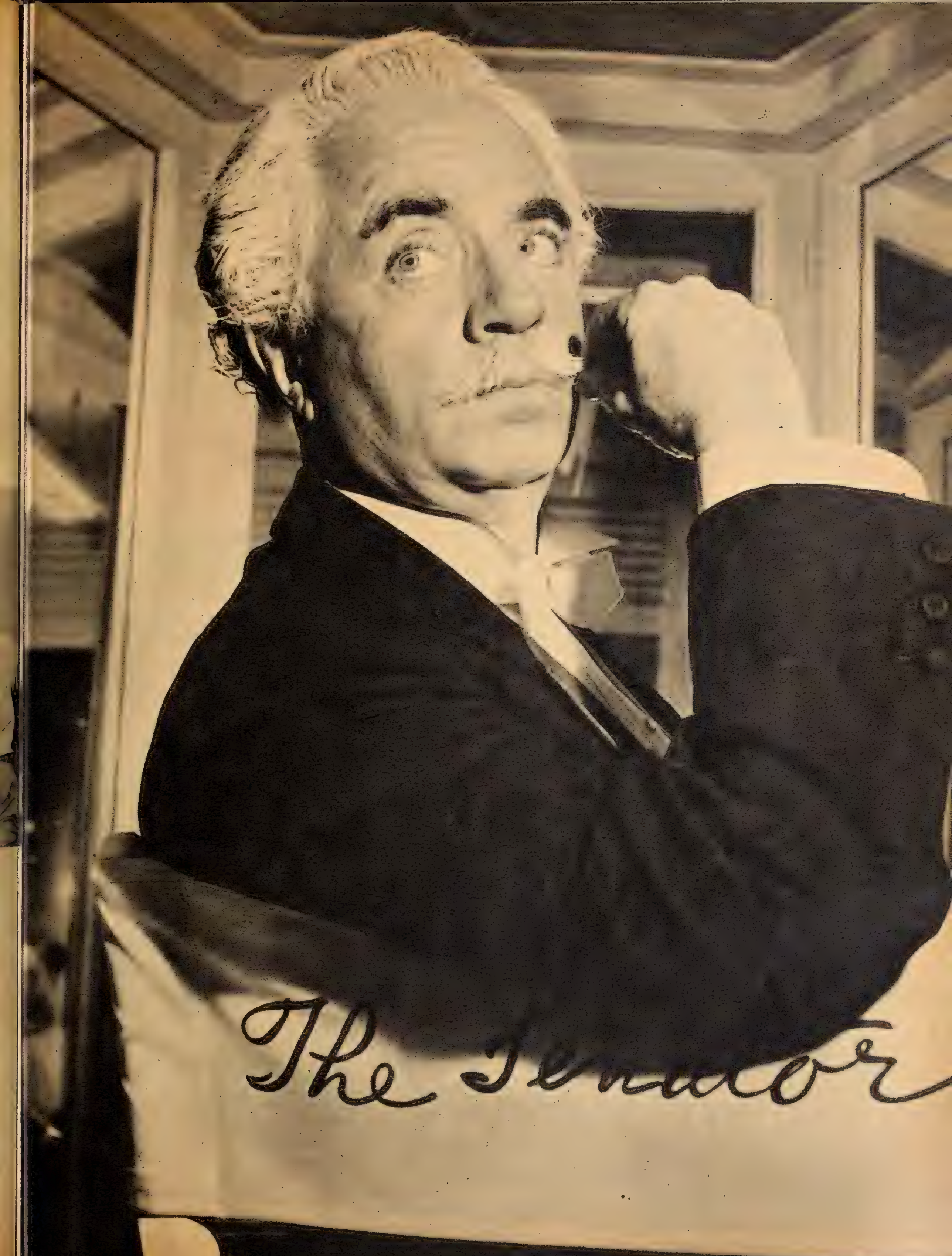
Cameron Shipp

■ First of all, I was sent to Chasen's restaurant to see George S. Kaufman, the playwright, and Nunnally Johnson, the producer. And I was told to write a funny story. This is like being sent to Siberia, and being told to take a handful of snow.

The funny story was already there. It didn't need me. So I decided to let the gentlemen talk for themselves. Mostly about *The Senator Was Indiscreet*—a motion picture they are making, and in which they are starring William Powell.

I think I will line up their talk in the form of a motion picture script, complete with fade-ins, fade-outs, close-ups, dissolve-to's, and pans. This is very authentic, whether you like it or not. It's also the easiest way I know to make a living. So we fade in on:

(*Continued on page 64*)


The Jeweler

"Why don't you two get married?"

HEDDA SHOOTS A DIRECT QUESTION AT STRAIGHT-TALKING ANNIE—AND GETS MODERN SCREEN'S READERS A SURPRISING ANSWER TO THE SHERIDAN-HANNAGAN ROMANCE RIDDLE

by Hedda Hopper

■ "O'Toole called this morning. He sent you his love," said Ann Sheridan, handing me my Sunday paper at the front door.

She calls Steve "O'Toole" sometimes.

"You send that guy my love right back, special delivery!" I said.

"Over my dead body," grinned Ann. "I'm protecting my own interests."

I might as well say right now that Ann Sheridan's my favorite type of gal. I like her. She's straight from her slim shoulders, level out of her brown eyes. I'd called her up the day before. "How about Sunday breakfast with a very nosey lady? Object: the lowdown on Ann Sheridan for MODERN SCREEN."

"The lowdown's easy," chuckled Ann. "But the breakfast—I don't know—



Annie plays Gary Cooper's wife in *Good Sam*, her best break yet. Because her home studio lent her to Leo McCarey for it, she'll do one extra on her WB contract.

what time?" That's Annie, I smiled to myself. Pulling no punches. Golly, the girl thought I was an early riser, maybe, like President Truman. On Sunday I'm not.

"How's noon?" I suggested.

We settled on one o'clock. Ann wore beige slacks, a corn yellow sport shirt, her own red hair and an apologetic look for keeping me up past my breakfast hour. She explained, while I rustled a silver fizz for two, toast, eggs and coffee, that the daughter of her business manager was getting married that day. "I've got to see that that wedding goes off right," grinned Sheridan. "Old Aunt Annie, you know."

I knew. Always doing something for somebody else. That's Steve Hannagan's style, too. That, maybe, is just one more of the millions of reasons that pair add up and make an even number. I thought of a slip of paper, a memo-pad page, I kept upstairs with my sentimental treasures. It wasn't much to look at. In fact, all it said, scribbled in a famous hand was, "You're a liar!"

The man who wrote that was one of the best loved newspaper men in the world—Damon Runyon. He scribbled it at a table at the Stork Club one afternoon. He couldn't talk, because of the cancer that was later to kill him. He'd written first, "Why didn't we ever get together when I was in Hollywood?"

"Because," I kidded him, "you were too busy with the big boys to pay any attention to poor little me." That's when he indignantly scribbled the sentence I'll always keep. But what does that have to do with Ann Sheridan and the man she loves, Steve Hannagan?

Well, the afternoon that Damon Runyon wrote that was Thanksgiving Day. I'd flown into New York from Hollywood without telling a soul. But in my lonely hotel room, I weakened. I wanted to see somebody and Steve popped into my mind. Steve is like a ton of sunshine. He's a big, good-looking Irishman, in his iron-gray forties, and along with Ben Sonnenberg, he's by way of being just about the best big-time press agent in the country. He knows everyone, loves everyone and vice versa. Anyway, I called Hannagan. (*Continued on page 98*)



Annie's thrilled at taking direction from McCarey. It was Jean Arthur who suggested her, when Jean had to decline because of another commitment. They've never even met!

When in New York, Ann and Steve Hannagan date nightly at the Stork Club. Recent rumors that the pair had quarreled and Annie was carrying a torch, were branded false by Hannagan. Gossip started when he left for San Francisco on business.



great

Whether it's a boy
or a girl, Shirley and John are
set: the baby'll have a
blue nursery, pink togs and,
one day, a brilliant ca-
reer—making mud pies!

BY DEE LOWRANCE



expectations



In *That Hagen Girl,* Shirley gets her chance to do Juliet. In deference to Shirley's grown-up stature as a mother-to-be, Mrs. Temple discontinued her daily attendance on the *Hagen* set.



Shirley "retired" after making *War Party,* with John. She won't be idle, though, because it makes her morose. She'll stick to a busy schedule of crocheting, cooking and decorating the nursery.

■ The morning after it was announced that Shirley Temple Agar was expecting a child, long distance paged Shirley in great excitement. "London, England, calling," the operator said.

A sheared, British accent came thinly over the wires. It identified itself as representing one of England's largest newspapers and then asked, "Miss Temple, what is your baby going to do?"

"Going to do?" Shirley repeated.

"Career and such," the voice went on.

"Oh, I guess my baby will just have the career of a baby," Shirley said.

"Thank you so much," said London, England, and hung up.

Before that day ended, Shirley had received a phone call from China, had been interviewed by correspondents from Brazil, Uruguay and Costa Rica, and had been loaded down by an armful of telegrams. Frenzy reigned on the set of her picture, *That Hagen Girl.*

The next day, letters started coming, along with little baby shoes.

"If this goes on," Shirley told me, "our baby will be the best-booted baby in forty-eight states."

She was talking in a low (*Continued on page 96*)

With this ring...

"Oh, it's just one of those things," they said about Marie McDonald and Harry Karl. And they were right—it was just one of those beautiful things—two people met, and were friends, and fell in love . . .

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ Some diamond!

It's large. Octagon shape. It's the purest blue-white diamond that money can buy.

The man who gave it to her designed it himself. Also the wedding band, which is a complete circle of baguette diamonds, with the clasps concealed so you can't see the platinum—just the diamonds. The rings show a lot of thought on the part of a highly successful business man who understands romance.

And Marie McDonald Karl deserves them.

I've known Marie ever since she came to Hollywood in 1941. She was a brunette then, and a touch famous from being chosen "Miss New York State" a couple of years before. With time out for a blonde interlude, she's a brunette now and several touches more famous because of her role as Meriam in *Guest in the House,* and her Metro contract which led up to the role opposite Gene Kelly in *Living in a Big Way.*

Marie McDonald is beautiful. She's "The Body" all right.

But on the mental and spiritual side, she is not the slightly brassy, half-dumb, half-smart character she portrays on celluloid.

She thinks.

She is charming, considerate and intelligent.

She proves that by the way she talks about the man in her life. "I want to tell you about Harry Karl," she said. "I don't want to sound drooly and sentimental, even though I am knee-deep on the latter point."

So Marie told me about Harry Karl, who is six feet, one inch tall and the successful owner of a chain of 200 shoe stores which bear his name.

It's always (*Continued on page 81*)



Marie and Harry were married in the Karl home in West Hollywood on September 20. Judge Edward Brand (brother of Harry Brand, 20th-Fox's Publicity Head) officiated. At right, Marie's best friend, Mary Cunody.



Back in July, shortly after "The Body" said yes, Harry, whose chain of shoe stores is worth six million dollars, gifted his bride-to-be with a mink coat and a 15-carat, blue-white, diamond engagement ring.

A family portrait. In the living room, the bride and groom posed with their parents—hers on the left, his on the right. Irwin Meyers, Harry's life-long friend, was best man at the brief and simple ceremony.



Marie's just finished *Living In A Big Way,* and will come East with Harry for a wedding trip. Here she receives best wishes from Audrey Totter. The bride wore a white lace gown, carried white orchids.



Linda Darnell, back from Europe, and her husband, Pev Marley, were among the few professionals at the small reception in Mocambo's Champagne Room. The party mingled with one given by Orson Welles.



Help Wanted!

■ It wasn't that he needed a new car. It was just that every guy on the lot had a brand new job, and it seemed to Tom Drake that his name had been on the list for a 1947 model since the Paleolithic Age. He couldn't complain, of course, about owning a 1940 Cadillac, but somehow it didn't quite stack up against the sleek new numbers that lined Metro's streets. Van and Pete, almost everybody, had a car that was longer than a John L. Lewis speech. So Tom took his Cadillac down to a body shop.

"Knock off the running boards," he told the man. "And make the hood look as though it were going somewhere in a hurry. And the back as though it had just left some place." He paused to survey the car. "Then maybe you could make the windshield slant a little more. You (*Continued on page 88*)



Seen at the Mocambo are Tom and Bev Tyler who've been dating steadily since their roles together in *The Beginning or The End. Cass Timberlane* is Drake's next pic.

Tom Drake's in trouble!
He's a home-loving boy who's been
living in hotels and eating
blue-plate specials; he's a girl's
dream of a husband
—still looking for a wife.

By JANE WILKIE



A TURKEY LEG TO MR. ZANUCK

(*Continued from page 27*)

foot, with an unshaven look around five o'clock in the afternoon; our children, a race of bloodthirsty giants due to the breakfast food they ate.

Out of this grim picture only two things emerged shining and rosy—old age and young love. In the insurance advertisements, old age was personified by a charmingly dressed man and woman lolling in deck chairs or leaning over the rail of a ship, blissfully retired and traveling far and wide on their annuity of one hundred dollars a month—a neat trick, as my friend from Mars would have found out the moment he entered a grocery store. Young Love, of course, was exemplified in the movie advertisements as tender, passionate, burning, beautiful, soul-searing, and maddening, and if The Man From Mars, faced with this nasty choice, had sailed off into supersonic space in alarm and horror, I should not much have blamed him.

There are times when all of us who deeply love our country are intensely irritated by its surface manifestations, and two of my pet abominations are advertisements and some of the movies insultingly offered as adult entertainment which also represent us to the rest of the world.

It was in a carry-over of this mood that my wife and I arrived in Palm Springs the next morning to be the house-guests of the Darryl Zanucks for a month, and it was at dinner that evening that Mr. Zanuck mentioned "Gentleman's Agreement." I had never heard of Laura Hobson's book, which at that time was running serially in Cosmopolitan Magazine, and I was immediately struck by its basic idea. I was also impressed by the thoughtfulness, the concern, and the courage with which Mr. Zanuck discussed the problem of anti-Semitism in America, and after dinner I asked Zanuck for the galley-proofs of the book. I read it that night, and the next morning told him I would do the screenplay if he wanted me to; thereby turning what was to be a winter vacation into a stiff writing chore.

As I write these lines I have not seen any of the finished picture, but good or bad, the integrity and downright nobility of intent with which Darryl Zanuck has made a motion picture of "Gentleman's Agreement" is something to be appropriately thankful for as another Thanksgiving approaches, and my Thanksgiving Turkey Leg Of The Year is hereby given to Darryl Zanuck for good citizenship.

At this point, I would also like to recommend to you Mr. Zanuck's very fine article about *Gentleman's Agreement* which appears in this issue on page 36, Perhaps, if my friend from Mars delays another visit long enough, he may not turn around and go back quite so quickly.

$5-BILLS ON FIRE!

Our pockets are burning with brand new $5-bills. And we're counting on you to put out the flames. You can do it with a pen! Just write a true, amusing anecdote about a movie star. Read our I SAW IT HAPPEN boxes and you'll find what we mean. Every anecdote we use will put out $5 worth of flame. Send your contribution to the "I SAW IT HAPPEN" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York. Do you like to play with fire? This is one time you won't get burned!*



Like a melody,
Dentyne's flavor lingers on . . .



Clean-tasting! Deliciously different! Dentyne Chewing Gum—*it's keen chewing gum!*

But there's more to Dentyne than refreshing, long-lasting flavor! Dentyne's firm, chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling, too!

Make your next pack of chewing gum Dentyne. Enjoy the really satisfying result of 75 years of Adams know-how. And for variety, try the other delicious Adams quality gums . . . always—

buy gum by Adams



Reg. Trade Marks

THEIR FINEST HOUR

(*Continued from page 33*)

which wasn't the case when I was a lad, and each day at school, the little ones get milk to build up their bodies."

Grant leaned forward: "You see, Ed," he told me, "the people derive great pleasure and consolation from little things and so they bear up under big things."

Long ago, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, told of the great courage of Britishers in poetry:

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

"That's it," said Cary Grant. "England is again living up to its great traditions. You just blink your eyes at the stoic bravery and endurance of the man in the street. He stands in line patiently, and with a minimum of griping; he knows that if the government imposes tighter controls it's because of a great crisis, and at night, when he is able, he takes his family to the theater and laughs at Sid Fields or some other English comic. People are hopeful that American movies won't be barred, but they understand, too, that by cutting down imports, England will save about $837,000,000 in one year."

Had black markets sprung up? I asked.

"The government has stamped them out relentlessly," Grant said. "That's one reason that the nation is pulling together. They know that nobody is profiteering, that what goes for one goes for all. There may be one or two spots that traffic in food, and there may be a very little black-market gas. Britain is an industrial nation, and the people get a tremendous lift from their weekly bicycle or motor excursions into the countryside. They could be pardoned if they got themselves five extra gallons of petrol for their weekend jaunts, because that's one of the few real pleasures left to them. Yet, even in this, you are startled at the scrupulous honesty."

Grant said the weather this summer had been phenomenally fine. "In England, when I was a kid, the whole countryside around Bristol was excited when the sun came out. This past summer, the sun shone almost every day. It was a great thing, particularly after the frightful winter, one of the worst in history. You could see the grown-ups and the children just soaking up the warmth."

While Grant was in England, there was a delegation of American fact-finders touring the country. They found that British rations today are tighter than they were before the war, and that England, plagued by a dollar crisis and lack of money to pay for imports, faces its worst winter food problem in nine years. Britons, the U. S. fact-finders reported, live on a dull diet that supplies about 2,800 calories a day, and this winter, there will be less canned meat and fish, less dried fruits and less citrus.

The American investigators had a typical London meal: a roll with no butter, veal pie with very little veal, potatoes and spinach, coffee and fig pudding.

Extra meat rations are allowed to miners, and critics of the Labor Government have used this against Atlee, pointing out that occasionally miners get this extra allowance, even when they are not at work. By and large, however, despite the fact that the low calory content leaves the populace without pep and energy, there is very little irritability.

"You can understand now, in this new crisis, why Englishmen gravitated to the poetry of Rudyard Kipling," Cary Grant pointed out. "Kipling might have been thinking of today when he wrote:

"If you can force your heart and
nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they
are gone,
And so hold on when there's noth-
ing in you,
Except the Will which says to them:
'Hold on!'"

"That's what's taking place in England, right now, Ed," Grant continued. "They're holding on, just on courage."

gentlemen prefer blondes . . .

I asked him what had been a standout impression of his trip. "Elizabeth Taylor," he said. "That stunning little 15-year-old is going to be one of the great glamor girls of the movies, mark my words. Personally, I've always preferred blondes, but this little brunette with blue eyes had everyone on the Queen Elizabeth turning his head for a second look. Unfortunately, she was taken ill the second day out, so the ship lost some of its decoration."

Had the autograph fans lived up to their reputation?

"Good Lord, yes," he exploded. "If you stay in your cabin, they come rapping at the door. If you go on deck, they almost push you overboard. Frankly, I don't understand why people want the autograph of somebody who doesn't know them. In London, the professional autograph hunters are just as rude as in our country. It seems to be an international infection. Being a movie star has its drawbacks, just as being a goldfish in a bowl must have its unhappy points."

The purpose of Cary's trip to London was to set up a production partnership deal with Alex Korda.

"Our first picture will be filmed at Monte Carlo," he told me, "so if you want to play a little roulette, Edward, come along with us."

I told him I couldn't make it, but to bet fifty francs for me on Number 29. He said he would, so we shall see what we shall see.

At that point, the photographer suggested that Grant get dressed for the pictures that illustrate this piece. That's why you don't see him with a bath towel around his middle.

While he dressed, I asked him how went the drama in London. "Dolores Gray, in *Annie Get Your Gun* is the toast of the city," he said. "Noel Coward and I had seen the show in New York, with Ethel Merman, so we were anxious to catch Dolores in it. She plays it entirely differently from Ethel, and yet scores just as big. London really has gone for Dolores in a huge way. Don't be at all surprised if British movies make a star of her."

He came out of the bedroom, apologizing for his sweat-stained shirt. "That's all right," said the photographer. "Just put your coat on."

Grant did so, and looked at the photographer in surprise. "Now why didn't I think of that?" he asked. "Don't tell me."



Cary stopped briefly in N. Y., saw our Ed Sullivan, rushed home for *Mr. Blanding Builds His Dream House*. In England, he arranged with Alex Korda to make a movie soon in Monte Carlo.



FROM PHILCO THE LEADER...

*A Quality Automatic at $99.95**

Here's true enjoyment and lasting satisfaction in an automatic table radio-phonograph at the lowest possible price. You hear the difference **Philco quality** makes in the rich, full-bodied tone on radio and records. Changes up to 12 records automatically. Powerful, sensitive radio reception. See the Philco **1253** . . . a sensational value . . . at Philco dealers now.



PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

The new automatic way to play records

Famous **Philco 1201** Radio-phonograph, just slide in a record and it plays. No fussing with lid, tone arm or needle. Ideal for parties.

*Now only $69.95**

*Prices slightly higher Denver and West

WHAT MAKES THE SENATOR RUN?

(*Continued from page 52*)

KAUFMAN—The only time I ever see pictures is between train stops in Chicago. Sometimes I go to a movie instead of calling on my uncle.

REPORTER (We seldom show anything but the back of his head in this picture. That goes for the press agent, too. Saves film.)—Mr. Kaufman, since *The Senator Was Indiscreet* is the first motion picture you have ever directed, would you mind telling us why you are doing it?

KAUFMAN (Looking at the reporter sideways, and with an absolutely dead pan)—I had three flops in a row on Broadway. What else could I do?

JOHNSON—It's all right, George. We have an alibi for *The Senator Was Indiscreet.* We are going to say that a man from Washington forced us to make it.

KAUFMAN—You asked what's behind this picture. The truth is, they are producing this picture because they want to make me get up at seven-thirty every morning.

JOHNSON (Consolingly)—That's not so bad, George. There's a great difference in time between here and New York. From a New York point of view, you are only getting up at eleven-thirty.

KAUFMAN (Ignoring Johnson and attacking a large steak)—Some people like to get up early. Take Max Gordon. He gets up so early that by nine-thirty he's already been lonely for three hours.

REPORTER (Eagerly, looking for something important)—Have you had any trouble with the picture?

JOHNSON—Not yet. Here we are with our breasts bared to receive spears on account of *The Senator Was Indiscreet.* Now, it'll be a fine thing if it just opens quietly, and runs three or four weeks, and people merely say, "William Powell in a nice little comedy."

PRESS AGENT (Eagerly butting into the conversation at the first chance)—I can fix it so we get investigated by the Senate.

KAUFMAN—Never mind that. After this picture none of us can even get a passport.

the character was a jerk . . .

REPORTER (He is mystified, and attaches great importance to his question)—How did you get William Powell to play the senator?

JOHNSON (Grinning widely)—He *wanted* to play it. I told him the character was a jerk. I warned him. I warned him good. I gave him the script to read. "Don't you think I could do it?" Powell asked. I told him sure, but did he want to? You have a nice thing, playing thin men, I told him. Why change? But Powell wanted to change from thin men to senators. He's in *Peabody and the Mermaid* for me, too. Plays a much younger man. You know, with the mermaid in the bathtub. So he won't be typed.

KAUFMAN—Say, I was amazed by Powell's range. Plays him to the hilt. He is the only actor I ever knew who admits he always wanted to be an actor. You know, all actors put in their biographies that they became actors by accident, could have become lawyers or doctors or something very respectable. Powell admits he started out to be an actor. He is the only one.

JOHNSON—He's great. Particularly for this picture. We turn all the lights on and tell everybody to get in front of the camera. If anybody doesn't get in front, it's his own fault. Powell never misses. Right there in front.

DISSOLVE TO:

WILLIAM POWELL—Not in make-up, but looking very dignified. His eyes wander about the room. Suddenly, his attention is transfixed and a look of horror strikes his face.

PAN TO:

BORIS KARLOFF—Mr. Karloff is eating his dinner, a nice man who is strictly minding his own business. But he looks exactly like Boris Karloff.

DISSOLVE TO:

Kaufman, who has caught Powell's glance and has followed it to Karloff.

KAUFMAN—Ought to have his face boarded up for the summer.

REPORTER—How do you like directing a picture, Mr. Kaufman?

JOHNSON (Waving to a party just arriving, trying to eat and talk at the same time.)—George is trying to catch up with his sleep on the set. For the first two weeks, he thought that when the assistant director yelled "Quiet" it was out of consideration for his nap.

KAUFMAN—Everybody thinks the assistant is directing the picture.

REPORTER—What do you gentlemen do for fun when you're not working?

JOHNSON (Wearily)—Play croquet at my place. Kaufman is the champion of the East. I am just the ball boy. The other day—

DISSOLVE TO:

A croquet court. Kaufman dominates the court like a general, planning grand strategy and making brilliant shots. Johnson trudges around handing people things. Kaufman's partner finally makes a dud shot, and Kaufman loses the game.

JOHNSON—Never mind, George. Your partner certainly was trying.

KAUFMAN—Nunnally, he was the most trying partner I ever had.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dave Chasen's. Kaufman, Johnson & Company.

JOHNSON—As I was saying, George wrote a note to his agent, Leland Hayward, saying he might just possibly consider a Hollywood offer, if it was the right sort of thing. Leland called me. I called George on the telephone. It was so fast it knocked him over backwards.

KAUFMAN—There was lots of long distance. Buy telephone stock.

JOHNSON—Originally, this jerk of a senator only wanted to run for Vice-President. Kaufman changed that. He made the senator such a big jerk he wanted to run for President.

KAUFMAN—We worked out the story idea in a week, then Charlie McArthur wrote the screenplay.

CLOSE-UP:

Kaufman rises slowly, picks up the dinner check, and faints.

DISSOLVE TO:

The *Senator Was Indiscreet* set, the next morning. The scene is a hotel bedroom. William Powell, the senator, wearing a carefully rumpled suit and a mane of almost white hair, waits in front of the camera. Johnson and Kaufman lounge comfortably, in directorial chairs with their names on them.

JOHNSON (Delivering a solemnly considered opinion)—He looks so much like a senator I think any moment he's going to filibuster.

from cradle to platform . . .

KAUFMAN—He leaped out of his cradle accepting a nomination. What is your platform this afternoon, Senator?

POWELL (Starts to laugh, catches himself, then says pompously)—My dear constituents, my platform is this: what this country needs is a good five cents.

JOHNSON—He isn't acting. He thinks he *is* a senator.

POWELL—I shall introduce a bill today declaring Nunnally Johnson and George S. Kaufman null and void.

KAUFMAN (Slipping even lower in his chair and apparently addressing his shoes)—There'll be no opposition. But wait until the picture is released. By the way, Bill, standing only six inches from the camera is possibly too close. People will say you're in love.

FADE IN:

A wardrobe man hands Powell an Indian head-dress. Powell's eyes light up and he places it carefully on his head and strikes a pose.

DISSOLVE TO:

JOHNSON—This gives the whole plot away. Any politician in a head-dress is running for President.

CLOSE UP:

Powell is rehearsing his lines for the scene. He uses wide, eloquent gestures, then looks stern and noble as he raises his hand in an Indian salute.

POWELL—All hail—Great White Father—Mighty Manitou!—send greeting—from Washington—to his red Brethren—Peace!

FADE IN:

KAUFMAN and JOHNSON—(Chanting)—How, how, how!

CLOSE UP:

POWELL—(Glaring at Kaufman and Johnson)—Will somebody please throw these tourists off the set? Must we be beset daily by idle persons who know nothing about Art?

FADE IN:

(The Press Agent comes up from behind)

PRESS AGENT—It would be an awfully good gag if we announced his candidacy for some office, say for—

CLOSE UP:

JOHNSON—Don't be silly. You want to



"See Larry Parks?"

ruin us? He would be *elected*. You want to do *that* to your country, young man?

FADE IN:

The assistant director takes charge at this point and everybody gets to work. We see Johnson depart for his office, as Powell takes a firm stance before the camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

Nunnally Johnson's office. Behind his desk, with an aged Underwood on a stand, Johnson closely resembles a working newspaperman. We pick him up in the middle of a monologue, as if he had interrupted a conversation.

JOHNSON—(Speaking to the reporter and the press agent. We know they are there because we can see the backs of their heads)— His eminence as a playwright and stage director is so great that new actors are usually afraid of him—at first. But, as you see, he's a very gentle person. Except with obstreperous players. Once he was directing a very temperamental actress in a play.

This actress kept blowing up in her lines, and screaming that she couldn't work with "these constant interruptions."

Kaufman walked slowly down from the rear of the theater, called the actress over quietly, and said to her:

"My dear, don't you know what those interruptions are?"

"No," she said.

"Those interruptions," Kaufman said, "are other actors reading their lines." (We see the backs of two heads wobbling with laughter. Johnson continues)

In another play—*The Dark Tower*, it was—the great Mr. Alexander Woollcott was being very officious. This annoyed a younger actor so much that he waltzed on stage and did a very insulting imitation of Mr. Woollcott, who was horrified.

Kaufman came down stage and spoke to this young actor.

"You have affronted Mr. Woollcott with a grievous insult," he said to this actor, "which is unforgivable—and for which I award you a gold watch."

rise and shine . . .

He really does hate to get up in the morning. That's his New York stage training. Gene Fowler, Jr., our associate producer, looks out for technical things for George. Kaufman came on the set at nine a.m., and Fowler chirped, "Good morning."

Kaufman gave him a dead pan.

"See me at eleven," he said.

We kid Powell in this picture, of course. But Bill has tremendous breadth as an actor. We didn't know whom to cast at first. I talked to Orson Welles, who liked the part. But when Orson thought it over, he came to the conclusion that it might interfere with his political career! Powell's politics? I dunno. Looks like a Republican to me. Kaufman and I will undoubtedly be read out of *both* parties when this is released.

Maybe we ought to change the title of this picture to *Kauffman, Powell, and Johnson Were Indiscreet.*

DISSOLVE TO:

The sound stage. Powell stands on a balcony wearing his Indian headdress with a bow and arrow in his hands. He points the arrow toward the setting sun.

CLOSE UP:

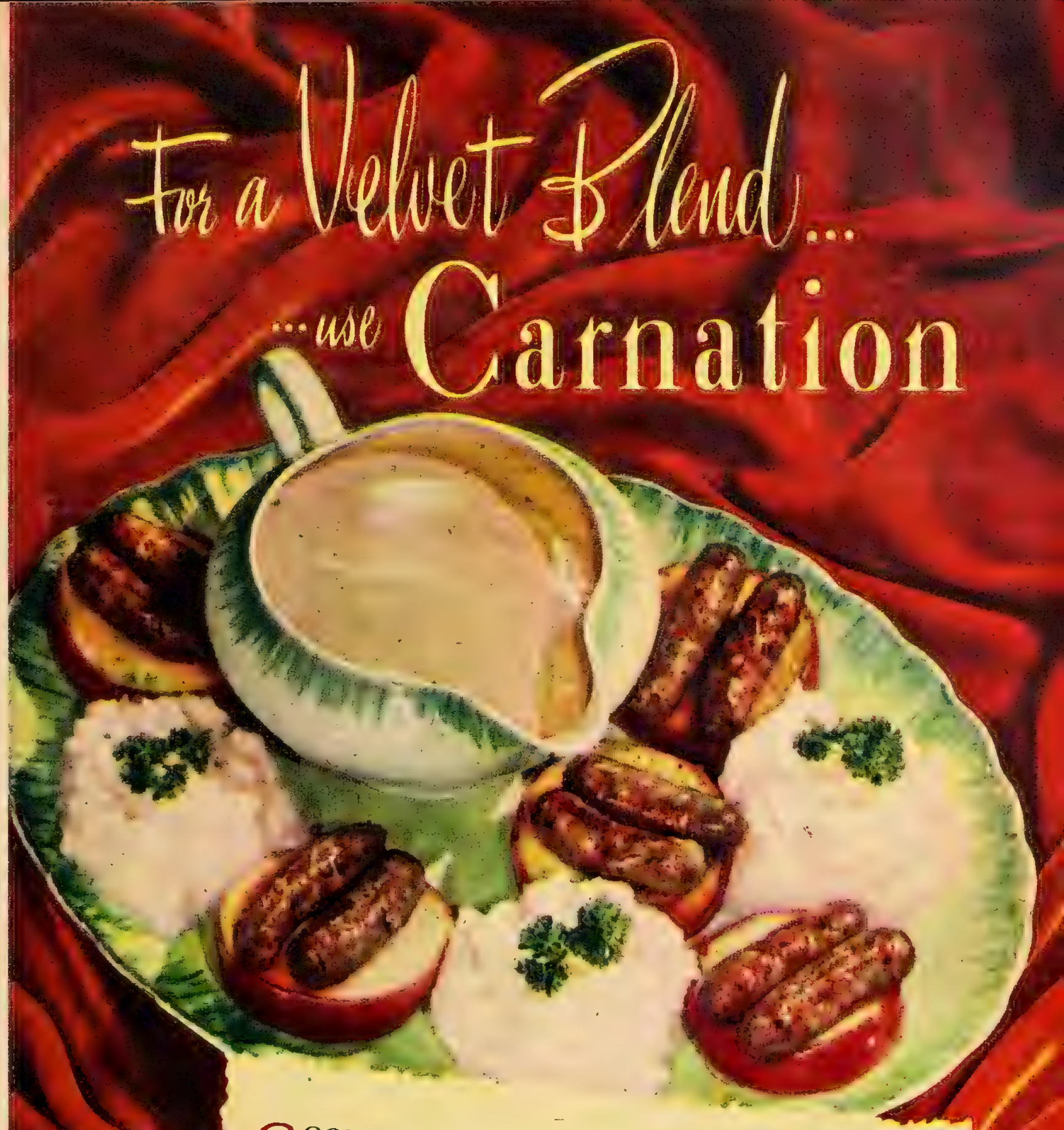
Kaufman, still reclining on his spine, raises his head with interest as Powell raises his arrow.

KAUFMAN—That shot alone is worth 300 delegates at the Republican National Convention. Powell is ahead of Dewey already.

FADE OUT:

As William Powell, splendid in his headdress, turns solemnly and sticks his tongue out at George S. Kaufman.

For a Velvet Blend... ...use Carnation



GOOD gravy! More than that, it's *superlatively* good gravy, because it's made with rich, undiluted Carnation Milk, heat-refined and homogenized to super-creamy smoothness . . . to surprise you with a marvelous *velvet blend!* Enjoy it with spicy little sausages . . . or pork chops, fried chicken, or hamburger. And use Carnation in the creamy mashed potatoes, in *all* milk-rich dishes . . . for that incomparable velvet blend!

VELVET-CREAM GRAVY

So smooth and savory!

¼ cup sausage or meat drippings
¼ cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon sage
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup vegetable liquid or water
2 cups Carnation Milk, undiluted

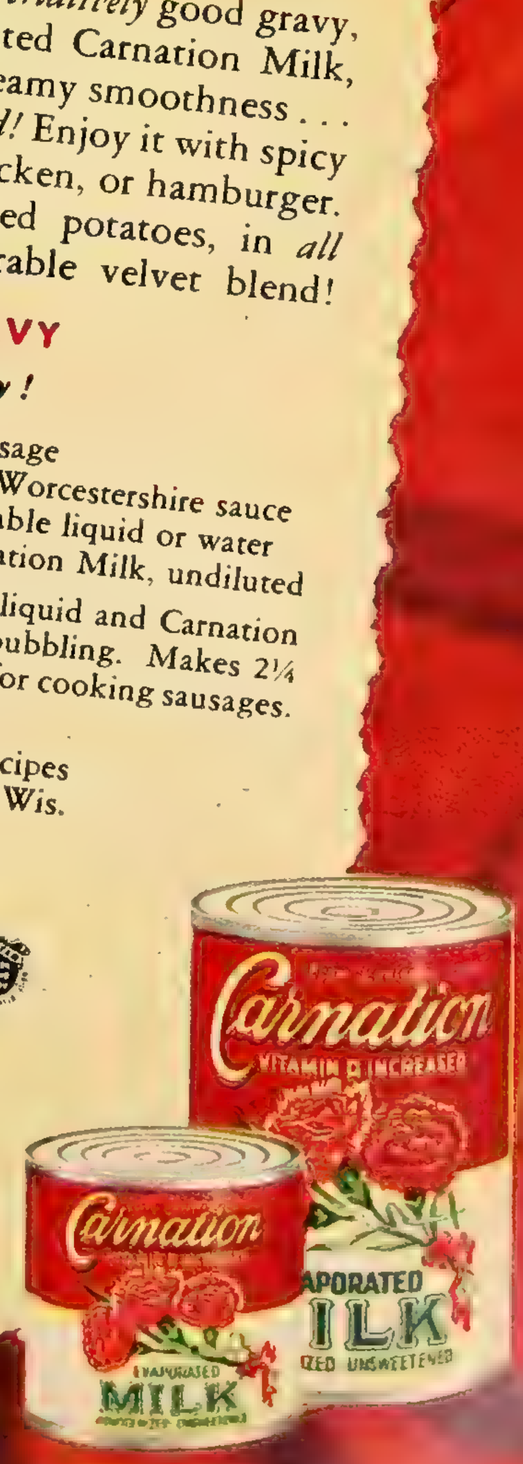
Heat drippings. Blend in flour and seasonings. Add liquid and Carnation Milk. Stir constantly over low heat until thick and bubbling. Makes 2¼ cups. For convenience, gravy may be made in pan used for cooking sausages.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book" of exciting new recipes —to Carnation Company, Dept. R-12, Milwaukee 2, Wis.

For Baby ask your doctor about a formula prepared with safe, nourishing, digestible Carnation Milk, now fortified with pure crystalline vitamin D_3—"the milk every doctor knows."

TUNE IN the Carnation "Contented Hour," every Monday evening, coast-to-coast NBC network, for music by Percy Faith, songs by Buddy Clark, and guest performances by musical celebrities.

"From Contented Cows"



THAT IMPORTED FEELING

(*Continued from page 34*)

I know I'm not what you counted on. There's been a slight mistake, I'm sure. Ha, ha! The only person I might possibly be of some importance to is my husband, Tony—I think. If you don't mind—he's waiting just out in the hall—I'll run out to him and we'll sail back home. Cheerio, and thanks so much for the boat trip!"

I managed to restrain myself and did my best to be elegant. I know now I needn't have worried, and that I misjudged Mr. Mayer and the other gentlemen. They were just trying to be friendly. All the same, it's a good thing none of them uttered so much as a slight "Boo!" at me. I would have run out screaming to Tony!

When I first got word in England that I was to sail for New York, all my friends said, "Oh, you traitor! Running off to America to stuff yourself with steak and bananas! Why couldn't it have been me?" Later on, when our ocean crossing proved so rough, I wished many times that it *had* been they instead—or at least that they hadn't mentioned steak.

The first member of my family to hear the news about my Hollywood contract was my brother, Teddy, who is just twenty-one but right in the old English tradition. When I told him, he grunted, "H'm," and stopped there, because that's where he always stops. Right after he grunts, "H'm!"

bon voyage . . .

So, with this fervid sentiment ringing in my ears, I started to get some clothes for the voyage. In ration-ridden England that *is* a problem. I even had to storm the coupon-coffers of such distant ties as in-laws, cousins and a great aunt of Tony's.

By the time I was ready to board ship I had (besides my usual "drabs") two tailored suits and two cocktail dresses. That may not sound like much to some of you, but after eight years of war and post-war austerity living in England, it was a lush wardrobe as far as I was concerned!

All across the Atlantic, Tony and I made plans on how we would spend our few days in New York before getting aboard the train for California. We felt a bit bad at not knowing anyone in New York who might meet us and show us how to get about. Simple little tots, we were!

From the moment our boat docked in New York—we were gathered up by a welcome committee from M-G-M who not only attended to such matters as clearing customs and getting porters, but seemed to have telepathic insight into our every wish. I don't remember now how many there were in the committee, but I do recall there were two Cadillacs to tow us about. Wherever we went, to our suite in the Waldorf, to the theater (and best seats for any show we named) or just sightseeing—we went in two Cadillacs.

"Why *two* cars, do you suppose, Tony?" I asked one night, as I sat with him in one of them and looked back at the other following behind. After all, Tony should know about such things. As an RAF pilot he had been in (or over) 32 countries. "Is it the American way of playing safe, in case one car has motor trouble?"

"Not at all," he replied, with the air of a seasoned traveler. "The second car is there in case we drop anything. It will pick it up."

New York was exhilarating; a taller, faster-moving, more compact, strange-sounding London. I can't wait to get back to it. So was Chicago, even if we only had three hours there between trains. Most of that three hours was taken up with a visit to the Museum of Art on Michigan Boulevard, and when we stopped in front of the building, Tony had a hard time convincing me that the two great stone lions which guard the entrance weren't another welcoming touch put there by M-G-M to make me feel I was back in London. They *did* look just like the British lions at the foot of Nelson's statue in Trafalgar Square.

And then, the immensity of America, that you only get to feel after you leave Chicago. The endless plains, the way the mountains suddenly loom up to crowd the horizon and then the sudden break of the whole scene into sagebrush-studded desert! I just couldn't get over it!

It affected Tony as well. He would catch my eye, and shrug in helplessness, as much as to say this country is too utterly big, too majestic to joke about or comment on intelligently. All you could do was sit and look and wonder.

By the time we arrived in California (to be greeted by those two Cadillacs again) and were swirled off to our hotel, the impressions of the trip were crowding my mind in confusion.

But the next morning, when Tony and I, all by ourselves, started out for our first call on the studio—that was something else again. After all the well-planned organization behind our trip, the reception committees, the great pains the studio took to bring us 7,000 miles to its gates—it looked for a while, that morning, as if those gates would not open to us!

"Who did you say you were?" asked the policeman at the entrance, sternly.

"Deborah Kerr," I said weakly, and felt just like a small boy caught in the act of sneaking into a football match.

The policeman consulted his list. "I don't see where we have any Deborah Kerr working here!" he declared, accusingly.

He went to his telephone and rang up somebody. He got nowhere with his first call so he made another. And then another. Each time he had to explain the whole story all over again, and each time his eyes would study me over the telephone and I felt terribly guilty. Then, finally, somebody gave me their blessing (or perhaps just tossed a coin and it came out in my favor) and we were waved in.



June Lockhart's hinting not too subtly that she'd like a Philco Radio-Phonograph for Xmas. June recently completed Eagle-Lion's *T-Men*.

The feeling of being a new pupil at school persisted for a long time at the studio; you know, walking around with a consciousness of being in strange surroundings, peeking around corners or through open doors, hoping to see one of the few faces you knew in the place—and feeling so utterly grateful when you do!

It's been told before, but I think it bears repeating—how I got to meet Clark Gable, with whom I starred in my first American picture, *The Hucksters*. I was introduced to him at the studio, but not by any of its officials; instead, by my own husband! Imagine Tony not ever telling me that he and Clark were old friends, having worked together when Clark was a member of the U. S. Army Air Force in England!

We were in Mr. Mayer's office when Clark strode in. I took a quick breath and prepared to be my most charming self, but before anyone could say anything, Clark seemed to be making straight for me, with his hand outstretched. "Goodness!" I thought. "Isn't he going to wait for an introduction?"

And then he went right by (leaving me with mouth open) and was shaking hands with Tony. I waited like a good little girl until they were through, and could turn to me.

studio-fright blues . . .

Of course, I was nervous when I started to work at the studio, and everyone tried to buck me up. But the man who really did the job was a great giant of a prop-hand on the set of *The Hucksters*. He was about 6′ 4″ and nearly that in width, and all during the first few weeks of the picture, filled me with dismay because of a scowl that never left his face. I was certain he had heard the English were very snooty, and no matter how friendly I tried to be, he just wasn't going to like me. Then, one afternoon at four, he stopped at a chair where I was sitting.

"You drink tea?"

"Why, yes," I replied, looking up. "In fact, I've been brought up on—" but he was gone, and my words hung in mid-air. I had never had anyone do anything so rude to me before. I was sitting there, silently boiling, when I saw him re-appear. Held by the tips of the fingers of one big ham of a hand was a dainty cup and saucer, from which arose an aroma that struck home at the very first whiff. It was tea. Delicious tea!

"H'yar!" he said, or something that sounded like that. And he stalked away. But he was back the next afternoon, and every afternoon at four thereafter, all during *The Hucksters*, and *If Winter Comes*, my picture with Walter Pidgeon. That prop man was my first real conquest in America, and I shall always be grateful to him for what he did for me. It wasn't just the tea. It was the feeling of self-confidence he gave me.

It's a wonderful country, and I'm having a wonderful time. I'm almost getting over feeling guilty whenever I sit down to a full course meal, for none of which anyone had to queue up (as we do in England) and from which nothing is missing (as almost everything tasty is in England these days).

I'm even getting used to the personal advice which everyone here seems to dis-





Miss Nancy du Pont goes to a debutante ball

"Before I go out— always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Young social leaders like Nancy du Pont cherish the 1-Minute Mask for the quick, date-time beauty lift it gives. So different from heavy, old-style masks the 1-Minute Mask feels blissfully cool and light on your skin. And it gives you a smoother, brighter face—*not* in twenty minutes—but in *one* minute!



NANCY PEYTON DU PONT is the popular debutante daughter of the Ernest du Ponts of Wilmington.

"Before I go out," she says, "I always have a 1-Minute Mask. You can't live out-of-doors as much as I do without the cold and wind roughening your skin a bit," admits the ardent young horsewoman. "Then comes the evening, and I want my complexion to look perfect. That's the moment for a 1-Minute Mask! In one minute it smooths my skin back to a soft satin finish. My make-up goes on evenly and stays on!"

Send to Pond's, 9-M, Clinton, Conn., for a free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream—enough for a full 1-Minute Mask. You'll be thrilled by the new glamour it gives you!

For more glamorous evenings— this quick, easy Beauty re-make

1. Make your complexion look its dateable loveliest—with a 1-Minute Mask. Mask your whole face except eyes, with a cool, white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
2. The "keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens and dissolves off tiny skin chappings and weather roughnesses. After one full minute, tissue off—clean!
3. Your skin looks radiant! Clearer, wide awake, more velvety-smooth! Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream whenever you want to look your best!

A LOVELY FOUNDATION CREAM, TOO

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent? See answer below)



Bernadette Fitzgerald of Chicago, the Toni Twin, says: "As soon as Sis saw what a soft, natural-looking wave I gave myself, she admitted I was the smarter half. Next time it'll be Toni for two."

See how easy it is to give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

The very first time you try Toni, you'll have soft, natural-looking curls, deep, smooth waves—with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness. But, before you try Toni, you will want to know—

Will Toni work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be handy with my hands?
Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking Toni permanent by following the easy directions.

How long will it take me?
Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours—even less for hair that's easy to wave. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How much curl will I have with Toni?
You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a wide, loose wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

How long will my Toni wave last?
It's *guaranteed* to last just as long as a $15 beauty-shop wave or your money back.

How much do I save with Toni?
The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which Twin has the Toni?
Bernadette, on the left, is the Toni twin.

The Toni Kit is on sale at all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters.



Toni HOME PERMANENT
TESTED AND COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU
THE CREME COLD WAVE

pense freely; what to do with your money, how to live, where to live. You share your life with so many others here that it is filled with more significance than before.

"You really must go to Palm Springs for weekends! Everyone does!"

"You must get your hair done at Madame Tugantwist, you simply must!"

"Oh, don't buy a house, build!" Or, "Don't build with materials so high, buy!" Or, "Don't build or buy, rent!"

Tony and I were looking for a house, and once when we were with a group of people someone mentioned one that was for sale. "Oh, no!" countered somebody else. "That house is too old."

I picked up my ears. That sounded interesting. Maybe it was one of those places that reached back to the Spanish era in California. "How old is it?" I asked.

"Oh, dreadfully old," I was told. "Nearly fifteen years!"

I almost collapsed. The last home I lived in was in Sussex, England, and it dated back to the Sixteenth Century!

Yes, I love California, but more so because of something that happened the other day. We have our house, and we're settled in it now. It is on a cliff, and our living room looks right out at the Pacific, over which the sun hangs all afternoon. I'm looking forward to the day when our baby, which is scheduled to make its première in December, will be out here soaking up the sunshine.

Because the house has sunshine, and beautiful flowers and a rolling lawn—just about perfect. Yet, there was one thing missing. Neither Tony nor I could put our fingers on it as the days went by. Then, one morning, Tony got up at dawn and went out to look at the ocean. The next moment he was tearing back.

"Hurry!" he cried. "Put something on and come with me! You'll be amazed!"

I grabbed the first thing handy and ran after him. We burst into the garden and—sensation of sensations! No sun! No brightness pouring down from the sky interminably! Instead, mist! Real, gray, cold, damp mist! Just like dear, old, dank and dreary London, itself.

We just looked at each other in delight.

"Ah!" we said, and breathed in deeply. "Ah! Why, this California is wonderful. It really has everything!"

Beverly Tyler . . .

M-G-M actress you went for in *My Brother Talks to Horses* and *The Beginning or the End.*

We caught up with Beverly backstage at New York's Capitol Theater, where she brought down the house with her singing—and persuaded her to pose in this arrow-sprinkled date dress. This month's fashion theme is fit, as you'll see on the following pages—and Beverly starts us off by demonstrating the perfect junior figure. (She's a size nine!)

The dress, whose twinkly rhinestone arrows will go straight to the heart of any man (could they miss?) is silky fortune crepe—and comes in your choice of royal, fuchsia, holly red or black. Jr. sizes 7-15.

Dress by Babs Jr. About $17.95.

Hammered metal bracelets (the most sparkling we've ever seen!) are by Coro. $2 each.

Siren pumps by Kitty Kelly. $6.99

To find out where to buy dress, pumps and bracelets, please turn to page 83.

modern screen

fashions

by CONSTANCE BARTEL

Fashion Editor

I WEAR A TEEN SIZE

I want clothes that

are as young as I am—but I want

them definitely snazzy. Like

my glitter date dress with bright

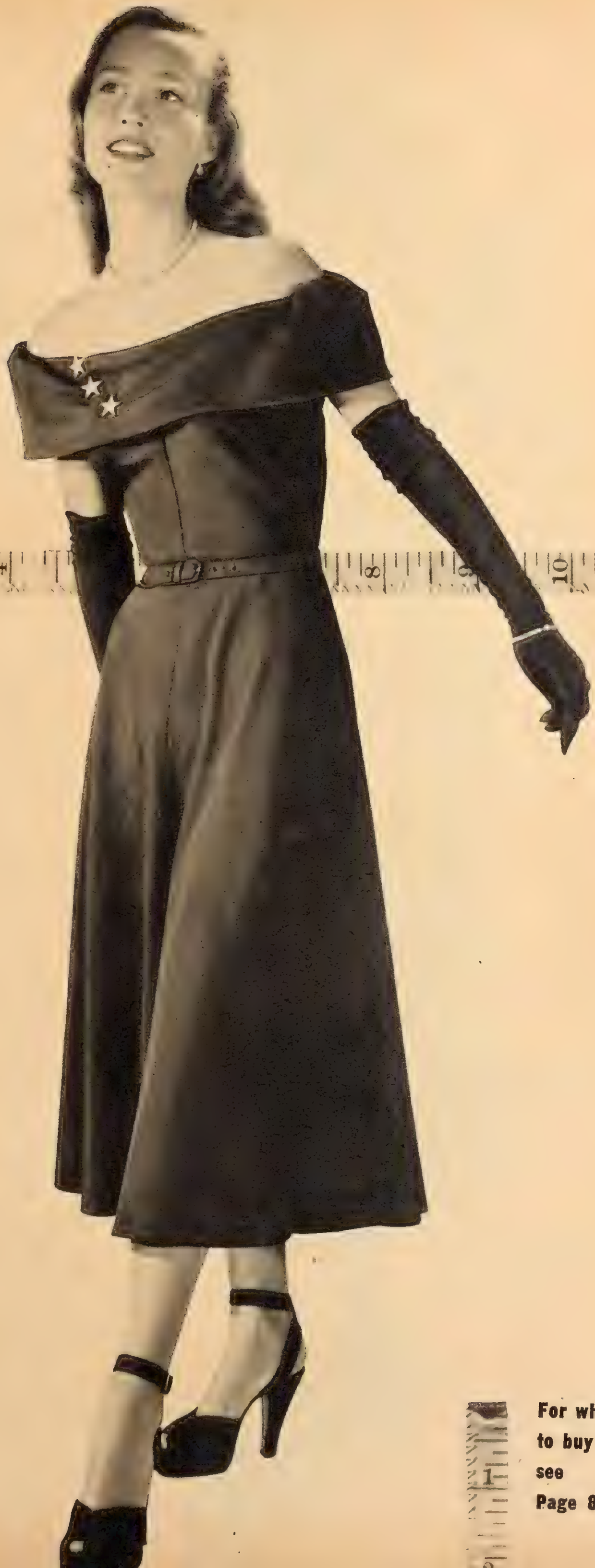
colored front and sparkling

nailheads. Rayon crepe. Black

with blue, rose, white or aqua. 7-15

By Teena Paige About $10.95





I WEAR A

JUNIOR SIZE

I've got a junior

figure—so I love this ballet

dress cut just for me. I

expect that off-shoulder neck-

line to wow the stags—

and I like the way

the longer skirt shows off

my ankle-strap pumps. Black

rayon faille. 9-15

By Fein Juniors About $14.95

For where to buy see Page 83



I WEAR A MISSES SIZE

A size twelve fits me perfectly—as you can see in this wonderful two-piece grey wool with jersey skirt, ribbed sweater top. I think it looks very expensive —and I can vary it like mad with jewelry, scarves. 10-16.

By Curtis Casuals About $14.95

For where to buy see Page 83



I WEAR A FIVE-FOOT-FIVE-AND-UNDER SIZE

I'm on the petite side—
definitely not tall. So I want
a dress that's smart—but
small like me. Like this super
rayon grey dress with
the curving buttons to make
me look taller. And not
a stitch of alteration. 10-20.

By Leslie Fay About $14.95



I WEAR A FIVE-FOOT-FIVE-AND-UNDER SIZE

I want sophisticated fashions—even if I am a half-pint in height. Like this woman-of-the-world number with long moulded top—and gold embroidery on the collar. Two-piece, makes me look tall. 10-18.

Black, brown, green, royal, aqua, peacock crepe.

By Robert Mattes About $22.95



Just because I'm little doesn't mean I want little-girl clothes. Give me grown-up glamor—like this two-piece tissue faille with draped shoulders. Slick background for accessories, too. Black, royal, aqua, purple, brown. 10-20.

By Tween Craft About $19.95

For where to buy see Page 83

QUEEN OF THE MARY

(*Continued from page 50*)

back in the hotel, Elizabeth turned to her mother. "Somehow, you don't get the feeling that any of the people who died are really gone. I mean, the way the families talk, and all their possessions still around, you feel as if they're in the next room."

"I know," her mother said. "It's strange."

The Taylors had taken clothes to give away, when they got to England. Rationing is strict. In eight months, one person gets 32 clothing coupons. A coat takes 20; shoes 15. But somehow, they manage. They look so well; they're so proud; you find you can't offer them things.

The Taylors crowded their three weeks in England. They went down to Kent, to the old house that had belonged to Liz' god-father. There were the same trees you remembered, the same pale sky, and you felt as though you'd never been away.

There was the pet shop in London, across from Selfridge's. It had two French poodles, a white and a black, and to choose between them would break your heart.

When Elizabeth was sick, she'd kept asking for a poodle, and her mother had promised her the dog, if she'd drink and eat when she didn't want to drink and eat.

Elizabeth yearned over the white poodle; her mother inclined toward the black; naturally, they ended up with both.

On the return trip, those dogs got paraded around until they were depressed.

Cary Grant and Frederick Lonsdale were on the boat coming back, and they started writing Liz silly fan letters.

"I'll be sitting in the lounge," Lonsdale wrote once, "with a blue flower in my buttonhole. Look me over and cough three times if you approve. After that you'll see a man leap."

She answered him, and asked who'd hand him his crutches. "Though you're wonderfully well preserved."

Coming back was as wonderful as going over had been painful. Liz dressed for dinner three times, and danced every night, and got moist-eyed when she saw the Statue of Liberty looming in front of her.

Partly because the vacation was over, partly because the Statue of Liberty does that to everybody.

"Next time I'm going on the slowest boat there is," she said. And for the moment, she really meant it.

MODERN SCREEN



"Good heavens, no wonder my packages seemed to have gotten heavier after I caught my bus."



Winter White with Black or Wine Velveteen

Hearts will beat faster as you go by in this saucy wool-like dress with a back zipper way down to your hips! Dress-up cap sleeves! Two deep, deep patch pockets with heart-shaped buttons! And velveteen where it looks best—on the sleeves, the belt, 'cross your heart! Window Pane Plaid in BLACK or WINE on Winter White.

SIZES 9 to 17

Dixie Shops

SEND NO MONEY! YOURS ON APPROVAL

DIXIE SHOPS Dept. 24
275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.
Please send me on approval the "SWEETHEART" Dress. I'll pay postman $6.95 plus postage.
Size—9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17 ☐

Indicate 1st and 2nd color choice
WINTER WHITE with BLACK ☐ WINE ☐

Money back guaranteed if returned in 10 days

My Name_____
Print
My Address_____
City_____ State_____



For where
to buy
see
Page 83

I WEAR A
A HALF-SIZE

I want a fashion with definite oomph—proportioned especially for me. Do you wonder that I snatched at this tissue faille with gold, silver and colored embroidery? See the draped bow at side front—and please note how slenderizing! 14½-24½.

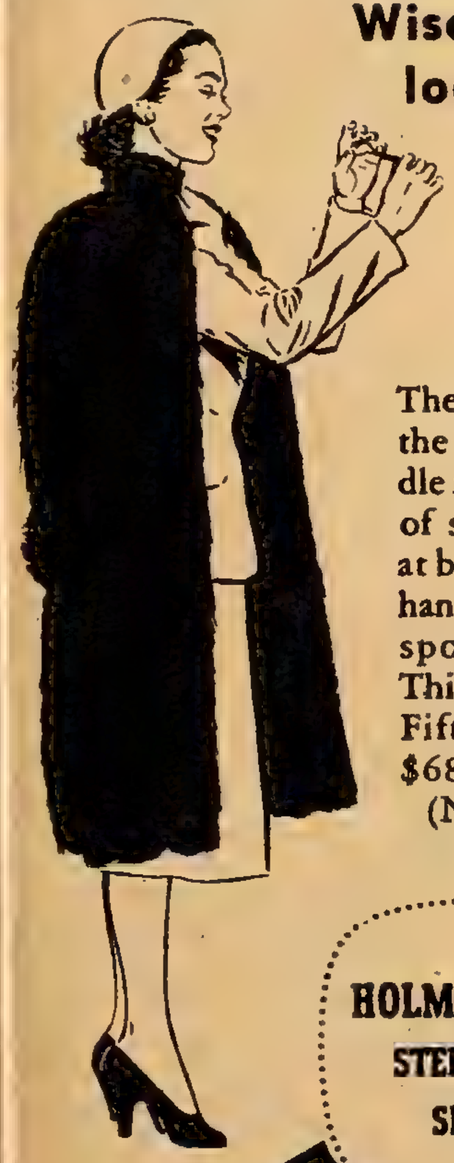
By Ladycraft About $22.95



FLATTERY PANTS

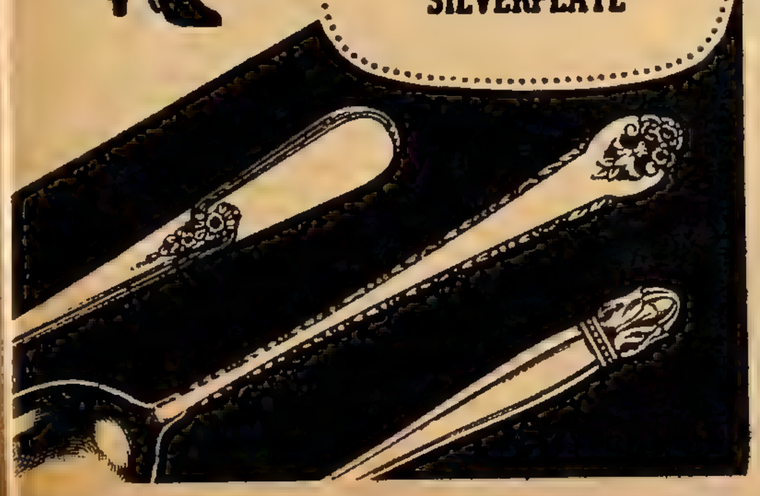
Rogers' seal-smooth "Illustra" rayon tricot knit. In black, white, tearose. Medium (as shown) or longer length. Regular sizes 5, 6, 7, 1.00. Extra, 8, 9, 1.25. Matching bra, 1.15. At leading stores everywhere. A. H. Rogers & Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Wise shoppers look for this



The mark INLAID at the back of the handle means; two blocks of sterling are inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. This finer silverplate: Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest (No Federal Tax).

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE



Copyright 1947, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

(*Continued from page 36*)

is that the critics praised it. But it failed to carry the "idea" where it was designed to carry it—to *all* of the people. Therefore, in my final estimation, *Wilson* missed the boat.

I do not think *Gentleman's Agreement* will fail, and I am not speaking only of box-office returns. There must be stories which come to grips with reality, if Hollywood is to continue as a constructive influence.

I have children growing up and I, for one, am not prepared to face them one day and hear them say, "You had the eyes and ears of millions. They were looking to you to help make this world a better place—and what did you do with your opportunity?"

That's a question that I will be proud to answer by citing *Gentleman's Agreement*. This picture tells of an idealistic, courageous reporter who undertakes an assignment for a series of magazine articles exposing the ugly roots of anti-Semitism in America. To get his story he poses as a Jew, although a Gentile, and by so doing discovers that his whole life is changed. The affections of his sweetheart are subtly affected, the happiness of his small son by a previous marriage, the attitudes of his friends; he even uncovers a hot-bed of prejudice on the staff of his own magazine.

There are many reasons why Gregory Peck came to mind at once as I read the first proofs of this unusual story.

My hero had to be far from the pretty-boy type. He had to be manly, with substance and intellect and background. He had to have a face that could be either Jewish or Gentile, convincing enough by his very looks to be able to say, "I'm Jewish" and be believed, or "I'm not," and still be believed. I, myself, don't believe there is a pronounced Jewish "type" in the world, a fact which I've seen proven time and again.

Many of my friends and associates are of Jewish faith, but I had never thought much about anti-Semitism until I went to North Africa on army duty during the war. Occasionally, when I arrived at a new post I noticed a standoffishness among some of the officers with whom I worked. Later, they would come up to me, wreathed in smiles, shake my hand and say, "Why didn't you tell us you *aren't* Jewish?" It appalled me. I couldn't see what difference that made, first of all, but what struck me was—they had no idea whether I looked like a Jew or Gentile.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A number of years ago, Judy Garland made a personal appearance in Kansas City. She was just 16 then and looked darling in a taffeta dress of light and dark blue, with a border of lace at the bottom of the skirt. During a lull between songs, a little boy of about five said loudly, "Mommy, that girl's petticoat is hanging." Everybody laughed, including Judy herself.

Corinne Staigg,
Pleasant Hill, Missouri

holiday frosting

For Everything You Own and under $30.00



Becker original

A shortie coat you dream about,
here just in time for Christmas fun!
Deep-pile 100% pure wool
Buzzy Bear . . . with zig-zag red 'n green
embroidery and golden nailheads
on the full, full sleeves!
Lined throughout in lustrous rayon.
Interlined for "Winter Warmth"!
White, gray, oatmeal, brown. Sizes 9 to 15
and 10 to 16. The tiny price is a
Christmas present . . . to you!

For name of your nearest store write:

BECKER CLOAK CORP. • 247 West 37th St., N.Y. 18

IT'S RHYTHM 'ROUND YOUR WRIST!

PIXIE-PLATTER BRACELET



Colorful Miniature Record Albums on a Fine Chain Bracelet

$1

plus 20% tax

This captivating "PIXIE-PLATTER BRACELET" sports eight true-color miniatures of your favorite record albums that dangle from a finely crafted chain bracelet.

Miniatures are shown in actual size

At these and other leading stores everywhere:

Abraham & Straus..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bamberger's..Newark, N. J.
Burdine's.....Miami, Fla.
Famous-Barr.St. Louis, Mo.
Filene's.....Boston, Mass.
Hudson's....Detroit, Mich.
Lansburgh's..... Washington, D. C.
Maison Blanche..... New Orleans, La.
Rich's.....Atlanta, Ga.
Weiboldt's....Chicago, Ill.

or write: PRECISION MINIATURES
5147 Brown Ave., St. Louis 15, Mo. (Dept. MSD)

PRECISION MINIATURES, Dept. MSD
5147 Brown Ave., St. Louis 15, Mo.
Enclosed is M.O. or check for_____ "Pixie-Platter Bracelets," $1.20 ea. (includes tax).
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____
(Please print clearly.) Sorry, No C.O.D.'s.

My name merely sounded as if it might be Jewish.

Aside from the ambiguity of his features, the chief reason Gregory Peck fitted so ideally into the part of "Phil Green" is that he exemplifies sincerity, utter honesty and integrity in his acting personality. No man could play the star of *Gentleman's Agreement* without such qualities.

The first time I ever saw Gregory Peck was in a Broadway play. Not long afterward, I trusted him with the role of "Father Chisholm" in *The Keys of the Kingdom,* the inspirational picture to which I was then devoting all my attention. Like *Gentleman's Agreement, The Keys of the Kingdom* was an idealistic story, extolling service to humanity. Like the hero of *Gentleman's Agreement* also, Father Chisholm, who left a pleasant clerical berth in Scotland to dedicate his life to missionary work in the interior of China, had to be played with the greatest conviction and sincerity, else the picture would have failed. It didn't fail, either as a picture or as the role that launched Gregory Peck as a star.

no tricks of the trade . . .

Gregory Peck has no technical acting tricks, no polished, sure-fire techniques with which great names of stage and screen have often been associated. But his very lack of tricks endows him with a force far more important. In every part he has played, he has been entirely believable.

The responsibility he feels for the parts he undertakes, is a producer's best insurance that they will be successful. He will turn down the most sought-after part in the most prized production of the Hollywood season—if he doesn't think he can do it justice.

I remember an instance where he was enthusiastic about a story I had bought. It had a fine part for an actor, and I offered it to him but he turned it down. "It hurts me more than it does you," he grinned, "but it isn't for me." He may have been right—who knows? The picture turned out to be a successful one. The part was excellent for another star. In my mind it was excellent for Gregory Peck, but I knew him too well to try to persuade him, and I gained new respect for his honesty.

So there was a certain amount of suspense for me as to whether or not Gregory Peck would play *Gentleman's Agreement.* He might, for some reason, conclude that he wouldn't fit.

I had already been fortunate in securing Moss Hart, the celebrated Broadway dramatist, to write the screenplay. Hart was challenged by this same story, and agreed to write a Hollywood scenario of something not his own, for the first time in his career. It meant, I knew, giving up a vacation and abandoning plans for a Broadway play. I had also secured Elia Kazan, the director who did such masterly jobs with *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and *Boomerang.* Kazan was enthusiastic about directing *Gentleman's Agreement.* I sounded out both of them on Gregory Peck for the starring role, and they agreed that he was an ideal choice.

backstage story . . .

After returning from Sun Valley, I took the proofs of "Gentleman's Agreement" to the theater where I was scheduled to receive an award for *The Razor's Edge.* I knew Gregory Peck was on the same program, accepting an award for his performance in *The Yearling.* Backstage, after the show was over, I handed him the galleys. "Read these," I suggested, "and let me know what you think about the story."

If Peck thought himself right to play the part, he would take it. I figured he would, and I was right. He had been calling, my secretary informed me, all morning. He called again. He had stayed up all night—just as I had on the train—to finish the story. "I've never been so excited about any role in my life," he told me. "It's an honor to be considered, and I can't wait to do it."

So he is doing it—and with that attitude, knowing Gregory Peck, I don't think I'm too rash in predicting he'll make another bid for an Academy Award next year. You'll see for yourself!



The gentlemen behind *Gentleman's Agreement:* Moss Hart, who wrote the screenplay, Gregory Peck, the star; director Elia Kazan, and Darryl F. Zanuck, producer of Laura Hobson's novel.

INFORMATION DESK

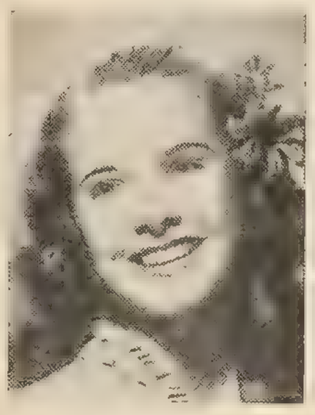
by Beverly Linet



RICHARD WIDMARK makes a sensational debut as Tommy in Kiss of Death. *Dick was born in Minnesota on December 26, 1915. He is 5' 11" tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. He is married to Jean Hazelwood, and has one child. Appeared on Broadway in* Kiss and Tell, Kiss Them For Me, *and* Trio. *Can be reached at Fox, Beverly Hills, California. No fan club.*



DAVID FARRAR was born in England some 30-odd years ago. He is over 6' tall, has dark hair and blue eyes and is married. He used to be a newspaperman, but left that job ten years ago for the theater. He is currently being seen in Frieda, *and* Black Narcissus. *Write to him c/o The Archers, J. Arthur Rank Productions, London, England.*



MONA FREEMAN, who played Iris in Mother Wore Tights, *was born in New York City in 1926. She is 5' 3", 110 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. She is married to Pat Nearny. Can be reached at 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.*

G. Smith, Wash., D. C.: That was Dort Clark as the blond detective in the car in Kiss of Death. *And Robert Arthur was Mona Freeman's beau in* Mother Wore Tights. *Write to them both at Fox, Beverly Hills, California.*

Gloria H., Ft. Worth, Texas: The Lon McCallister Club is headed by Lenore Becker, 1902 N. 36 St., Milwaukee 8, Wisc. Tina Zulli is president of the Victor Damone Club. Write her at 535 E. 187 St., Bronx 58, N. Y. The Kim Hunter Club is run by Lilyan Miller of 2575 Richton-101, Detroit 6, Mich. Larry Hampe, 1569 S. Carey Ave., Pomona, Calif., is head of the Lizabeth Scott Club. Kitty Petrillo, president of the John Lund Club, can be reached at 275 Whitney St., Rochester 6, N. Y.

Signing off now. Be back next month. Keep sending those questions and self-addressed, stamped envelopes to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART—1946-'47 (10c)—A new edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of fascinating data on all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Cut out this Royledge pattern—try it on your kitchen shelves!

See the wonderful difference Royledge makes...

★ Decorates in a jiffy!

In minutes, put a colorful smile on your kitchen and banish that drab, "bare-shelf" look! Royledge is shelving paper and edging all-in-one—place on shelf and fold edge down—presto, beautiful kitchen!

★ Long-lasting quality!

This pattern shows Royledge color only—you have to SEE and FEEL actual Royledge to appreciate its enduring, double-thick quality. Patented Royledge embossed doubledge is non-wilt, non-curl!

★ Costs only a few pennies!

Less than a penny a day to re-decorate your kitchen monthly with Royledge! Grand too for closets, children's room, etc. See glorious NEW Royledge patterns now at 5-and-10's, neighborhood, hardware, dept. stores.

AND EDGING

SHELVING PAPER

"ALL-IN-ONE"

Royledge

SHELVING 9 FT.-7¢

This is "JOYTOWN", one of many gorgeous new Royledge patterns.

Royal Lace Paper Works, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

"You'll know on sight-it's right"

JANIS PAIGE

Right from the start, "The Silver Service of the Stars"
gives *your* table the right Hollywood setting.
More pieces . . . *more* beauty . . . *more* quality—extra weight
and an extra overlay of pure silver at wear point.
See your jeweler. Choose *your* pattern in the service
that gives you MORE FOR YOUR "SILVER" DOLLAR.
Complete services start at $34.75. Or, you may start
with 5-piece Place Settings at $4.50. (No Federal Tax)



JANIS PAIGE
Starring in
WALLFLOWER
A Warner Bros. Prod



1881
ROGERS®
silverplate
by ONEIDA LTD.
silversmiths

Capri®

Del Mar®

Surf Club®

®Trade-mark
Copr. 1947 by Oneida Ltd.

modern screen shops for you

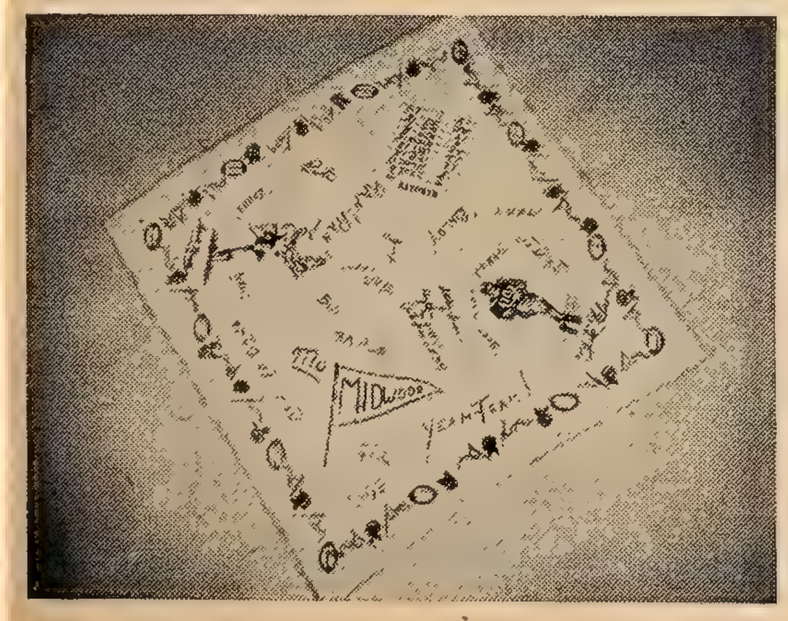
BY MAXINE FIRESTONE



A tie for just us girls. Made of sequin-spangled rayon print. Attaches to the neck of your blouse with an adjustable band. Think your guy will want to borrow it? $1.98. A Herlyn Creation, 167 Madison Ave., N. Y.



What fun to show off your favorite photo while powdering your nose! This photo-compact is made of genuine leather. 24K gold-plated frame. Red, black or brown. $2.95. From Crown Craft Products, 246 5th Ave., N.Y. 1.



This rayon scarf is a doodler's delight. Use a ballpoint pen, pencil or crayon to fill in the pennant and score-board. Plenty of room left for wise-cracks of the gang. By Grotta. About $1.98. Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

WITH THIS RING

(*Continued from page 58*)

amazing the way romances start. They'll blossom out of some trivial incident, such as Marie and the time a year ago when she was in desperate need of bubble gum.

"I've just got to get my hands on some bubble gum," she told producer Ralph Friede. "I promised Pan Berman's children and they'll never forgive me if I let them down."

"That's easy," Friede told her. "I know a fellow—and it just happens that he'd sort of like to meet you."

He sort of did.

When Harry Karl brought the bubble gum around, he began to court Marie.

Their friendship was the quiet, sensible kind that is pretty rare in Hollywood. So rare that when news of Marie's impending marriage was announced, people kept saying, "Oh, it's just one of those things. They won't really do it."

They won't really?

But friends, they already have.

They were married at Harry's family's home, in West Hollywood, at 6 p.m. of a bright September day.

The best man was Irwin Myers, Harry's oldest friend. The matron of honor was Mary Cunody, Marie's closest pal.

But you couldn't see anybody else for the dazzle that was Marie. She wore a ballerina-length lace gown, lilies of the valley in her soft brown hair, and her bridal bouquet was white orchids and lilies of the valley.

It was a small, simple ceremony. Marie's father gave her away, and nobody cried, and nobody pitched any shoes, and afterward, there was a little, informal reception in Mocambo's Champagne Room. A few friends came; mostly non-professional friends, and there wasn't any cake, but nobody seemed to miss one.

It was right; it was quite perfect.

"And later, we'll take a trip East," Harry said.

So you thought they wouldn't get married? You were wrong!

lost and found . . .

Marie first put on her engagement ring July ninth, her birthday. She was sitting with friends at Mocambo, when she noticed that her gold compact was missing. She excused herself, and went to the ladies' room to look for it. She returned, dejected, only to find the missing compact on the table cloth in front of her.

Inside was the diamond.

Not long ago, Marie went to see a doctor. "I don't know what's the matter with me," she told the eminent medical authority. "I must be losing my pep. I feel listless, and it bothers me."

The doctor suggested vitamin pills.

The next day, Marie's guest house burned down. She lost her wedding dress and a prized scrap book. She had to scurry around seeing insurance men, getting a new wardrobe and preparing for a new picture. A couple of her relatives went to the hospital.

"So what happened? I forgot to take the pills. My pep came back. It's when I stop doing things that I get tired."

She must be right. This year, Marie did a picture that took nine months to shoot. She's gone to Mexico, made personal appearances, and been a bride.

"It's nothing, really. You should get to know Harry better. The man hasn't had a summer vacation since he went into business, and before that he studied law —got his degree when he was twenty."

Listen to Marie talking about Harry Karl and you (*Continued on page 85*)

Majorette

Every day is fun-day when you wear this rayon serge-flannel beauty, with its whirling BALLERINA SKIRT and bright-buttoned bodice, Gibson Girl collar, push-up bracelet sleeves and simulated alligator belt ...Zips inconspicuously down the back! Matador Red, Evergreen, Pearl Grey, Peacock Blue, Taffee Tan, Turquoise. Teen 10, 12, 14, 16. An unusual value at a mere $5.95



TERRY TEENERS
462 7th Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Send MAJORETTE on approval at $5.95, plus postage. I may return dress for refund within ten days if not completely satisfied.
QUAN..... 1st COLOR CHOICE.....
SIZE..... 2nd COLOR CHOICE.....
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY..... ZONE.... STATE.....



INITIAL PENDANT (with Ribbon) Sealed for Life $1.00

COLORS. Red, blue, black, pearl. Specify color and initial.

ENGRAVED RELIGIOUS PENDANT (with Ribbon) $1.00

If sterling silver chain desired, add $1.00
If all three ordered at one time . . . $2.50
Prices include tax . . . Sorry No C.O.D.'s

WIL-NOR PRODUCTS CO., DEPT. 012
3002 N. 5th STREET, PHILA. 33, PA.

NOW—STRICTLY FOR THE COKE CROWD



Juke Box Polos

STARRING YOUR SING KING....

Frank SINATRA — Star of the Hit Parade and M.G.M. Pictures

Tony MARTIN

Andy RUSSELL

Frankie LAINE

Vic DAMONE

Vaughn MONROE

WITH AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOR

$1.98 Post Paid

FRANK SINATRA

If your choice is "The Voice," you'll rejoice at the way our fashion artists have captured the rapture of Frankie's true personality!



ANDY RUSSELL

From the blue of his eyes to the brown of his hair *everything's* there! Yes, hurry and hustle—get this Polo that's terrifically, specifically Andy Russell!

TONY MARTIN

You'll put your heart in wearing the handsome Mr. Martin. Here's the slick trick to make your hero click with all the guys and gals who go for "Tony"!





FRANKIE LAINE

Here's the sweet, shy guy who puts romance in rhythm—*you'll* strike the right note, too, wearing *his* Polo that's a starring solo!

VAUGHN MONROE

Leader man of the band that's grand . . . he's the lad with the band of appeal that really *sings!* Join the chorus . . . wear V. Monroe wherever you go!





VIC DAMONE

Vibrant is the word for Vic . . . and we've caught all the smooth-as-satin, Latin charm of this youngest of the music makers!

Be a *real* fan of your dream man! *Show* your colors by wearing *his* face close to your heart. What a thrill for a Jill! And pet, don't fret about laundering . . . Juke Box Polos are washable wonders . . . made of genuine Durene cotton jersey. Won't fade, won't run—the colors are as true as your affections. The artwork on these sharp shirts is taken from life and include the stars' own autograph.

CLIP THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

Juke Box Fashions—1657 Evergreen Ave., Chicago 22, Ill. Dept. JB-19

Please send me _____ Juke Box Polos indicated below at $1.98 each. If not delighted I may return in 5 days for refund.

☐ Frank Sinatra ☐ Andy Russell ☐ Frankie Laine ☐ Vic Damone
☐ Tony Martin ☐ Vaughn Monroe ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

CHECK ONE ☐ I am enclosing $_____ Ship post paid
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $_____ plus postage

Attention, Fan Club Presidents!

Don't let rival clubs outshine yours! Get your fellow members to do right by *your* Sing King. Show your loyalty . . . make it unanimous. Order a Juke Box Polo for every member. Take advantage of the SPECIAL-TO-FAN-CLUBS-PURCHASE-PLAN.

6 Juke Box Polos, for only $10

FAN CLUB ORDERS, giving sizes, must be written on Fan Club Stationery and signed by a Club Officer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Holiday glamour clothes to wear under the mistletoe—in the january fashion section

FULL SIZE BOLT CUT REMNANTS

4 lbs. approx. 20 yds.

EVERY PIECE A FULL 30 INCH WIDTH IN ONE-QUARTER TO 4 YARD LENGTHS cut from new bolts of dress goods; fast colors. Prints, percales, ginghams. Do not confuse this offer with *other* so-called "remnant" bundles which include small scraps, odds-and-ends pieces. ***MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE:*** if you are not satisfied, return your bundle and we shall immediately refund your money plus postage. ***ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE*** from the largest supplier of remnants and quilt pieces in America. Join our tens of thousands of satisfied customers. We ship C. O. D. ***SEND NO MONEY.***

only 2.98 plus postage

LARGE SIZE QUILT PIECE REMNANTS

Fine quality pieces that are a little too small to fit in our full-size Remnant bundle . . . hundreds of uses. 4 lbs., approx. 20 yds. $1.69 PLUS POSTAGE

THE SEWING CIRCLE
Dept. 204, BOX 505, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

The big point of this month's fashions is size. *Your* size. Perfect fit—a little item you simply can't do without in your campaign to be the best dressed gal in town.

New ready-to-wear used to be far from ready. You know what we mean. You'd go into a store—all aglow with the hope of finding the perfect dress for a big date. And, by golly, there it was—your color, your style, your price. What luck. You tried it on. Misery! The sleeves either hit you half way up the wrists, or came down over your hands like gloves. The hem was much too long—or much too short. The blouse billowed or spanned. The waistline simply ignored your own and went its own way, either too high or too low. And there you were—out on a limb—with no time for alterations, and no yen to pay the extra cost for them either.

That's the way it was—but it isn't any more. The designers have caught on to the fact that you and I are not necessarily the same size and shape. And today they are cutting five separate and distinct size ranges, one of which is for you.

What will you have—a miss's size, five-foot-five-and-under, junior, teen, or half size? We show them all in this issue. Misses' sizes are for you who are not hefty and not thin—but just right, and who, although not beanpole tall, are not half pints either.

Five-foot-five-and-under sizes are for you who *are* half pints—but whose bust, hip and waist measurements are like your friends who wear misses' sizes. You've got a figure—but in height you only come up to your boy friend's top vest button. The junior sizes are for the young junior figure, higher waisted, higher bosomed, and smaller waisted.

Teen sizes are aimed at you lucky young things of sixteen or so—who certainly don't want kiddish things, but who are still growing.

And half sizes are for the opposite of featherweights—for the more generous figure which men have in mind when they say—"I like a woman to look like a woman."

We show all five size ranges in this issue—and one of them is for you! Hie yourself to your favorite store and find out! P.S.—Prices, as always—kind to your budget.

Connie Bartel

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout the country)

Babs Junior dress with rhinestone arrows worn by Beverly Tyler in the full color photograph (Page 69)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jays, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Young-Quinlan Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable

Suede platform ankle strap pumps worn by Beverly Tyler in the full color photograph (Page 69) $6.99
At all Kitty Kelly stores in:
Chicago
New York
Philadelphia
Washington, D. C.

Teena Paige two-tone silver nailhead dress (Page 70)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
San Antonio, Texas—The Wolff & Marx Co.
Trenton, N. J.—S. P. Dunham & Co.

Coro hammered metal necklace and bracelet shown with dress (Page 70) $2 each
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker Co.

Fein Juniors off-shoulder ballet dress (Page 71)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—Conrad's
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store

Curtis Casuals two-piece ribbed sweater top dress (Page 72)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.

Leslie Fay button-and-bow dress (Page 73)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollman & Sons Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Robert Mattes two-piece long torso dress (Page 74)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Chicago, Ill.—Wieboldt's
Evanston, Ill.—Wieboldt's
New York, N. Y.—Emily Shop, Fifth Avenue
Oak Park, Ill.—Wieboldt's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

Tween Craft two-piece draped shoulder dress (Page 74)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co.
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker Co.

Ladycraft all-over embroidered dress (Page 76)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Augusta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
Macon, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Washington, D. C.—Joseph R. Harris Co.

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

The Lift that never lets you down



You'll love the famous uplift feature that makes "Perma-lift"* Bras AMERICA'S FAVORITES. The specially designed cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below—never lose their uplift through countless washings and wear. "Perma-lift" Bras are at your favorite corset department—most styles from $1.50 to $3.50.

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company. (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Perma-lift
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN
Another "Hickory" Success

Write for ***Free Booklet*** *on corset and brassiere fitting comfort.*
Address Ruth Stone—"Perma-lift" Stylist,
1143 W. Congress Street,
Chicago 7, Ill.—Dept. 44



Santa Says:
Wear Your LUCKY
*Birthstone**

Only $1 a week

Hint for it broadly! Wear it with pride! Be the envy of your crowd.

$9.95

Fine stones, cut for dazzling brilliance, clustered for sparkle—in a rich setting of 10 kt. Gold.



January—Garnet
February—Amethyst
March—Aquamarine
April—White Sapphire
May—Emerald
June—Alexandrite
July—Ruby
August—Peridot
September—Sapphire
October—Rose Zircon
November—Topaz
December—Zircon

*Simulated

NO Down Payment

Measure Ring Size



Get a ring of right size and put flat on a piece of paper. With a sharp pointed pencil, draw circle inside the ring. Send paper to us with coupon.

SEND NO MONEY

Goldcraft, Box 417, Birmingham 1, Ala.
Please send me Birthstone Ring as advertised.
Birth month_____ Ring size_____
I agree to pay Goldcraft the sum of $1 weekly until balance is paid in full.
Mail Today
D-12
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

TEETH should show
in your smile
NEVER *in your*
HAIR-DO



Teeth never show
with
Goody *

KANT-SLIP* COMBS

Because only Kant-Slip Combs have
CONCEALED Tight-Gripping Teeth

Only Goody Kant-Slip Combs have this overlapping patented construction making the teeth invisible in your hair



ONLY 10c

Available in a variety of popular sizes at leading 5 and 10c stores and notion counters.

*REG. TRADEMARK

FOR BETTER HAIR AIDS
BETTER REACH FOR GOODY

NEW creamy, odorless LOTION safely REMOVES HAIR



1. Safe—doesn't irritate normal skin. Painless.
2. No clinging depilatory odor—a pleasant white lotion.
3. Not messy. Quick—rinses off easily with lukewarm water.
4. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth and alluring.

Cosmetic lotion to remove hair

NAIR 59¢ plus tax



"Country's Largest Seller"

be a good looking sport

Outdoor exercise helps give you pink cheeks and a clear complexion, but do protect your skin from windburn and excessive drying

By CAROL CARTER
BEAUTY EDITOR



Jane Greer, RKO star, out hunting for beauty!

■ You know what they say, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Well, that nippy, early-winter wind that tosses dead leaves and the first snow flurries in its path can give you a wonderful beauty treatment! Pale, languid beauty passed on with poor Camille. Today's beauty has to have a complexion that radiates health, a springy step, shining eyes and a firm, young body.

Regular outdoor exercise with the necessary deep breathing will give you all these. (Did you know, too, that a quickened circulation is a regular little furnace for burning up excess fat?) Of course, you're going to football games—when you cheer for your team, bring that yell up from the bottom of your lungs! Go bicycling or hiking and remember to hold yourself tall while you're doing so. Go hunting as Jane Greer does. If you're the type who puts fingers in both ears when a gun goes off, hunt for interesting spots to photograph or gather unusual looking weeds or branches to paint for winter bouquets, or make a hobby of nature study. Later on, when it really gets cold, take yourself ice-skating, skiing or toboganning.

But remember, you have to look pretty while you're doing all these things—especially if there are young men around. Wear enough heavy clothes so your poor nose and lips won't get blue and pathetic. A careful application of foundation cream and powder protects your face from the drying effects of cold air. Do a careful job of lip makeup before going out, both to make you attractive and keep from getting chapped lips. (It's very, very bad to lick your lips when you're outdoors in the winter!)

Just as you protect yourself from the weather by wearing clothes, so you must shield your skin by a chap-preventive application of cream or lotion on hands, wrists and legs. At night, before going to bed, pet your face by giving it a soothing film of rich lubricating cream. And, since you simply can't overdo the use of hand lotion, don't let your exercised, luxuriously-fatigued body sink on its downy couch without insuring soft white hands for the morrow.

(*Continued from page 81*) have a better than television picture of what she's like.

"I think we have a companionship that is very important to our marriage. Harry is a baseball and football fan. I'm not. I go to a game, sit there and do crossword puzzles. It's not an affectation. I just don't care for either sport. But I like to be with Harry, and he doesn't call me a dope for not learning the rules and pretending to be excited when I'm not.

"Next spring I'm going to bother Harry until he takes a real vacation. He wants to go hunting. He never had time for it when he was young. I love to ride and shoot, and that will get us off to a flying honeymoon—the kind we can't have right now because of business.

"Another thing. Harry refuses to have anything to do with my career. He doesn't make an issue of it—just says that it's my affair, and if it makes me happy, that's fine. While I was on a personal appearance tour, he flew in for a couple of weekends. I've never seen him really riled, except once. That was when an agent asked him to get me to do something I'd already turned down. It was wonderful, the quiet way he told the character off."

standing room only . . .

About those personal appearances: Marie should feel pretty good.

Two celebrities preceded her for a week at the Oriental Theater in Chicago. Together they did $37,000 at the box office. Marie's first week rang up the cash register for a neat $60,000, and her second week was a sparkling $78,000. With Perry Como just across the street for competition.

I was remarking on this, as I reached for a cigarette.

"That makes four you've had this noon," Marie said, "and three cups of coffee. You just can't do it, that's all. Listen, before I grew up and knew better, I thought I was a busy person. I smoked all the time. Drank quarts of coffee.

"Then one day I got out of bed and fell flat on my face. I was scared to death. Thought I had heart trouble, but do you know that you can get a false angina that way? Don't get the idea I'm making a case against the cigarette and coffee people, but just drop a word to the rest of the young people that easy does it."

People who meet Marie are continually being surprised. They expect her to loll around being elegantly beautiful. She doesn't loll, she isn't elegant, and she's downright interesting as a person.

There's a famous actress who could take a tip from Marie. The woman always gazes over people's shoulders as she talks. Never looks anyone directly in the eyes. Marie does, and her gray-green, smoky eyes are wonderful.

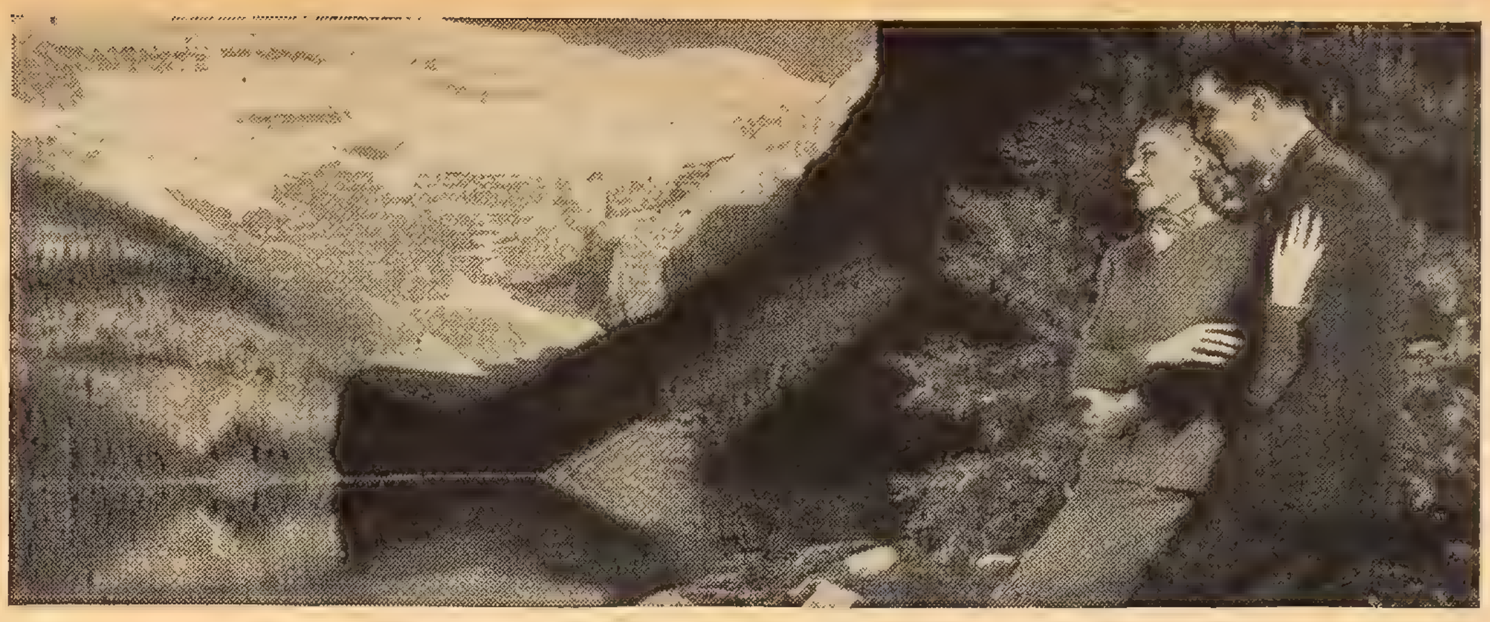
Marie has courage, too. A studio worker told me that during the shooting of one of her pictures she kept telling the producer her character had no motivation.

"See here, my friend," she declared—and not at the top of her voice—"why don't we just take my part out of the picture altogether? The girl just doesn't mean anything to the story."

The producer smiled gently. He was charmed that such a pretty girl should worry so much about technical matters. The part didn't change, but almost to the last day, Marie was still attempting to accomplish the impossible.

At length, the reviews came out. One said: "Miss McDonald gives a capable performance in a role which is completely lacking in motivation."

Marie clipped out the review, circled the single sentence in red, and marched straight into the producer's office. He still has the clipping, (*Continued on page 87*)



Day after glorious day we hiked. Your hand always there to help me. *"I love touching your hand,"* you said. *"It feels so soft in mine."* Of course! Her hands are Jergens-soft.

At divine Lake Louise LOVE came my way



My last evening —*"I can't say Good-bye,"* you whispered. *"Your soft hands have such a hold on my heart"*... Keep the heart-holding charm in your hands by using Jergens Lotion.

Your hands can be even dearer now—smoother, softer than ever. Thanks to recent research, Jergens Lotion is now better than ever. Protects even longer, too.

Why—two ingredients in today's Jergens Lotion are such able skin-softeners that many doctors use them. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). And no oiliness; no stickiness.

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

FREE:
"Try it" size of today's even finer Jergens Lotion. Mail coupon now

Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. (Please send gift bottle.)

265

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish) (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

WASHDAY DRUDGERY ENDS HERE

Your whole week's wash done in only 30 minutes!



Courteous, trained attendants solve all your wash problems at your near-by self-service "Launderette" Store.



While several Bendix washers do your work, you have 30 minutes to rest or shop. Your hands never touch water



Save time, work and money at your local "Launderette" Store!

"Launderette" is a trademark of Telecoin Corporation, 12 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Write today for ideas on how to start a self-service business, using Telecoin's exclusive and profitable new coin-operated products.



the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Stars are pretty human characters, as all fan clubbers have come to realize, and in a given situation will react pretty much the same way you or I would. So it's only natural that they get a bit flustered when asked what they think of fan clubs, and blurt out their sincere feelings with something like, "Wonderful," "Swell," or even "Love my club!" Dick Travis, who's one of the nicest actors we know, said it a little more articulately in an interview in the *Arthur Kennedy Journal.* We were so impressed with his honesty and forthrightness that we'd like to quote his answer.

tribute from travis . . .

When asked, "What do you like best about fan clubs?" Dick replied:

"That their whole purpose is to help others—and I firmly believe that they really help. Taking my own case as an example (why I even *have* a fan club I'll never know, but I doubt if there's ever been a better one or a more loyal one): besides all the promoting and plugging it has done for me at the studios, etc., it has, through the constant support and inspiration of the members, kept my own hopes alive when things were pretty rough indeed! Since I got out of the Army, this business of motion pictures has been in a pretty sad state, and it doesn't look too good for another year. I have been the most unrewarding honorary a fan club could have, yet they go right ahead with an unbelievable attitude of faith and belief. How could anything be better than that?"

What do you think, fans? Isn't Dick's little tribute to you clubbers a real tribute to himself, too? How many stars would speak that frankly?

But Dick isn't the only player who's put his feeling into words. One of the nicest things about our (*Continued on page 110*)

6TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Fourth Lap: (the following results are based on journals, reports, other data received at our offices between August 16 and September 15). Individual Prizes: Each winner in THIS IS MY BEST Contest receives a generous gift package of FABERGE's Perfume and Cologne. Best editors are each awarded a special assortment of POND's beauty preparations. Winning artist gets a handsome TANGEE Trip Kit for travel. First prize winner, CANDID CAMERA CONTEST, receives a year's subscription to SCREEN ROMANCES, a year's subscription to SCREEN ALBUM, and 4 DELL Mysteries. Other Candid Camera winners, a neat package of 4 Dell Mysteries. (Suitable prizes always substituted for male winners.)

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners. Margaret Sedlar, "Juvenile Delinquents," *John Garfield Journal;* Pat Harris, "Evil Bobby Soxer," *Soliloquy* (Sinatra; Ling); Geo. C. Marsh, "Your Editor in Korea," *Kirby Grant Journal;* Robert Waste, "Fan Club Convention," *Joan Crawford Club News;* Virginia Keegan, "That Pair Again," *Bingang;* Albert Sankey, Letter, *Jane's Journal* (Wyman). **Candid Camera Contest:** First prize, Florine Bloom, Danny Scholl C. Others: Nelda Clough, Chas. Korvin C. Ellen Sachs, Johnny Coy C. Woodrow Carti, Glenn Vernon C. (McCarthy). Martha Kay, Shirley Temple C. David Caldwell, (Alan) Ladd's Legionnaires. **Best Journals:** 1. (tied) *John Garfield Journal, Autry's Aces.* 2. (tied) *Morgan Memos, Joan Crawford Club News, Sleepy Hollow Echoes.* 3. (tied) *Kirby Grant Journal, The Fog Horn* (Sinatra; McMullen). **Best Editors:** 1. Ruth Ness, *Bingang.* 2. Mary Ruth Bond, *Musical Notes Journal.* 3. Lori Rossi, *Larry's Log* (Parks). **Best Covers:** 1. *Autry's Aces.* 2. (tied) *Haymes Herald, Crawford News,* (Diana) *Lynn's Lingo.* 3. (tied) *Atomic Atcher* (Bob), *Soliloquy, Jan's Journal* (Clayton), *Fog Horn, Great Scott* (Lizabeth). **Best Original Artist:** Lynn Fenty, *Jan's Journal.* **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 1. Bill Boyd C. (music and books contributed to orphanage, stamps collected for vets' hospital, assistance to talented disabled members, shut-ins). 2. Ginger Rogers C. (food packages sent regularly to Dutch and British members). 3. (tied) Kate Smith C. (adopted three families in Athens, Greece) and Conn. Kernels C. (hired ambulance to take shut-in member to club's annual picnic). **Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership:** 1. Bill Boyd C. 2. Sleepy Hollow C. 3. Teddy Walters C. **Best Correspondents:** 1. Janie Hamilton, Bill Boyd C. 2. Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers C. 3. Pat Mitchell, Sinatra C. (Ling).

Leading Clubs thus far: League One: Gene Autry Friendship C., 1100; Bill Boyd C., 1000; Bingang 750; J. Garfield C., 700. League Two: Joan Crawford C., 1550; Diana Lynn C., Jeanette MacDonald C. (Riley), 950; Sleepy Hollow C., 900; Bob Crosby C., 850; Shirley Temple C., 800. League Three: Sinatra C. (Ling), 1050; Jo Cotten C., Sinatra C. (McMullen), 850; Charles Korvin C., 800; Kirby Grant C., Dan Duryea C., (Grant), 700.



Johnny Long, club prexy Gloria Goodey, and Pat Long, at a Signature recording session. Glo, secretary for a Brooklyn coffee concern, has been following the fortunes of the Long band for 6 years.

(*Continued from page 85*) and he's really a bug on motivation.

The other day I went over to the Metro commissary to have lunch with Marie. Frank Sinatra dropped by to say that his bowling team, comprised of the waitresses, had been beaten the night before by Lana Turner and Clark Gable's team.

"I'd better call a meeting," Frank said.

Katy Hepburn moved in, and sat down a few tables away. Bob Taylor was there. So were Greer Garson and Clark Gable.

Visitors stared at the big stars.

They stared just as much at Marie.

It's obvious that Marie is in the big star classification.

"My guardian angel's been wonderful this year," she says. "What with whispering to Harry to pop the question, and the good breaks I'm beginning to get—and being here at all after the day I died for a few hours. I'm pretty sure, knock on wood, that everything'll be all right."

The day she "died" was really something.

It was last summer at the beach. Marie decided to go for a dip, while her friends were playing volley ball.

She ran to the edge of the ocean, dove through a big breaker, and started to swim. When she looked up, she noticed big S marks of foam—a rip tide.

The next wave was a beauty.

"I felt like I'd fallen into a cement mixer. When I came up, I yelled, but in another second I was hit again. I had two odd thoughts—darn it, why do I have to go when I'm still so young, and gee, it's going to hurt my family."

Marie came up once more. She'd swallowed what seemed like quarts of water. She couldn't yell, but in the split second that her head showed above the wave, producer Ben Bogeaus spied her. He saw her go under, and he ran. She'd been swept underneath a huge bed of kelp.

Ben, an expert swimmer, was lucky to find her—luckier to get her through the treacherous rip tide. Moments later, she was on the beach, but it was nearly an hour before she showed signs of life.

Marie doesn't drink, but nobody was thinking about that. Someone poured a tumbler full of brandy down her throat.

"There I'd been a little while before, pathetic and pretty thoroughly drowned. Now there I was again, thoroughly tipsy for the first and only time, and thinking life was wonderful. Life, when you think about it, *is* wonderful, isn't it?"

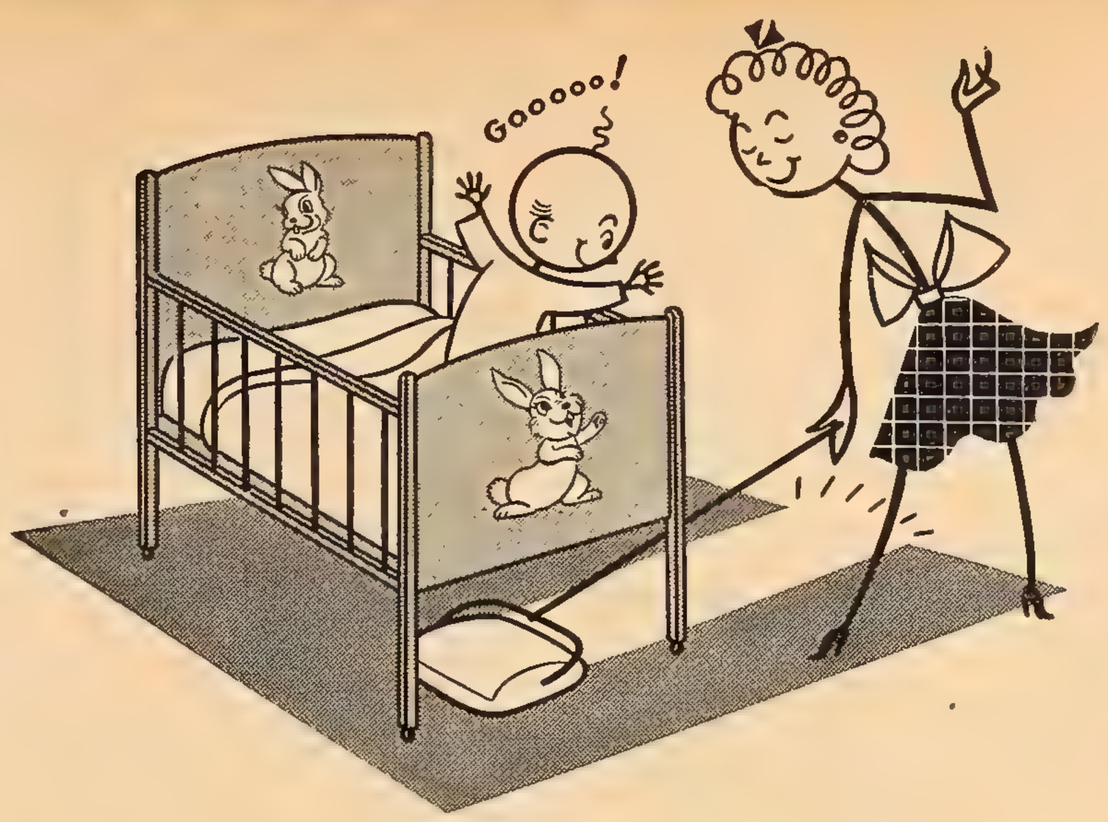
But Mrs. Harry Karl isn't waiting for your answer to that one. She's got her own.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One afternoon in Hollywood a group of us girls spotted Red Skelton making for one of the finer eating establishments near the NBC studios. Armed with our pens and autograph books, we caught up to him and announced our intentions. As Red graciously made with the "scribbles," a sudden gust of wind swept around the corner and removed his hat. It began tumbling down the sidewalk, giving all of us a merry chase. One of my friends made a lunge and came back to present Red with his headpiece. Red expressed his thanks and added, "I was beginning to worry about getting it back . . . what else could I have used to take up collections on tonight's show?"

Beth Day
Fort Worth, Texas



NEW BISSELLS* SWEEP WITH NO PRESSURE!

New "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action turns the trick! Adjusts the brush automatically to *any* rug, thick or thin, *any*where . . . without the slightest pressure on the handle!

Just glide the sweeper with one hand to get a perfect pick-up . . . even under beds and chairs!

Available now in limited quantities at Bissell dealers only—complete with "Sta-up" Handle and the new, easier "Flip-O" Empty.

NEW BISSELL SWEEPERS

with patented "Bisco-matic" Brush Action

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

Don't Neglect CONSTIPATION when you have a COLD



• It's important, when you have a cold, to keep your bowels open. So, if you need a laxative, take Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax gets results easily, comfortably—it isn't violent or upsetting as some laxatives are. When you take Ex-Lax, you hardly know you have used a laxative, except for the satisfying relief you get.

Yet, gentle as it is, you can depend on Ex-Lax for a *thorough* bowel movement. It is biologically tested for effective action. Many doctors use Ex-Lax in their practice.

And remember, Ex-Lax has a *delicious chocolate taste*—not a bit like medicine. It's a real pleasure to take!

So get Ex-Lax. It's America's most widely used laxative—the favorite of old and young alike. Still only 10¢. Economy size, 25¢.

When Nature "forgets"...remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

© 1947, Ex-Lax, Inc.

Announcing! A REVOLUTIONARY NEW PROCTOR *NEVER-LIFT* IRON



★ The iron that lifts itself!

★ Makes sit-down ironing possible!

★ Even heat for faster ironing . . . better work!

★ Big Fabric Dial . . . convenient off switch.

★ Rayon Safe Signal . . . red warning if heat is too high for synthetics.

It's new... it's exclusive... it's

PROCTOR

AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

PROCTOR ELECTRIC COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA 40, PA.

HELP WANTED—By Jane Wilkie

(*Continued from page 60*)

know—give it the business."

"Gotcha," said the man.

When the phone call came, at last, that his automobile was ready, he raced to Beverly Hills and tore into the shop. There was his car. Somehow, it had managed to come out looking like a Hupmobile that was trying too hard.

Tom's life is like that, as full of twists as a pretzel. In the last year, the gremlins assigned to snafu Drake have been concentrating on depriving him of a roof over his head and a pillow under same. Almost anybody likes a home, but Tom likes a home in particular. Not one of the shine-by-night boys, he's the type that appreciates a favorite chair, a reading lamp, and the peace of mind that goes with belonging somewhere.

There was a house—it seems ages ago to Tom now—in Beverly Hills. But twenty-seven persons, during the space of a year, shared that house with Tom. They were all victims of the housing shortage, and Tom isn't a guy to say "no" when a friend needs a stopping place. So life, there, was like living in front of a turnstile in a Times Square subway station.

When his lease expired, there was no answer save a hotel. His suitcase was never completely unpacked, and he ate so many restaurant meals that he began to dream of being chased by swarms of evil-looking ulcers who wore menus for hats.

In between hotels, he stayed with friends. But a man can wear out his welcome, so the visits were never too long. His main problem, because he rose so early for work, was to leave places without disturbing the other occupants. He grew so used to tiptoeing that he found himself pussy-footing even in his subsequent hotel rooms.

a room of his own . . .

In most of the homes he had a room to himself, but one friend necessarily had to stow him in the dining-room on a daybed. This was fine with Tom, except that every member of the family was an inveterate ice-box raider. In bed early, Tom would be awakened by one or all of them tiptoeing through the room to reach the kitchen. His only solution was to worry them out of the habit.

"You eat too much," he told them. "You're all beginning to look puffy."

The name of Tom Drake had been resting peacefully and unmolested on the lists of many realtors for months, but finally, after the sixth hotel and the fifth visit as a guest, he was offered an apartment. Immediately, he moved in his clothes and his radio. This radio is his particular pet, a big modern model finished in bleached wood.

The first time he went to the apartment after the moving, the radio was missing. He found it in the closet. He moved it out into the living-room again. The next time he came home the radio was in the closet again. It dawned on him that the landlady, who had meticulously furnished the apartment in Early American style, was displeased by the lines of the instrument. Consequently, the radio commuted daily between the closet and the living-room until, eventually, Tom gave up in disgust and moved himself, and the radio out. He stopped a while with one more friend, and then came his windfall, an apartment that included not only the use of a swimming pool, but a décor that enhanced his radio!

The first day in, Tom went shopping. Drake shopping tours, Christmas or otherwise, are always conducted within the space of one day.

His trouble is remembering everything. It will occur to him, one morning, that he should have a suit pressed, and that he needs a triple socket for the outlet in the bedroom; and that his moccasins need new heel lifts. His shirts are ready at the laundry, he needs some new socks and should buy a birthday gift for one of his nieces.

Under a like set of circumstances, the average person would make a shopping list and get on his horse. Not Drake. When he makes a list, he either forgets to take it with him, or he remembers and then loses it. Anyone can see that what Tom needs most to simplify his life and liquidate his gremlins, is a wife.

At any rate, this particular shopping day was a whiz. He remembered everything. During his home-hopping days, he had lost several suits, so this was remedied by a fitting at the tailor's, a chore which Tom loathes. The suits ordered, he made a beeline for the ashtray department of a big department store. Dinky ashtrays are Tom's pet hate, and at the end of a successful day, he returned to his apartment laden with an assortment of ash trays so big that they could be used as fruit bowls, turkey platters or bird baths.

His next thought was of his stomach. The apartment furnished daily maid service, but the fact remained that he longed for home-cooked meals. He employed an excellent cook, a woman named Fanny, whose hours are supposed to be from three o'clock every afternoon until after she has cooked dinner and washed the dishes. Fanny, however, has taken a motherly interest in Tom, and eleven p.m. often finds her hovering over him, trying to talk him into a midnight snack.

It is small wonder that she is captivated. One day she brought her collection of photographs of movie stars, all autographed to her, and proudly displayed them to Tom.

"I'd certainly like a picture of you," she said.

"Tell you what," said Tom. "I'll autograph one for you if you'll give me one of yourself."

it's **june**
in january
especially
when that
heart-warming

gal named
allyson is on
the cover of
modern screen
on sale
december 9

And the next time Fanny went into Tom's bedroom, she found her picture, elegantly framed, on his bureau. It stood smack in the center of an array of movie and stage stars, and Fanny was all but overcome with emotion.

In the past year, his career has kept Tom on a merry-go-round and given him few days of rest. With the completion of *The Beginning or the End*, he went to Washington, D. C., to be present at the world première. The most exciting thing that happened to him was riding in a cab down Pennsylvania Avenue and being chased by eight bobby-soxers, all clutching cameras, and missing death from whizzing automobiles by a matter of inches and seconds.

Back in Hollywood, he went to work in *I'll Be Yours* with Deanna Durbin, and then had a brief vacation. Free at last of the rigorous working hours, he went to the fights and the races and dated June Hutton and Beverly Tyler. Just about the time he was remembering what it was like to have fun, he took Bev to Venice Pier, the Coney Island of California.

Their first stop was the baseball-and-milk bottle booth. The first round of baseballs toppled every bottle. Beverly was properly impressed, and Tom handed her the three-cent prize, and asked for another quarter's worth of balls. These he heaved with such force that a stabbing pain ran down his arm.

carnival casualty . . .

It wasn't until he and Bev were hurtling around the curves of a roller coaster that he realized something was definitely wrong. It turned out that he had ripped a cartilage in his right arm. To top it off, he overdid a samba that same night and something snapped in his back.

Feeling the worse for wear the next morning, he learned he was to do *Alias a Gentleman* with Wallace Beery, starting immediately.

"Send over two pairs of your shoes," the studio told him.

"What for?" Tom wanted to know.

"They have to be built up, for the fight scenes."

"Fight scenes?" said Tom, running his left hand over his sore arm. He spent the day shadow-boxing, developing a system whereby he jabbed only with his left, and managed to make his right arm look effective while hardly moving it.

One morning, later, he found the shoes in his dressing-room, with heels approximately three inches high. Reaching an exact six feet in height, Tom is taller than average, and it suddenly struck him as strange that they would want him to appear taller. He called the wardrobe department.

"Hey," he said. "What's with my shoes? Isn't six feet tall enough?"

"Six feet!" the man gasped. "Are you six feet?"

"On the button," said Tom. "I don't exactly throw barbells around before breakfast, but I ought to be a big enough guy for the part."

They checked the records, and it turned out that Tom's stand-in should have been the victim. So Tom sent his shoes back to have the lifts removed.

It's all too true that Mr. Drake doesn't tangle with exercise in the mornings. In fact, he tangles with nothing save breakfast, and that, in sort of a half-conscious manner. In school, years ago, he had a roommate who used to wake up briskly

on the stroke of six, bound out of bed, beat his chest and boom a few arias, all the while jumping about the room as though he were on a pogo stick. The entire ritual was so repugnant to Tom that it colored the rest of his life.

On the set, Tom is in the habit of snatching naps whenever possible, a fact which Wallace Beery discovered with great interest. Beery waited one day until he was sure that Tom was in the arms of Morpheus, then stuffed a smoking rag under the door of Tom's dressing room. In less than a moment, Tom flung the door open, a handkerchief over his face, wearing an expression of horror. He had been certain, naturally, that all of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was going up in flames.

Over and above the daily horseplay on the set, Tom and Beery have great regard for each other. Beery, for his part, has been most helpful to Tom who, in turn, is an avid and eager listener. He is captivated by Beery's ability to ad lib a scene.

He noticed one day that Beery, instead of lugging around the heavy and spineless script, tore out the pages containing the dialogue for the day.

"Now, that," Tom told himself, "is a great idea. No reason why I can't learn from Beery."

So that night, after studying his dialogue for the next day, Tom carefully tore the pages from the script and put them on the table by the front door so that he wouldn't forget to take them along. But he forgot.

Like we said, he needs a wife. When you think of the thousands of girls who'd be more than happy to hand Tom a shopping list as he went out the front door, it's a pity he doesn't meet one he'd like to latch onto.

TRY AND STOP ME

(Continued from page 31)

finished at last. He called me long-distance from Rio.

He wanted to know what locations I'd found, and when did he start.

In Mexico, Ty surprised me with several unsuspected talents. He organized a baseball team from the location crew and cast, and played Mexican ball teams twice, in Morelia, and again in Uruapan, charging admission, and turning over the box-office receipts to a Mexican hospital. He holds down a fast first-base.

At Acapulco, Ty disappeared one morning when he didn't have a call, returning that night with an impressive swordfish he'd caught in the bay. I didn't know he knew a fish from a fan letter until then. He played a perfect host at a New Year's party for our whole gang, too, and though several years had passed since he'd been in Mexico City, he knew and could call by name all the Mexicans he'd met before.

That's my boy, that Power. When you direct a star in seven pictures, you get to know him pretty well. By now, I should know enough about Ty to send him to jail—only I don't know anything bad.

Ty first came into my office back in 1936 when I was preparing *Lloyd's of London.* He was after a job, and he had two big strikes against him. The job was practically filled in my mind, for one; for two, it was practically filled in the mind of my studio boss, Darryl Zanuck.

Nevertheless, I was impressed by Ty's bright, alert personality, clean-cut, handsome face, by his intelligence and ambition. He had little acting to his credit—only one minor picture part. He didn't have a name. But I thought he had something people everywhere would respond to.

I must have been rooting for Tyrone

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!



Yes, even finest soaps
and soap shampoos hide the
natural lustre of your hair
with dulling soap film

• Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film! • Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. • Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! • Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! • Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! • Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! • Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Power to get that part all the time. I had him come to my office two days, with his makeup, wig and costume. I coached and rehearsed him and I didn't know why I did. But when I ran off the test before Zanuck and his board, they said, "No." I said, "Yes." Darryl Zanuck said, "Why?"

"Because," I remember answering automatically, "I'll stake my reputation that this young man has more promise than any young man in Hollywood. If he's as good in the picture as he is in the test, you'll have a new star—and a big one."

"Put him in the part," said Zanuck. "Henry's right." And I was. I wish I could always be as right about things as I've been about Tyrone Power.

Many are called but few are chosen in Hollywood. The way Ty fastened on to that break like a young bulldog, proved right away that he had what it takes to come through in the toughest race in the world. From the very beginning, he's concentrated all his energies and talents on the job. He did that first time. After two weeks of work I got a call from Darryl Zanuck.

"I've set aside $75,000 extra on *Lloyd's* budget," he said, "to invest in Tyrone Power. I've watched his rushes and he's the greatest star bet I've ever had. I don't want you to hurry any scene he does; I want to be doubly sure he clicks."

I concentrated on Ty, and he clicked. *Lloyd's of London* spoke for itself—and Tyrone Power, too—in a loud voice. I discovered at once that Ty, like myself, loved to work. One night after a stretch of 14-hour days—all with Ty in his uncomfortable costume, under the biggest strain of his life, I suggested a trying, thankless job most actors would have balked at.

A big, good-looking Englishman had strolled on the set that day, sightseeing. He said, casually, he was an actor, but he had nothing to prove it—no credits, not even a professional photograph. There was a part coming up in the picture that he seemed to me to walk right into. "Like to make a screen test for me?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, by Jove! Like to very much," he agreed. Time was rushing. "All right, tonight," I told him.

I told Tyrone about it. "All his part, practically, is with you." I explained. "I think you ought to do the test with him." Ty was about ready to drop in his socks then, but he didn't hesitate a minute. "Thanks," he said, "I'd like to."

We did the test that night with Ty and the dark horse. He came through and got the part. He's done pretty well, too, ever since. His name was George Sanders.

the tender desperado . . .

The thing I've always admired about Tyrone is that he's met a challenge in almost every picture. *In Old Chicago* was his second picture, and he took over a star part planned for the then current king of Hollywood, Clark Gable. In *Jesse James,* Ty played the classic desperado of U.S. history, even though he was still very young and tender. I was surprised, myself, at how menacing Ty's good looks could become when he went to work on them.

Ty was up for a pirate part in *The Black Swan* and again I had a complex about his unholy good looks. Musing on this problem, I took a photograph of Ty and doodled on a mandarin pirate moustache, curving wickedly down around Ty's handsome chin. I showed it to him the next day. "Here," I said, half-joking, "grow one of these and that's all the makeup you'll need."

A couple of weeks later, Ty walked into my office. He had my identical dreamed-up Oriental moustache, exactly as I'd drawn it, as black as my ink, and curving like a couple of scimitars. He looked pretty mean. In fact, when I trotted him over to Darryl Zanuck, he was so shocked he said, "What are you doing to Ty, anyway? In that get-up, you'll ruin him with the women!"

Well, *The Black Swan* turned into the most popular picture Ty ever made. It's still packing them in, six years later. We found it running in Mexico, while there making *Captain From Castile* and Ty ran across it going great guns in Uruguay on his recent South American air tour.

The most outstanding and valuable asset of Tyrone Power as a screen star and a person, in my opinion, is adaptability. He had to speak a few lines of French in *Lloyd's of London,* I remember. It wasn't much, and the validity of his accent wasn't an important item to American audiences. Besides, he was playing an Englishman, not a Frenchman. We hired the best French language teacher in Hollywood, Georges Jomier, to coach Ty, who knew no French at all. In a few days Georges announced, to my surprise, that Ty was ready for the French language scenes. "And On-ree," he assured me, "Ty ees playing thees with a Frenchman's accent." He was, too. Nor did he stop there. Intrigued, he kept up his studies on the side, and today he speaks very good French.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Danny Kaye was in Boston a large group of girls went to see him at the theater. They got there when the doors opened. You guessed it! They stayed all day. At one of the performances a girl yelled out in a worshiping manner, "You're cra-a-zy!" and Danny answered, "You paid to get in and I'm crazy, huh?"

Diane Nagle
Auburndale, Mass.

Ty is always surprising me with his capabilities. I had a very dangerous horseback ride coming up in *Captain From Castile* on location in Mexico. I knew Ty could ride a horse, but I had a double on hand for this scene. Night before the scheduled shooting, my rough rider fell seriously ill. I was chasing around trying to scare up another, and happened to mention my jam to Ty.

"Why can't I do it myself?" he asked. "You don't think I'm going to be stupid enough to get myself hurt, do you?"

I discovered next day that he was a damned fine horseman. No professional trick rider could have done more expertly.

Next to directing pictures, the love of my life is aviation. I've been flying since 1918, and for many years I have been chasing down remote picture locations in my airplane. I flew all over Mexico, finding outdoor sets for *Captain From Castile,* while Ty, as I mentioned in the beginning, was scooting around South America for his second hemispheric good-will hop. I can say without laying it on a bit, that Ty is one of the safest, sanest and all-around best pilots I've ever flown with. His Marine Corps training didn't hurt any, of course. The same adaptable capacity which made him a great star has made him a very fine pilot. I was pretty much mixed up in the start of that flying career of Ty's, too. So I know what I'm talking about. He made his first cross-country plane hop with me in my Waco.

Ty had been up a time or two, riding with me on my location chasing airjunkets, but he'd never had his hands on the controls until we took off for Missouri on our Ozark mountain location for *Jesse James.* I'm afraid I'd pounded Ty's ear at great lengths on the joys of flying and its usefulness—not always, I suspect, to the studio's joy and comfort. There was a rule back then that no star or director—that was me—could fly. I flouted it for years because I believed the airplane had a real and important purpose in our way of life. I liked Ty and wanted him to share my enthusiasm. I knew he'd get the fever.

they fly by waco . . .

We were starting out for the Ozark mountains. "What would you rather do, Ty," I asked him, "ride the train or fly back in the Waco with me?"

"The Waco," Ty replied, "of course." He looked at me and we grinned at each other guiltily. I think our studio had given up on me by then. But Ty was starting a new star worry problem and I'm afraid I was an accomplice. The studio manager summed it up when he sighed at the news, "Well, I guess we'd better warm up a new star and director for *Jesse James.* It wasn't quite that bad, though.

By the time we made *A Yank in the RAF,* Ty had his own plane. We had a mock-up Spitfire on that set, fixed to roll and loop, and poor Ty spent so many hours spinning dizzily on that prop that he finally grinned, "When I get through this one, I'll have enough hours for my wings!"

He didn't win his wings that way, but the hard way, through Marine training later on.

I've been trying to think, before I wind up this impression of Tyrone Power, if there's anything halfway bad I can tell on him—just to make him human. The closest I can come is to report that he sometimes falls for a popular jingle and drives most of us on the set wild with it until he's had his fill. We had to steal his record of "Open the Door, Richard," after he'd played it at least fifty times a day.

Tyrone likes life and he knows how to live. He's interested in people, and he does the things people write about and long to do. He's ambitious but he's real. He keeps himself in fine physical and mental trim.

He's not conceited, and never has been. If anything, Ty is supremely grateful for the good fortune he's had. I asked him, right after I'd shown him the finished print of *Captain From Castile,* "Are you happy about it, Ty?" It's by long odds the toughest picture I've ever made, the toughest for Ty, too.

"Henry," he assured me, "I was never so pleased in my life. But it's beyond me in its bigness."

Ty was flattering me, maybe, about the picture I'd made, but I don't have to flatter him. It's a pleasure to confess that the most enjoyable moments I've had in Hollywood are taking that natural charm he has, ploughing it into a character, and watching it come to life on the screen.

I can express my opinion of Ty best, perhaps, in the same words I used to introduce him not long ago. The Airport Commission of Los Angeles asked me to make a speech, once, about why that great city should have a municipal airport. They asked me to bring an influential studio star with me to lend it emphasis. "Okay, I'll bring one," I agreed. The one I thought of first for that occasion was Ty.

After my speech, I introduced him. "I want you to meet Tyrone Power," I said. I hadn't prepared an introduction, so I said next what came naturally to my lips. "I hope my own boys will grow up to be like him." That was sincere then and it still is.

"TO TED WITH LOVE"

(*Continued from page 44*)

other with the lovelight in their eyes.

On the way home Teddy was still in a dream. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a son?"

"Honey, here's news for you. Sometimes you get two daughters in a row—"

"I'll buy that, too. But there's always the chance she might decide to be a boy—"

What about your career, people used to say, when I'd talk about wanting another child right away. Peachy, I'd tell them, but my home and my marriage have come to be twice as important. They'd look at me cross-eyed, and I can't say I blame them. That line's pulled so often around here and then, six months later, zip! goes another marriage. But the lovely part is, I don't have to prove it to anyone. Ted knows it's true, I know it's true, and the rest doesn't matter.

I didn't always feel this way. It was something I had to learn, but I learned it good, and my husband taught me. In *Dream Girl*—that's a plug, which is the least I can do for Paramount—they tell me you see a new Betty Hutton, so new you could sit through a scene or two and not know her. Well, that's how it is with me, Betty Hutton Briskin. Looking back at the girl I used to be, she's like somebody else. I was getting tough. There was something inside of me getting bitter and hard. Whatever the thing was, it was making me sick.

"What's wrong with you, Betty?" Mother used to say. "You act like you can't stand yourself."

hard to please . . .

No kid could have been more career-crazy than I was, and the career was healthy, so I should've been riding high. Instead, I was tied into so many knots they could have used me for a fishnet. For one thing, I was always frightened. If the last picture was good, maybe the next wouldn't be. If I crossed the lot and somebody didn't say hello, I'd go home and brood. If people were nice, that didn't suit me, either. They don't give a darn about you, I'd say, they're only nice because you're doing okay. All I trusted was the career, so I hung on to that with hot little hands and knew if I lost it, I'd lose my mind. But having it didn't make me happy.

Then I met Ted and we fell in love and married. On the surface we were nothing alike. I was the whirlwind, he was the quiet one. Yet with all his quietness, he'd stick to what he believed and come out on top.

For instance, the first day I worked after we were married, he said: "I'll drive you to the studio."

Well, I kicked. Not that I didn't want his company, but he was busy getting his camera plant started, and the whole thing struck me as silly. Here I'd been on my own more or less from the age of 12, and now all of a sudden I had to be driven to work! For what?

He told me. "Look, Betty, you're away from me all these hours in a different world. I don't have to punch a timeclock. That makes us lucky.. It gives us more chance to be together and talk. It helps make our marriage stronger."

To me this was a new angle. One reason I was so mixed up, I never took time to sort out *what* I thought, just let my feelings run away with me. Teddy's life had been simpler, he was like the guy in the play, he knew what he wanted and his bean (*Continued on page 93*)

There's no trick to it . . .





"RC tastes best!"

says

ELYSE KNOX

featured in
ALLIED ARTISTS' "BLACK GOLD"

RC is the quick way to say . . .
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by taste-test

ELYSE TAKING THE FAMOUS TASTE-TEST

"The taste-test proved it!"

says Elyse. "I tried leading colas in paper cups—found RC tastes much the best!" Try it. Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test! You get 2 full glasses in each big bottle!



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test." Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 9809, Detroit 4, Mich.

STOP CORNS!



INSTANT RELIEF

Protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads *today* and you'll stop corns from developing *tomorrow!* But—if you have corns—Zino-pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure and quickly remove corns. Get a box NOW!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

sweet and hot



By LEONARD FEATHER

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

A FELLOW NEEDS A GIRL—**Frank Sinatra (Columbia), *Perry Como (Victor); *Gordon McRae (Capitol)

Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein (the second, of course) turned out some can't-missers for the Broadway musical *Allegro*. Companion tune is SO FAR, disced by Sinatra, Como and Margaret Whiting.

BOULEVARD OF MEMORIES—*Billy Eckstine (M-G-M); Woody Herman (Columbia); Ray Dorey (Majestic)

By the time you read this, Woody Herman will be a bandleader again, (after a year's absence), instead of a rather lonesome-sounding singer, as on his recent records. Woody's new Columbia album, *Eight Shades of Blue,* is full of good songs with the azure word in the title—*Am I, Under a Blanket of, Between the Devil and the Deep,* and *I Gotta Right To Sing The.* How blue can you get?

DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANY MORE?—*Buddy Clark (Columbia); Jack Smith (Capitol); Freddy Martin (Victor)

Buddy Clark is Columbia's white-haired boy at the moment, getting the top songs and doing justice to them. His *Freedom Train* is actually superior to Bing's.

HOW LUCKY YOU ARE—*Elliot Lawrence (Columbia); *Anita Ellis (Mercury); Phil Brito (Musicraft); Andrews Sisters (Decca)

A good waltz, if waltz you will. Anita Ellis, charming brunette from the Red Skelton radio show, is coming along nicely on wax.

PEGGY O'NEIL—Harmonicats (Vitacoustic); Polka Dots (Musicraft)

Harmonicas happen to be anathema to me, and if that sounds like a sneeze, so much the better. Whether it's *Peg O' My Heart, Peggy O'Neil,* Harmonicats or Polka Dots, you're welcome, stranger.

STARS WILL REMEMBER—*Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Skitch Henderson (Capitol)

HOT JAZZ

GENE AMMONS—*Red Top (Mercury)

ALLEN EAGER—*Donald Jay (Savoy)

DIZZY GILLESPIE—**Oopapada (Victor)

Above three are all bebop items. Caution: do not touch unless willing to be converted, open-minded and open-eared. Ammons, son of boogie-woogie piano pioneer, Albert Ammons, and Eager, 21-year-old jazz veteran, both play great tenor sax in the modern idiom. Dizzy's new big band makes a remarkable debut here, with satirical vocals and a weird, wonderful arrangement. There's also a good new Bebop Album on Keynote.

MEL HENKE—*In A Mist (Vitacoustic)

Unique. Chicago pianist Henke plays the late Bix Beiderbecke's immortal piece with an eerie vocal background hummed by the Honeydreamers.

MARY ANN McCALL—*Money is Honey (Columbia)

Former Woody Herman and Charlie Barnet singer makes her solo record bow with two blues sides (reverse is slower, *On Time,*) with Woody's arranger, Ralph Burns, leading a nice accompanying unit. The gal really sings the blues.

FROM THE MOVIES

BODY AND SOUL—Title Song: *Lee Wiley-Eric Siday (Victor); *Sarah Vaughan (Musicraft); *Tex Beneke (Victor) and about 99 other versions.

DEEP VALLEY—Title Song: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

EMPEROR WALTZ—I Kiss Your Hand Madame: Bing Crosby (Decca); *Buddy Clark (Columbia). Emperor Waltz: *Bing Crosby (Decca); Skitch Henderson (Capitol)

FUN AND FANCY FREE—Title Song: *Phil Harris (Victor); Gene Krupa (Columbia); Phil Brito (Musicraft). Say It With a Slap: Modernaires (Columbia); Louis Prima (Victor). Lazy Country Side: Dinah Shore (Columbia).

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE—My How The Time Goes By: *Hal McIntyre (M-G-M); Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

SUMMER HOLIDAY—Stanley Steamer: *Jo Stafford (Capitol); *Georgia Gibbs (Majestic); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Tony Martin (Victor)

(*Continued from page 91*) worked straight.

"If you'll only remember that movies are a business," he'd say. "Tough and cold like any business. Don't expect them to love you for yourself, alone. As long as you're making money, they'll all say hello. Why should it hurt you? In their place, you'd do the same. So would I. We none of us have time for people who drop out of our world."

"But I'd always be in *your* world, huh? If I flopped tomorrow, if I never made another picture?"

"When you love someone, Betty, that person *is* your world—"

So I got to know what my husband was really like, and the better I knew him, the better I loved him. Loving's altogether different from falling in love. It's got nothing to do with charm or good looks. It's all mixed up with trust and respect and liking, and the best of it is how close it brings you together.

I began to see that no matter how different we were on top, down deep I wanted the same things he did, the things that lasted. And why I'd been frightened was because I didn't have them. I'm more of an introvert than anyone will know except Teddy, but I'm not frightened now. With him you can't be. He's so at peace with the world. I don't think he's ever hurt anyone or done a mean thing that he knows is mean. I have. But I must be improving. Even my mother says, "You're a nicer girl, since you married Ted, than you've ever been." And coming from my mother, who's partial to me, that's quite a statement.

dear little buttercup . . .

Well, then Buttercup arrives on the scene, and if I hadn't been sold before, she'd have sold me. Here was this little thing with no axe to grind—wanting nothing from me but my hands and my love. That's the biggest thrill of all—that she needs me. You can have the most wonderful nurse in the world, and we have, but still the baby needs *me*. All the books say so, but you can tell it without the books; there's some feeling of security children get from the mother that they don't from anyone else.

Up until Buttercup was four-and-a-half months old, I took care of her. I fed her and bathed her, the nurse just watched and helped. I wanted her to feel who her mother was. When I started working in *Dream Girl,* Teddy'd bring her down to the studio twice a week and she'd eat lunch in my dressing-room. If she was sleeping when I got home, I'd go in and kiss her on her little cheek, and I know she knew I was there.

Once she got sick—broke out in spots and couldn't keep her food down. It was just before the 4th of July weekend. Our doctor was out of town, and it took a while to get hold of somebody else. While he was on his way, Buttercup let out a scream like something hurt her. Talk about knives through your heart! Teddy went white and he got right on the phone and called Chicago. That's his home town. He started out wanting to be a doctor, so he has lots of doctor friends in Chicago.

"Who's the best baby doctor out here?" he asked, and I stood waiting with a pencil to take it down. When he said the name, we both did a cave-in. It was the name of the man who was on his way up.

Well, he was wonderful—went over her from stem to stern, called it something or other that wasn't serious, and said she'd pull out of it in a couple of days. But you can't keep calling the doctor every five minutes, especially at night, and that night was gruesome. She'd sleep for a while and you'd start breathing again, then she'd wake up with that awful scream. All that

NEW RCA VICTOR RECORDS..."the PICK OF THE POPS!"

SAMMY KAYE!

Swing and sway to eight "Year Round Favorites," including *Easter Parade, April Showers, Summertime, Indian Summer, September Song, White Christmas.* Album P-184, $3.15.

GLENN MILLER!

Here's a brand-new album of records by the original Miller band: *Chattanooga Choo Choo, Perfidia, Runnin' Wild, Bugle Call Rag, Missouri Waltz, Pavanne,* others. P-189, $3.15.



BERYL DAVIS!

The lovely new English star sings *Pass that Peace Pipe* and *The Best Things in Life are Free.* You'll go for Beryl's voice—soft, sweet and sultry. Record 20-2483, 60¢.

"The Student Prince" Album—Al Goodman and his Orchestra. Includes *Deep in My Heart, Dear; Just We Two; Serenade; Student's March Song;* others. All-star cast. K-8 (P-180), $3.75

"New Orleans Jazz"—Irving Fazola and his Dixieland Band. Eight selections. HJ-12, $3.75.

Freddy Martin and his Orch.: *Hora Staccato* and *On the Santa Claus Express.* 20-2476, 60¢.

Tony Martin: *The Christmas Song* (Merry Christmas to You) and *Begin the Beguine.* With Earle Hagen and his Orch. Record 20-2478, 60¢.

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: *Hand in Hand* and *Santa Claus for President.* RCA Victor Record 20-2482, 60¢.

Charlie Spivak and his Orchestra: *Tennessee* and *—And Mimi.* Record 20-2422, 60¢.

Prices are suggested list prices, exclusive of taxes.

. . . plus RCA Victor quality! Two "exclusives"—Victor's billion-record skill and RCA's electronic wizardry—make music sound so *true to life* on RCA Victor Records!

What! No phonograph?—You're missing hours of fun! Hear the new Victrola radio-phonographs. "Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

When you're in New York, don't miss the radio and electronic wonders at RCA Exhibition Hall, 36 West 49th St., across from Radio City. Free Admission. Radio Corporation of America.

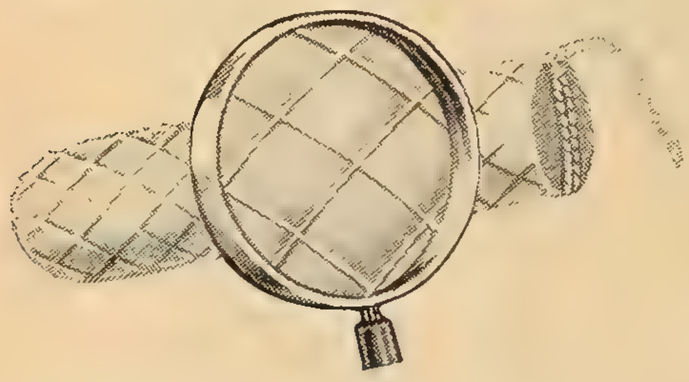
THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON
RCA VICTOR RECORDS

RCA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



1. Rounded Ends

Insertion is *easy* with Fibs tampons . . . because Fibs have *gently rounded ends.* You'll see, when you switch to Fibs and find at last—a tampon that's *easy to use!*

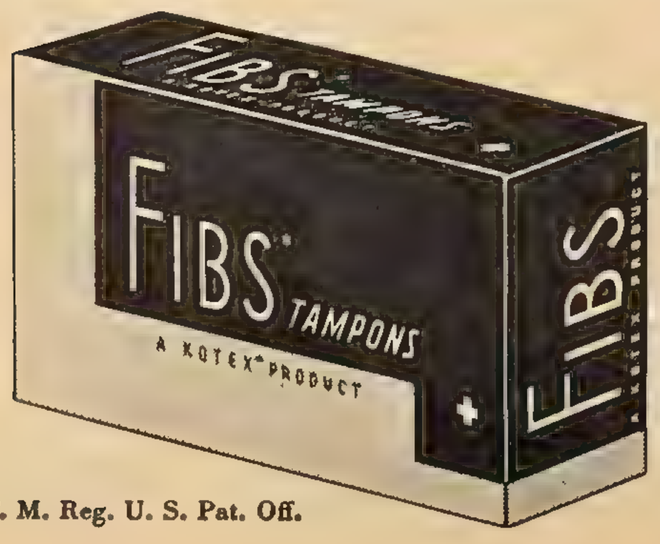


2. "Quilted" Comfort

You scarcely know you're wearing Fibs, because "quilting" makes *this* tampon really comfortable. You see, quilting keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size . . . which could cause pressure, irritation or difficult removal. Remember the tampon that's *quilted* for your comfort: Fibs.

3. "Quilted" Safety

Quilting adds to your peace of mind—because it helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues—a Fibs safeguard women always appreciate. *Only Fibs* are quilted for your safety. So next month, switch to Fibs for internal sanitary protection.



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

kept us sane was she didn't run any fever.

Finally, I couldn't stand it. "Okay," I thought, "nobody knows what to do, Mommy's taking over. What would *I* like if *my* stomach were upset, I'd like some hot tea—"

We gave her hot tea, and she kept it down. I sponged her and changed her sheets and did all the things you'd do for a grownup who's ill. She liked my arms. If I'd leave the room, she'd cry. Only time I left was when I'd feel a bawling fit coming on, then I'd hand her to the nurse and go out and bawl on Ted's shoulder.

In the morning, I said: "Bet she'd like some milk toast. With a little salt on it."

"Honey, you sure you're all right?" That was Ted.

But the milk toast stayed down, and the doctor said, "Mrs. Briskin, you're not a bad doctor, yourself." Which is one of the sweetest compliments I ever got.

three's a family . . .

That night, Teddy and I stood looking down at the baby. She was so skinny you could feel her ribs—golly, what two days' sickness can do to a kid!—but she was sleeping easy, and the worst was over. Teddy put his arm around me, quiet and strong, and all of a sudden it came over me what they meant about husband and wife being one, because in those two days there wasn't a thought or a fear we hadn't shared. Standing there with my husband's arm around me and our baby getting better, I felt so peaceful and thankful and happy, like coming home out of a storm or something. Here we were, the three of us, a family, loving each other, and whatever happened in a studio couldn't touch that.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not running down my career. Far from it. To me it's the most wonderful glamorous life there is, plus an education you could never get out of books. In fact, if Buttercup wanted to be an actress, nothing would please me more.

Of course there'd be no urging on my part. She'd have to want it the way I did. Something has to drive you inside, or it's no good. I put on my first performance at the age of seven. Nobody asked me, nobody even wanted me to. If I'd been a millionaire's daughter, I'd've still been in show business. I left $1000 a week in vaudeville for $50 a week in stock, because I couldn't stand not to learn every angle of my trade.

What's more, she'd have to do it the hard way, go barnstorming, learn what a great thing it is to lift yourself by your bootstraps and know when you get there you've done it all yourself. Then it means something. Then, her first night on Broadway, ready to go out, she'll be scared stiff and shaking, with pinwheels and rockets going off in her head, but feeling that marvelous sense of aliveness down to her toes that nothing else on God's earth can give her. And I'll be out front like my own mother was, with the goosebumps a mile high—only Mom was alone, and I'll be clutching hands with a distinguished-looking gent named Briskin, who'll be trying to look cool and collected while his vest buttons pop—

That's how it'll be, maybe. And maybe not. Right now the young lady takes after her father. Likes to figure things out. Slips the strap off her chair and puts it back again. Wants to take light bulbs apart. Chances are we'll have a lady Edison on our hands instead of a Duse. Better chance that she'll just get married.

But you see how it is with me. I still get steamed up, thinking back to my own first night. Heck, I get steamed up thinking back to my last preview. But it's not the same as at first. I've *had* it all. To make it now what it was to me then would be neurotic. There's a fierceness when you start. Hang on to that, and you lose everything else. Your career means excitement. Your home means warmth and love. Comes a time when excitement isn't enough—

first things first . . .

To prove it, there's a deal on for me to do *Born Yesterday,* and I'm wild for the part, who wouldn't be? But Buttercup's brother comes first, and now that we know he's on his way, *Born Yesterday*'ll have to wait, or go to somebody else. We're going to have our babies when we want them, not when the shooting schedule permits. Then, when I start making baddies, which'll finally happen, I'll have something else very solid under my feet.

We live so normally now. Nobody tries to impress anybody. The other night Ted brought two fellows home from the plant. They'd been working late, and we fixed them a bite. A friend of mine was there.

"You know what?" I said. "In the old days I'd have taken you quietly aside and explained who these kids were, for fear you might think they didn't hold their coffee cups fancy enough to associate with a Hutton—"

"And now?"

"Now you can like 'em or not, I don't give a hoot."

Whatever was making me bitter is gone. I've learned that the world doesn't owe you happiness. Sometimes it slips through

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Editor, Albert P. Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of September, 1947.

(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH GREEN. (My Commission expires March 30, 1948.)

your hands because you don't recognize it, or take it for granted. Sometimes it comes when you're looking the other way. All I can say is I'm thankful I found mine and latched on to it, because life would have been empty without it. As a kid, you read fairytales and think every girl's entitled to live happily ever after. Then you quit being a kid and find out different. But if ever a Prince Charming rode in on a white horse, my husband's it. He loves me and that baby and his home like you read about in books. It even scares me. What did I ever do to deserve all this?

One of our favorite games is trying to remember what we talked about B.B.—Before Buttercup. Our evenings might seem monotonous to other people, but we think they're divine. After the baby's asleep, the nurse comes in and tells us what she did all day, in great detail. All through dinner we discuss what the nurse told us, in great detail. Then we go ride our bikes for a while. Then we come back and, if there's a moon, you'll see us pacing and measuring out front.

"The window ought to be here, Teddy, they'd have a better view."

"Sure, except they'd be looking in, not out. Wait a minute, honey, till I get you turned around—"

That's for the nursery we're planning to build, big enough for three kids.

say it over and over again . . .

When we're in bed, it starts from scratch. "Did I tell you Grandma said she's the prettiest grandchild?"

Ted's folks have all been out here except his grandmother, who's too old to travel. So last August we took the baby to Chicago for a week. If I've told him once, I've told him fifty-nine times that Grandma said Buttercup was the prettiest grandchild. But he's just as tickled as he was the first time.

"Bet she tells that to all the mothers—"

"Why not? She's smart. Wasn't it wonderful the baby took her first steps there?"

"I had all I could do to keep Dad from phoning the papers."

"See that? Lucky we're having another one right away. The child would be ruined."

And so on into the night.

When the nurse is off Sundays, we take care of Buttercup together. If it's warm, we whip her into the swimming-pool. Then I dress her up pretty in a pinafore and poke bonnet, and parade her round the neighborhood in her Taylor Tot, and she waves at the trees because she thinks they're waving at her. Meantime, Ted's taking pictures. He looks terrible. All the things I used to couldn't stand. If a guy wasn't shaved, I wouldn't speak to him. I'd have no part of anyone who smoked a pipe. Now here he is, the man I love. Old, beaten-up clothes. No shave. Forever with the pipe.

Often, we'll be sitting home of an evening, and I'll look at him and some little scene'll flash through my head—Ted rocking the baby to sleep or just walking around with that silly pipe in his mouth—and it'll come over me in a rush how good and how wonderful and how sweet he is, and I'll go running to him and kiss him.

He'll be pleased, but puzzled. "What the Sam Hill happened to you?"

I'll grab him and throttle him. "Oh Teddy, I love you so—"

"Do you, honey? That's good."

I let it go at that. Why involve him in explanations? He might get mixed up, and I don't want him mixed up. I like him the way he is. Not perfect. But as darn close to it as you'd want a man to come. I have a special prayer now. Please, God, send us a son. Teddy wants one, and I'd like another guy like the guy I've got.

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!



Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—
restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

BEAUTY fades when a woman's face grows pale—when her freshness is failing—when her energy runs low. Yes, and these signs often come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia, due to ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

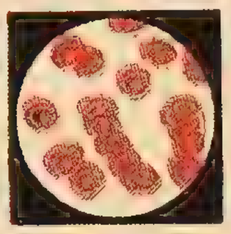
The red cells in your blood may be below par in color and size. They may be weakened to the point where they can't transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—drag along with this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

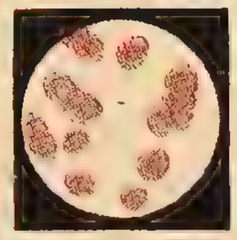
So, if your blush of health is vanishing—if your energy's running low and this common blood condition is to blame—take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help you reclaim your usual vigor and looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore your natural color! Take them to enjoy life again! Ask your druggist for the big, new economy size.

**Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.*

BORDERLINE ANEMIA
why it can make you
TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS





IT'S SHEER BEAUTY

- Brunch Coat of rich lustrous washable rayon crepe thickly quilted and softly lined for intimate warmth.
- Sweetheart pocket and self-lined quilted belt.
- Tailored *matching* pajamas in the same delightful print.

3-WAY WEARABILITY

The coat for any-hour use . . . The pajamas for blissful sleeping . . . The complete set for comfortable lounge wear. SOLD NATIONALLY AT $25. At this lower price truly *a most sensible Gift . . . for you, or for your gift list favorite.*

NATIONAL MAIL ORDER CORP.
333 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Dept. 118

Please send me STARLET'S LOUNGE SET at 19.95 plus postage . . . Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Circle Size and Color: 12 14 16 18
Backgrounds of: Romance White—Demure Pink—Dream Blue—Enticing Black (Check second choice).
SAVE 30c C.O.D. charges by mailing check or money order for amount plus 15 postage. In Ill. add 2% sales tax.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

Shop by Mail WONDERFUL VALUES

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

(*Continued from page 56*)

voice, as she opened her front door, and led the way down winding stone steps to the lower floor of the Agar home.

"Jack's asleep," she said, once we were downstairs in the room which had always housed her huge doll collection. Not long ago, Shirley redecorated, covering the glass show-cases with floral panels that slide back to reveal shelves of costumed dolls. Shirley's interior decoration teacher at Westlake always insisted Shirley could have been a top decorator, if she hadn't liked acting so much.

Now, Shirley closed the last panel and settled down on a carmine love-seat. "I'm so sorry about the hushing and tiptoeing," she said, "but poor Jack hasn't been well. They've got him full of penicillin and sulfa because of an ear infection. This was the last day of the picture for us both, and he's worn out."

Shirley, herself, seemed anything but worn out. There was a new, bright light in her eyes. "I'm being very careful to carry out all the doctor's orders," she said. "Last spring, our own family doctor died, but he had told me when I got married whom he wanted me to have when I had a baby. And that man is my doctor now."

good news . . .

"Jack and I," Shirley went on, "both work for David O. Selznick, and when we told him our news, he felt it would be best if the studio sent out a simple announcement. So, that's what was done. That evening, at dinner, the telephone rang. When I answered it, a man's voice told me he was from an evening paper. 'Mrs. Agar,' he said, most apologetically, 'I really don't know where to begin. But a man who says he's from Selznick's just told me you were going to have a baby.' He sounded as if he were all braced for me to deny it. 'Well, I am,' I said. There was a long silence. Then he said, weakly, 'Oh, thank you!' and the line went dead."

Shirley leaned back and laughed. "Our baby's going to be born in January, a slightly belated Christmas present, you might say. And what better present could we get?"

The most constant question asked of the Agars is whether they want a boy or a girl. "We don't care," Shirley says, "as long as it's healthy. If it's a boy, he'll have his father's name—John George Agar. And the wonderful part about that name is that it includes my father's name—George—and both my brothers'—John and George.

"We haven't picked out a name for a girl. It won't be Shirley, because we want a one-syllable name to go with Agar.

"What makes it special fun for me is that my brother Jack's wife, Miriam—we call her Mims—is expecting her second child just about two weeks before me. They've got a little boy already, four years old, so Mims is a great help to me. We spend hours together, comparing notes, and right now, Mother's crocheting afghans for us. My afghan will be pink, because I'm having almost everything pink for the baby. I think blue sometimes makes babies look wan.

"Then, too, blue is the predominating color in the nursery, so pink will contrast well with it."

When Shirley rearranged the house, before getting married, a guest room was built on, close to the Agar's own bedroom. "We called it a guest room," Shirley grins, "but I had my own ideas—hopes, perhaps, is a better word. So I put in blue and white striped wallpaper, and had rosebuds on the ceiling. There's a blue rug and ruffly white curtains, and it will be the prettiest kind of a background for a crib."

Shirley has started some knitting for the baby, but, because of the picture work in which she has been involved these past few months, it has not progressed far.

"Only now I'm going to have a lot of time on my hands," she said. "And the knitting will get done. I'm not going to try any sewing. But, with Mother, and Jack's mother helping, I won't need to worry about the baby being well covered.

"I hope it will arrive before Jack's birthday, the 31st of January. He'll be twenty-seven then, and I'd like it to be born while he's twenty-six. Of course, there's a chance I might make it a double birthday, and have it right on the 31st. But if I don't, there are plenty of other family birthdays I might hit in January—my sister-in-law, Joyce, was born in January, and so was my brother George.

"I'm going back to acting, afterward," Shirley hastens to say. "My ambition is to be a character woman when I'm fifty.

"However, without work to keep me busy these next months, I'm making plans to fill my time. I know myself well enough to know I have to be occupied; I don't want to get self-centered and miserable."

She plans to return to the cooking school she attended just after she was married, too. The past few months, the Agars have had a cook—a necessity when Shirley is working—and Shirley doesn't intend to replace her in the kitchen. What she wants is to take some advanced courses in the sort of exotic dishes that one can prepare before guests. Crepe-suzettes, shish-kebab; dishes that are fun to make.

"Golf is forbidden, naturally," Shirley said. "I suppose I could go on with the piano, but I never liked practicing."

Everyone wants to know if Shirley is going to let the baby play with the dolls she, Shirley, has received from all over the world since she first became a star.

"I think," she says, "that babies like to have one favorite doll. Then it can be a friend. If they have a lot of dolls, none of them is important. Besides, most of these



"They want to know if they can lick the pans."

dolls are too perfect—collector's items. They're not the sort you take to bed with you, cry over when you're unhappy, or that help you when you make mud-pies."

Probably, as much has been written about Shirley as about any living personality. She doesn't seek publicity, but she appreciates what it means to an actor. "Provided, you don't let it throw you. That was one of the hardest lessons for Jack.

"At first, he used to get so mad." She looked impish as she recalled the earlier days. "Especially when lies were printed. He'd want to go out and get them retracted."

Next to her approaching motherhood, Shirley is most enthralled by Jack's acting career. They had just that day completed making *War Party,* his first picture, in which they play opposite each other.

"Jack has a wonderful part in it," she said, proudly. "He's lucky because it is not the sort of part which carries the whole weight of the picture. He plays a young second-lieutenant, just out of West Point and I play the daughter of an older West Pointer, a colonel (Henry Fonda).

"John Ford directed, and it has his stamp on it—a great deal of action, and little talk.

young man on a horse . . .

"In *War Party,* Jack had to ride a great deal. He hadn't been on horseback for seven years but it came back to him easily. He loved every minute of the shooting. He's got one of those interested minds. He wants to know how everything works. Before we were through, he knew all about the cameraman's work, the dimmer machine, the mike, makeup—everything. By the end of the first day, it seemed he knew every member of the crew by name!"

Shirley has always been impressed by her husband's memory for names. She, herself, suffers from forgetfulness along this line, and she's come to depend on his help.

"Besides," she explained, "it's really easier for him. He meets them fresh, and the impression lasts. With me, people keep coming up and saying, 'Remember me?' and ten to one I haven't seen them since I was six years old."

The word around the studio where *War Party* was made is encouraging about Jack's career. Merian Cooper, the producer, has told everyone that Jack Agar shows every sign of becoming a star.

And Shirley's mother, reporting one such conversation with Cooper, added, "Jack's sincere and so direct as a person, and he comes across on the screen the same way."

War Party is Shirley's first costume picture since she made *Bluebird,* and she enjoyed getting back into costumes again.

"But," and once more that ready smile was back, "those long, dragging skirts do get so filthy. I only hope the new fashions stop long before they touch the ankles!"

Any current report on the Agars should include word on the newest addition to the family group, Shirley's parakeet. It is named "April" because it was Jack's birthday present to her this year. The parakeet, it appears, is a violent individualist, and has resolutely refused to learn any of the words that Shirley tried to teach it.

"He mutters to himself," Shirley said, "and it sounds almost intelligible. But he certainly has blighted the life of the canary. Whenever the poor canary opens his mouth to sing, April steps in with a song of his own, a parody of the canary's voice. And lately it's got really bad. The canary is so discouraged, he doesn't even try to sing any more. He just sits and sulks, and sends black, non-canary looks at April. But April's not down-hearted—he's chipper."

April is not alone in being chipper. Everyone around the Agar home is feeling gay and, as Shirley notes, "Since our announcement, the whole family, in-laws and all, have never looked better!"





The exciting difference is this simple small wire Pat.

Luxurious SATIN, *Style 805*
A, B, & C cup
White, Black, Blue, Tearose $5.

In BROADCLOTH, *Style 802*
B and C cup
White and Tearose $3.50

Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc.
373 4th Ave., N.Y. • 850 S. B'way, Los Angeles

Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

STERLING SILVER
LADY LUCK HORSE SHOE Ring



Statuesque Horse's head, horse shoe and 4-Leaf Clover design. Handsomely formed from solid Sterling Silver. Oxidized, hand-buffed finish.

Styled for men or women.

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail with name, address and ring size. Pay postman only $3.98 (tax included) plus postage. Wear for 5 days. If not delighted, return for full refund.

WESTERN CRAFTSMEN, Dept. 571 1904 Farnam St. **OMAHA 2, NEBR.**

WANT TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE?
EASY TO TRAIN AT HOME

ACT NOW—HELP FILL THE NEED

Now you can prepare for practical experience as a **Trained Practical Nurse** in spare time. Many earn while learning. Ages 18 to 55. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Write for **free** information and sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, INC.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Desk K27, CHICAGO 14, ILL.

there's magic in the right lipstick
NEW **TRANSFORMING LIPSTICK**
Pearls in Wine ®



A truly flattering, new kind of lipstick. Transforming color ... exquisitely smooth texture. Stays on without smearing or drying. Six wonder-working shades. At your druggist.

$1 plus tax

WHY DON'T YOU TWO GET MARRIED?

(*Continued from page 55*)

"It's me," I said. "I'm in town and, darn it, I'm lonely."

He didn't think a second. It just came out. "You're having turkey dinner with 'Chuck' and me, and I've got another customer you'll like. Be ready in a half-hour."

I was ready.

It was a swell feast, and Damon and I left with the memory of one of the best Thanksgivings we'd ever spent. It wasn't until it was almost over that Annie made a slip. "Two turkeys is one too many," she gasped. "I feel like the 'Chubby Sheridan' I was when I first came to Hollywood." Steve looked dismayed, but the secret was out. You see, they'd already had one Thanksgiving dinner when I called, but it didn't take a split second for Steve and Ann to face another one to make me and Damon Runyon happy.

Well, that's the way that pair figures, straight from their big Irish hearts. I know how happy Ann has been ever since she and Steve discovered each other. She told me their story. Steve had been lonely before, too—if you can imagine a man like Steve Hannagan lonely. His close friends know the story of his break-up with his pretty ex-wife model, Susan Crandall; they knew Steve needed companionship with the right girl. Somebody said, "There's one girl you'll be crazy about, Steve. She lives in Hollywood and her name's Ann Sheridan."

Steve knew who she was of course; he'd seen her pictures, but that was all. On his flying trips West he'd never met her, but that didn't stop his friends. They kept up the cupid campaign from both ends, needling Steve about Ann, telling Ann about Steve. They never changed the rave record. Then Ann took a trip to New York. How Steve Hannagan knew she was arriving and where she stopped, I don't know.

At any rate, no sooner had Ann unpacked her bags at the Hotel Gotham than the bellboy rapped. He handed her an old fashioned nosegay. A bouquet crammed with sweetheart roses, forget-me-nots, violets—the kind of a posy package a 16-year-old girl dreams about. Ann was no teen-ager, but she liked it, too. And she liked the way the note on it read—frank, aggressive and right to the point:

"After all the build-up," Steve had scribbled, "what are you going to do about it? Call Plaza Such-and-Such Number. Steve Hannagan."

beginning of the beginning . . .

So Ann called.

They had a date that night and they've had one every night since—whenever they've both been in the same town.

I don't think it's taking one thing away from Ann, to say that her friendship with Steve has improved her, both as a woman and a star.

Ann's a two-fisted fighter by nature; her red hair's out of no bottle. She's proved that time and again. For instance, she holds the long-distance star suspension hold-out record in Hollywood—eighteen months saying "No" to her bosses, the Warner Brothers. She risked a risky year-and-a-half off the screen from one picture to the next, for the stubborn Irish courage of her convictions.

The carrot top from Texas put up quite a scrap. But you'd be surprised how a pair of broad shoulders and a keen mind like Steve's backing you up can help.

Ann Sheridan's not the type to look back on the mistakes of her life with self-pity, but she is the type frankly to admit them. That Sunday morning in my kitchen, I learned a lot about her I hadn't known.

"I was a chubby, impossible brat, fresh from Texas when I first saw Hollywood," Ann told me. "I was seventeen and I didn't know beans with the bag open. You know how I got thin? By wearing corsets. I laced them in so tight to look slim on the screen that I could barely breathe, let alone eat. When you're squeezed up like that there isn't room for food!"

Ann didn't yearn to be a great actress overnight; she didn't mind playing the unending run of "wise dames."

the unexpected . . .

But she did burn when she walked into a banquet at the Town House in Los Angeles and found that an enterprising studio press agent had labeled her "The Oomph Girl," without even letting her know.

And even then Ann didn't suspect how Oomph was to fasten on to her, make her miserable personally, wreck what chances she had for real acting jobs, and brew trouble between her and her bosses.

Ann had a lot of early bad luck. Her career limped along for years, and even after she'd battled and won the right to make *King's Row* and proved herself a valuable star, back again she dropped to things like *The Doughgirls*. Along the way, her temper flared several times and she drew strikes and suspensions, winding up with that 18 months of saying "No" between *The Doughgirls* and *Nora Prentiss*. Ann might still be out on strike or back to the factory formulas, if during that 18-month holdout she hadn't met Steve.

Before Ann ran into Steve, she'd had as bad luck with romance as she'd had with pictures.

Annie's first marital mistake was Edward Norris. Eddie's a swell guy, a fine flyer and a darned good actor, but theirs was puppy love, not deep or well-founded. They parted friends, sadder but wiser, after two years.

During the war, Eddie, strangely enough, instructed at the same flying field where Ann Sheridan's second ill-fated mate served in the same capacity. George Brent, I mean. That was strictly a set romance at Warners which started on *One Way Passage* and it was too bad it did—for Ann Sheridan, that is. I like George, but he's a moody man, a black Irishman, whom nobody has been able to live with happily.

George totes a possessive, lord-and-master complex that just couldn't work with a girl like Ann Sheridan. He wanted a minute-by-minute account of every hour of her day when she wasn't with him. In a busy town like Hollywood, there has to be mutual trust; or it's disaster.

Annie told me a story—funny story I was about to say—only it wasn't, really. Before George came into her life, another beau of Ann's presented her with a beautiful bracelet and she loved it. When Ann became Mrs. George Brent, and moved into his Toluca Lake House, he picked on that bracelet to vent his jealous tizzies. Finally, one day, Ann got so sick of George's unreasonable envy of an old love token that when he made his usual fuss, she flung open the window and hurled the bracelet out into Toluca Lake. That made him happy—for a few minutes—but the funny part was, as Annie told me—

"I expected to remember where I'd tossed it, then dive in and pick it up later on. But darn it, I forgot where I'd thrown it! I'm still diving for that bracelet!"

So there was no real love in Ann Sher-

idan's private life and nothing in her career much except the Oomph that nauseated her, until she discovered Steve.

Ann was on her second "strike"—the long 18 month one—and her second trip to New York when she and Steve got together. Steve knew just what to do about the girl he fell for. He hired Thurman Arnold, the Washington trust-buster, for Ann's attorney, and they came to Hollywood.

With expert legal advice and power behind her at last, Ann got a new contract with a script-approval clause. She came back with a good part in *Nora Prentiss,* followed up with *The Unfaithful.* Ann won some respect, at last, from her bosses. She had a real man behind her to demand it. When the biggest chance of her screen career came up, Ann could grab it.

I'm talking about *Good Sam,* in which Ann will co-star with Gary Cooper for Leo McCarey. Somebody else cinched *Good Sam* for Annie—Jean Arthur. Jean was Leo's first choice for the role; but she had other contracts that interfered.

"I'll tell you who'd be better than I," said Jean sincerely, "Ann Sheridan."

Leo leaped on that casting hint, and the deal with Warners was made.

I'll eat my hats . . .

I never saw an actress so enthused about doing a picture as Ann Sheridan is about *Good Sam.* If, afterward, she isn't right up in Ingrid Bergman's league, I'm set to munch some of those hats Annie and Steve are always sending me from Lily Daché's.

I couldn't work up a weak worry wart if I tried, about that rosy picture of top star success changing Annie Sheridan, herself, one smidgin. Her best friends are her hairdresser and wardrobe girl. She's sticking right in the same modest ranchhouse she's had for years in the San Fernando Valley. She's fixed it up cozily, Mexican style, but she never has tossed her money around and still doesn't.

For years Ann wanted a swimming pool, and the other day she got a contractor's bid. "Twenty-five thousand dollars!" Annie told me indignantly. "Did I use up all my old Mexican cuss words at that!"

What she told that contractor was, "I can still walk down the street and swim at Ray's. No thanks." Ray is Ray Hendorf, her cameraman, and another long-time pal.

There's one way Ann Sheridan *has* changed since she fell in love with Steve Hannagan. It's trite—but she's blossomed. She's been sharpened up, polished in every way by the life Steve introduced her to. Annie used to be quiet and uncommunicative. After a picture, she always ducked out for Mexico, where she felt at home, being a Texas border girl and speaking Spanish like a native. She used to live in cotton dresses, peon skirts, slacks and sport clothes. Today she's as smartly a dressed girl as ever tripped down Fifth Avenue.

She's met all the big newspaper men; Steve's friends—Walter Winchell, Len Lyons, Sherman Billingsley, Morton Downey—are hers, too. Her home away from home is the Stork Club and Twenty-One. She's dropped her shyness for a poise that's very becoming.

Ann sat at my table not long ago at a Newspaper Publishers convention. One of the publishers' wives had an autograph book and asked Annie for her signature. "Oh, good," smiled Ann, "here, let me get you some more." So up she hopped and toured the big room to the rest of the Hollywood celebrities, collecting autographs for the happy lady. Ann Sheridan could never have done that in the years before she met Steve. I wouldn't say she's caught Steve's expansive, friendly personality, exactly. I think it was always there. But Steve brought it out in Ann. She can match him now, story for story, and when





if you've objections to cold infections . . .

to the rescue with SITROUX!

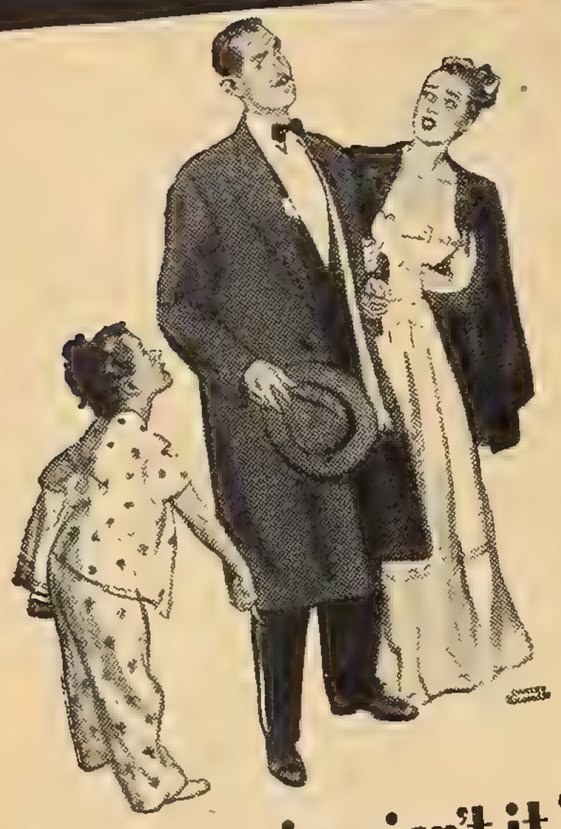
. . . say SIT-TRUE



THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP

© 1947, Sitroux Inc.

Your Shoes are Showing!



Embarrassing, isn't it?

YOU NEED SHINOLA



1 Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes flexible—and new-looking longer.

2 Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming and longer wear—KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada it's 2-in-1.

FREE! 5 Picture Post Cards of Favorite Stars & Band Leaders with $1. Order



More For Your Money

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

New Glossy Poses 3¼ x 4



12 for 50c ★ 25 for $1.00

Your Selections-Name 2nd Choice

HURRY! Order NOW for your FREE Pictures!

Free with order: Bonus Coupons Catalog of Hundreds of Stars

HOLLYWOOD PHOTOS

Box 64 Dept. H Jamaica 1, N. Y.

ALL NEW POSES . . . MANY NEW STARS

EXTRA LARGE SIZE

QUILT PIECES

FREE
• 500 yards Thread
• Pattern Book
With every package

4 POUNDS $1.49 plus postage

All new remnants cut from colorful bolts of expensive dress goods. No small scraps. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or we make full refund including postage. You must be satisfied; keep the free thread and colorful pattern book regardless. Shipped C.O.D. SEND NO MONEY.

THE QUILTING BEE, Dept. 114 P. O. Drawer 449 St. Louis 3, Mo.

that pair gather at my house with Babe Blum, Jack Benny's sister-in-law, and Ann's best friend, and a party of others, she keeps us in stitches.

When Steve's in town, they're at all the Hollywood parties and one of the most swarmed about pairs there. When Steve's out of town, Annie walks alone. He's not only her best but her only boy friend.

Ann and Steve necessarily carry on a long-distance romance. There's a busy wire from Hollywood to wherever Steve happens to be. Last summer, Ann visited Steve's country place near New Milford, Connecticut, up on Candlewood Lake, where Steve likes to get away to fish and boat. I'd heard that Annie busied herself painting green shamrocks on the trees, barn door, and even the rocks around Steve's place, but she assures me that was a gross fabrication.

"I kept busy painting them *out*," explained Annie. "Steve's former wife put them there," she laughed.

I knew I could ask Annie the biggest question I had back in my mind and get an honest answer. So before she bustled off to run her friend's daughter's wedding, I asked her what about her own.

"Why don't you and Steve Hannagan get married?" I said, just like that. I knew they were thoroughly in love, had been for five years or more. I knew they were both legally free. I knew, too, that Ann, raised a hard-shelled Baptist in Texas, had switched to the Catholic faith, Steve's religion—although she'd done that before she ever heard of Hannagan. There were no real barriers that I could see to a perfect match. But I felt Ann would tell me straight. She did.

"Why marry," Annie asked me back, "and spoil a perfect friendship?" Her brown eyes were serious, her smile pleasant but firm. "Maybe it's something I can't explain," she said, "but I've had two tries at marriage and two unhappy experiences. Maybe marriage isn't for me. Why try again and risk spoiling the best friendship I've ever known?"

I'm not Dorothy Dix. I haven't an answer to that—except maybe the old standby that "the third time's the charm." But too many emotions, feelings, intricate personality makeups figure in—and you can add the complications of two careers. I'm only sure about one thing when I look at Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan. That is that I like 'em. I wish them the most of the best, always. I think they'll have it, too. In fact, I think they already have.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While waiting outside a stage door for a movie star, I started talking to a cute little blonde standing near me. During the conversation I learned that she was a chorus girl. After waiting for quite some time without seeing the movie star, I decided to go home, but not without an autograph. I asked the chorus girl for her autograph, remarking that some day she, too, might be famous. Laughing, she signed her name. When I got home I showed the autograph to my mother and she asked, "Who is Jan Peters?" It was only a year and a half later that I discovered who she was . . . none other than June Allyson!

Muriel Connelly
Astoria, Long Island



. . . if you use LADYFINGER Polish Guards. NEW, sensational way to apply nail polish without smearing, chipping, or delay. SLIP LADYFINGER Polish Guards over your nails, apply polish, drop protective covers, and do what you wish without interruption. You'll be glamorous even while wearing LADYFINGER. Exquisite pastel shades or clear. Long or Short. Send only $3 to:

© Ladyfinger

LA FEMME Ltd.

1660 Laurel Street San Carlos, California



WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

when dazzling Zircons from the mines of far-away mystic East are so *effective* and *inexpensive?* Thrilling beauty, stand acid, true backs! Exquisite mountings. See before you buy. Write for Free catalog. Address:

Catalog FREE!

NATIONAL JEWELRY COMPANY
Dept. 20-A Wheeling, W. Va.

High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H914, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

GLOWING CROSS GIVEN AWAY



Just Send Your Name and Address

We will mail you this beautiful GLOWING CROSS. Also FREE CATALOG showing many VALUABLE GIFTS that are GIVEN with FULL INFORMATION on HOW TO RECEIVE THEM. Enclose stamp or coin for mailing GLOWING CROSS.

THE RELIGIOUS HOUSE, Dept. DMG
7002 N. Clark St. Chicago, 26, Ill.

"How to Make Money with Simple Cartoons"



A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address

G.I. Bill Approved

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
Dept. 4312, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Thrilling Work COLORING PHOTOS



EASY TO LEARN

Fascinating vocation learned at home by those with aptitude. Thrilling pastime. National method brings out life-like colors. Free booklet.

NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL
1315 S. Michigan. Dept. 2369, Chicago 5

there's magic in the right lipstick

NEW TRANSFORMING LIPSTICK

® Pearls in Wine #6



$1 PLUS TAX

A truly flattering, new kind of lipstick. Transforming color, exquisitely smooth texture. Stays on without smearing or drying. Six wonder-working shades. At your druggist.

MINE, ALL MINE

(Continued from page 38)

"Our physical!"

Frantically, she phoned Johnnie. "Ask your dentist," he suggested. "He'll know where to send us."

The dentist did. He made an appointment for them right away with a doctor friend of his.

"But how about my teeth?" said Kathryn. "I can't get married before my teeth have been cleaned!"

"You relax," said the dentist. "I'll wait for you in my office until you've had your test."

All that accomplished, the future bride slept soundly on Tuesday night. On Wednesday, Sidney Guilaroff made magic with her hair and when she returned home Johnnie was there, looking smug.

"I have two rooms at the Rancho Los Laureles Lodge," he said. "And a Dr. Gray will perform the ceremony on Friday at the Church of the Wayfarer."

Two rooms instead of three meant that Alice couldn't go along, but she received the news resignedly. Cecil, Kathryn's maid, took some calming down, though.

"How can you go off, Miss Grayson, and be married without me?" she cried.

Kathryn sighed. "I'm beginning to wonder how I can go off and get married at all." That night, she went for her final fitting, and arrived home afterward to find the house jammed with family and friends, gathered for the combined bachelor party.

At midnight, the phone rang. It was Maureen O'Hara with bad news. Her brother-in-law had met with a fatal accident in Mississippi that night, and Will was to fly East the next morning.

"I don't know if I can make the wedding," she told Kathryn. "I may go East, myself, and won't know until tomorrow some time."

Thursday morning, Alice showed up laden with huge boxes containing the wedding gown. She also brought with her a scantily packed suitcase, because if Maureen couldn't attend, Alice would have to stand for Kathryn.

At noon, Maureen called to tell them she was flying to Mississippi.

Cecil watched enviously, as Alice got ready, this time really to go along.

"I don't know how Miss Grayson is going to get married without me," she wailed.

the take-off . . .

At three o'clock they were off, Kathryn and Johnnie in the front seat and Alice and the luggage in back, and until ten o'clock when they arrived at Carmel, the front seat contingent sang lustily, and beautifully.

"You might think," Alice said, "that you two were happy about this whole thing."

At the Rancho Los Laureles, a former hunting lodge in the Carmel Valley, the trio piled out, registered, and tottered in exhaustion to their rooms.

The wedding day dawned clear and bright. Johnnie was up early, attending to details, and arranging for an additional room, which meant Joe Kirkwood, when he arrived that day, would find himself accommodated for the night. Kathryn slept until almost noon, and after putting up her hair, joined Johnnie on the lawn for a game of croquet.

A guest of the ranch looked on wonderingly. "How can you play croquet on your wedding day?"

Kathryn shrugged. "Might as well. We have to wait for our best man to arrive anyway, and the friend who's to give me

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES HE PULL AWAY FROM HER TOUCH?

A. If her husband avoids her "love pats"... caresses ... the answer may lie in her neglect of intimate feminine daintiness.

Q. Could this neglect kill married romance?

A. Yes. Proper feminine hygiene is necessary for complete womanly charm. That's why many doctors so often recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant—for effective douching.

Q. Why "Lysol," instead of some other disinfectant?

A. Because "Lysol" is a proved germ and odor killer. Unlike many less dependable preparations, potent, reliable "Lysol" kills all germs it contacts.

Q. And what about using salt or soda ... or other homemade douching solutions?

A. No weak, makeshift solution can begin to compare with "Lysol's" proved efficiency in contact with organic matter.

LET "LYSOL" help *you* keep the wholesome, *complete* daintiness so important to married happiness. Always use "Lysol" in the douche.



Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol," in the proper solution, for Feminine Hygiene. *Non-caustic, gentle,* "Lysol" is *non-injurious* to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic aroma quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "Lysol" is *economical* in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

For Feminine Hygiene—always use

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, Dept. M.-4712, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Product of Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



Softol CUTICLE SET

the all-in-one exquisite nail groomer

Fill Softol Fountain Shaper with magical Softol Cuticle Lubricant . . . release drop on each nail . . . Fountain Shaper tip removes cuticle ***without dangerous cutting,*** leaving cuticle beautifully shaped, delightfully soft. No other cuticle accessories needed.



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Complete Set
$1.00 plus tax

Sufficient for 100 manicures.

Smartly Xmas-gift-boxed.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

GET THIS HOME MOVIE FEATURE

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY.

An ideal short subject for the Yuletide season, giving all who view the film joy and Christmas cheer. Embraces both fantasy and reality, telling a beautiful Holiday story, entertaining and in keeping with the season. Excellent Xmas gift.

200 Ft. 16mm-K-Sound	$37.50	200 Ft. 16mm-B&W-Silent	$ 7.50
200 Ft. 16mm-K-Silent	30.00	100 Ft. 8mm-B&W-Silent	3.75
200 Ft. 16mm-B&W-Sound	12.00	100 Ft. 8mm-K-Silent	15.00

Show also a DONALD DUCK and MICKEY MOUSE cartoon feature. Add the popular Walter Lantz cartoons, OSWALD RABBIT and 3 MONKEYS to your Holiday Home Movies.

AVIATION, COMEDY, TRAVEL, NATURAL HISTORY FILMS

See At Your Dealers or Order Direct.
Catalog and Prices on Request. Write to:

HOLLYWOOD FILM ENTERPRISES, Inc.
6060 Sunset Blvd., Dept. 131, Hollywood 28, Calif



Get Well QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

OH! my aching back!

For FAST RELIEF
"Lazy" muscles, put to unaccustomed use, welcome the comfort given by vigorous rubbing with Absorbine Jr.

AH! my ABSORBINE JR!

away at the ceremony."

"But aren't you nervous?" the woman persisted.

Kathryn smiled grandly. "I've never been nervous in my life," she said.

Bob Armstrong arrived in time to join them for lunch, a casual affair except for a hungry cat with a table-hopping complex. When Joe arrived, he and Johnny headed straight for the ping-pong table. Alice was beginning to have butterflies. She consulted her notes.

"It says here," she commented, "that you are due in town for a rehearsal with the minister at 4 o'clock. And it is now 3. And you have to go to Monterey for your license. Small matters, but I thought I'd mention them."

Even that wouldn't have started them, but Joe remembered that he had left his tuxedo at the airport. Would Johnnie be good enough to pick it up?"

"You and your two heads," said Johnnie.

So the four of them, plus a few friends Joe had brought along, piled into Johnnie's new car and maneuvered the curving valley road at sixty miles an hour. Kathryn and Alice shut their eyes, as they took a hairpin curve at 50. Then Kathryn spoke. "If I ever divorce you, Johnnie Johnston, it will be because of your driving," she said. "You're not flying a jet, you know." She gripped the dashboard as they swung around another turn. "Who's the beneficiary in your insurance?"

"All taken care of, my girl. Westwood's Cat Hospital."

"What I want to know," Bob said, "is why you are marrying this character, Katie."

"He plays a good golf game. He can teach me."

"Then you should have married me," said Joe, who's a golf pro.

"She preferred quality to quantity," said Johnnie.

The banter helped ease their nerves, and they went first to Monterey to pick up their license.

"I've done everything to discourage her," Johnnie told the clerk, as he kissed Kathryn lightly on the forehead. Then: "Mine, mine, mine!" he said dramatically.

"Oh, brother!" said Katie.

waiting at the church . . .

Came the trip to the airport, and then arrival at the church, one hour late for rehearsal. Dr. Gray was a young man endowed with patience, however. He explained the wedding procedure and they went through it perfectly.

They picked up the flowers at a local shop, and drove back to the ranch. It was inevitable then that Johnnie and Joe should plunge into a game of gin rummy, a pastime in which they've indulged for years, and in which Johnnie has beaten Joe only once. Doggedly, he suggests another game at every opportunity.

"Fool," said Joe, as they flopped on the bed and Johnnie dealt the cards grimly.

Kathryn looked dismally at Alice. "Shall we engage in a game of whist?"

"Let's be sensible," said Alice. "Make it gin rummy."

At seven, Johnnie ordered a bucket of champagne, and Alice drank hers between glances at her watch.

"I apologize for seeming like a bore," she said, "but it's 7:30, the wedding's set for nine, and we haven't had dinner or dressed. It takes a half-hour to get into town. And Katie takes an hour to dress."

Katie took more than an hour. When she stepped out of her shower and looked at her face in the mirror, she gasped.

"What's the matter with me?" she said.

"My face is red as a beet."

"It just might be nerves," said Alice.

"I have never—"

"I know," Alice interrupted. "You've never been nervous in your life."

When Kathryn tried to put on her veil before her dress, she realized the awful truth. She *was* nervous. She fell apart. "Alice, where are my shoes? Oh, dear. Alice, pin me. What's the matter with my hair? It won't go right. Oh, dear. Alice, zip me. Oh, dear."

Johnnie was no help. Already dressed, he stood outside the window and heckled.

"Hurry up, funnyface."

"Be quiet!" screamed Alice, vainly struggling with the zipper in the bodice. "Katie, please—take a deep breath."

"I can't. I keep panting. Oh, dear."

Johnnie gave up and went over to Joe's room. Joe had lost a shirt stud and, in bending down to look for it, had popped again and lost another. He was completely undone. Johnnie tried to fix Joe's tie.

"If you'll keep your arms out of the way, you idiot, I'll be able to accomplish something."

The wedding party left for the church, again just one hour late, in two separate cars. Adhering rigidly to convention, Katie had insisted that Johnnie be kept from seeing her wedding dress until the last moment. It was worth the final effect, for her satin gown was beautiful. Similar to a dress she wore in *The Kissing Bandit*, it had an exquisite veil of French lace draped from a headpiece sprinkled with orange blossoms. The veil hung down her back, and then looped over the front of the skirt, where it was pinned with a small bouquet of orange blossoms.

Dr. Gray was ready and waiting for them at the church, and the wedding went off nicely—unless, of course, anyone concentrated on Joe, who was literally paralyzed.

Afterward, outside the church, Johnnie had to wipe the tears from Katie's eyes.

They drove to the Del Monte Lodge, where, replete with champagne and wedding cake, the reception in the Indian Room took place.

They sat in a circle before the fireplace, relaxed and happy, and talked over the wedding and future plans.

"Of course," Kathryn said, "*I* wasn't nervous."

Johnnie looked at her for a long moment. "My dear Mrs. Johnston. I hesitate to contradict you, but when Dr. Gray had finished, and it was time for me to kiss you, you turned around and started to run toward the back of the church. I had to grab your arm and pull you back."

"I did? Really?" She looked back at him. "That was very silly of me, Mr. Johnston. I won't give you any further trouble."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Tony Martin was appearing at the Chicago Theater. My sister and I decided to go into town just to catch a glimpse of him. No such luck. The following day we saw a newspaper photo of Tony Martin walking down State and Madison Streets. He went unrecognized. To our great surprise we saw ourselves pictured near him. This, after we had searched all afternoon in vain for a peek at our idol!

Anna Voltatorni
Chicago Heights, Illinois

"I WILL BE YOUR SON!"

(Continued from page 42)

Grandfather. Grandfather's teaching him baseball, and for hours on end they'll stand there, so many feet apart, the small boy and the tall silver-haired man, pitching the ball back and forth.

Language still forms a barrier between Pablo and his parents. But they do well enough, considering that *Buenas tardes* was all the Spanish John and Evelyn knew when they got to Mexico, and all the English Pablo knew was nothing. They use a lot of pantomime. Pablo pantomimes, anyway, whatever the language. *Un momento, por favore,* or "When moment, eef you please—" his forefinger cuts the same vivid little arc, and either way you stop and look and listen.

Mornings, he studies English with a tutor. Evenings, he pops new words at appropriate moments. For instance, the dessert comes on. "Ah, wahnderrful," says Pablo, pulling his mouth into gravity while his eyes dance. Sometimes he gets mixed up. Stretching himself on the floor, he'll announce: "Me crrazy!" They have to resort to the dictionary to clear up the radical difference between crazy and lazy.

But it won't be long now. He's already talking in sentences: "I go frand's house." His teacher reports that, once the language is licked, he'll be able to enter school in his own age-class.

hidden treasure . . .

So far as Evelyn's concerned, you can call Pablo the Treasure of the Sierra Madre. The Hustons discovered him in Michoacan, where John was making the picture of the same name with his father and Humphrey Bogart. Evelyn and Lauren Bacall went along to be with their husbands. They stayed at San José de Purua, a health resort set in the midst of gorgeous tropical country. The girls found loafing more attractive than the hot location sets, but every once in a while they'd say, "Coax us," and go along with their working men. On one such occasion, in the nearby village of Jungapeo, Pablo made his first appearance.

This was dramatized by a burro, who got bored sticking around and wandered off on business of his own. When they tried to nab him, he went flying up the mountainside, with what looked like a pint-sized Mercury in pursuit—up and up till boy and beast seemed to vanish. Ten minutes later they were back, the burro no more doleful than usual, the boy beaming. John hired him on the spot as general handyman.

This seemed delightful to Pablo, but also natural. Half the village was working for the Americans, why not Pablo? In a community where four-year-olds look after babies or bring in a dozen donkeys, and no nonsense about it; you're a man at twelve.

Everyone fell for Pablo. His laughter was so infectious, his eyes so alive with interest in all that went on, and yet, he had a poise and breeding that never allowed him to push himself. Once he'd brought your chair or your cool drink, he'd slip back to the sidelines.

One Sunday, the village gave a fiesta for the Americans—with a barbecue sandwiched between an afternoon rodeo and dancing at night. Pablo was there. Evelyn's eyes kept following him. "John, I've got to find out about that child—"

John went for an interpreter. They found out among other things that Pablo was an orphan. He didn't put it that way. In Spanish, it was the phrase a



Your First Move

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF CANCER

WHEN you suspect cancer—go immediately to your doctor for diagnosis and treatment.

Don't be afraid to learn the truth. Your doctor may give you the good news your fears are groundless. Or that prompt treatment can bring you out on top.

Remember—you can't *diagnose* cancer yourself, but you can *suspect* it. Be on the lookout for cancer's danger signals. Watch for them in yourself, in your friends and in members of your family. Write for important free booklet—today.



1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark.
4. Persistent indigestion.
5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Bloody discharge or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
7. Any change in the normal bowel habits.



MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET THAT TELLS THE FACTS ABOUT CANCER

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
47 Beaver Street, New York 4, N. Y.

Please send me free the booklet containing vital information about cancer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

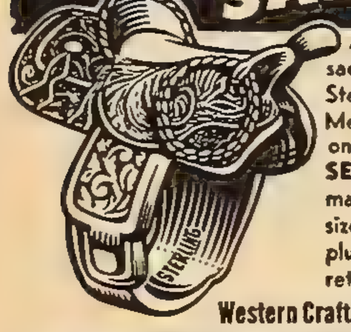


• Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 75c and $1.75 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE

Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 29-D, COVINGTON, KY.

Sterling Silver **SADDLE RING**



Authentic replica of championship rodeo saddle! Handsomely formed from solid Sterling Silver, by expert silver craftsmen. Men's, Women's, Children's styles. Sent on approval.

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail with name, address, ring style and size. Pay postman only $4.95 (includes tax) plus postage, wear 5 days. If not delighted, return for full refund.

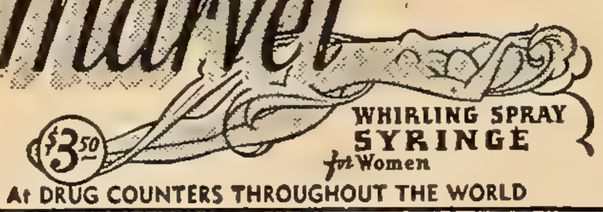
Western Craftsmen Dept. 671A, 1904 Farnum St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

FREE RACHEL **FACE POWDER**

Send today for free liberal supply of this high grade Face Powder & also our FREE BEAUTIFUL Cosmetic catalog in colors. Help bring out your loveliness by using our glamorous blend of Face Powder. Mention shade wanted— ☐ light or ☐ dark. **Be Lovely to Look At—Nice to Know.** Don't wait. Send Now!

J. E. McBRADY & CO. (*Est. 1894*)
1041-49 W. Van Buren, Dept. 710, Chicago 7, Ill.

Marvel



At DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Free Booklet. Marvel Co., 60 East St., New Haven, Ct.

Broken Jewelry Wanted

All kinds. Highest cash prices paid for jewelry, rings, spectacles, gold teeth, diamonds, broken and usable watches, etc. Cash mailed promptly. Write for FREE shipping container.

LOWE'S Dept. DM
HOLLAND BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Smart, simulated
DIAMOND RINGS



Beautiful wedding and engagement rings set with sparkling simulated diamonds. Perfect reproduction of genuine diamond rings. Send no money! Pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. charges. Save charges send remittance with order. Send ring size.

$1.95 each or both for $2.95 Tax Included

VOGUE JEWELERS, Dept. D-12, 1003 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Class Pins and Rings

Artistic pins, rings and emblems. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 30c up. Write today. Dept. Z, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y.

FREE Catalog

STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 46 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 7702, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

INVENTORS

Patent laws encourage the development of inventions. Our firm is registered to practice before the U. S. Patent Office. Write for further particulars as to patent protection and procedure and "Invention Record" form at once. No obligation.

McMORROW, BERMAN & DAVIDSON
Registered Patent Attorneys
290-D Victor Building, Washington 1, D. C.

bachelor might use, or an old man who'd outlived his family. "I walk alone," said Pablo. There was no self-pity in it, only simplicity and a touch of honest pride.

"Twelve," observed Evelyn later, "and he walks alone." She and John had talked of adopting children. "If we really want to, there's the kid to adopt—"

"I wish we could," said John, and there they dropped it, not being the kind to lament over impossibilities.

Next thing, Evelyn's back in Hollywood to start *The Mating of Millie* for Columbia, leaving the others at work in Michoacan. Then comes word from John that the picture's finished, and they've started home. Then a call from Mexico City.

"I'm going to be two days late—"

"Oh, John! It's been two weeks already—"

"I know, but this is very important—"

"Can't you tell me?"

"No, it's a big surprise—"

Two days later, Evelyn met the plane. She saw John first, he was bigger. Beside him walked a small figure, face half-hidden under a large sombrero. The sombrero was John's. He'd clapped it on Pablo's head, partly in fun, partly to get rid of it. For a moment Evelyn stared unbelieving. Then the hat and the legs below it came catapulting toward her. What did she do? What would any mother do?

"I grabbed him," says Evelyn, "and I gobbled him up—"

As it turned out, the impossible had proved quite simple.

One rainy night after she'd left, John sat talking to the Mexican censor on the picture, a man of heart and learning, head of the Michoacan Museum. Sunk in a chair on the other side of the room, Pablo devoured B. Traven's *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* in Spanish.

"Be nice to adopt a kid like that," said John.

the way opens . . .

The censor's eyes went to the boy and back. "Michoacan," he said, "is the one Mexican state where an orphan's guardianship reverts to the local government. If you mean what you say, it might be arranged."

"Let's arrange it then."

They called Pablo over. "Here is a matter which concerns you," the censor explained. "This gentleman and his wife wish to take you as their child. It means leaving Jungapeo and Mexico. It means going to the States, and a whole new kind of life. It is something for you to consider and decide—"

Pablo considered. Never having stepped beyond the confines of his small village, the States meant little to him. The lady and gentleman seemed to mean a good deal.

"These people are willing to be my parents?" Obviously, walking alone was fine if you had to. Parents, on the other hand, were a gift from above. "I will be their son?"

"You will be their son."

The big eyes looked steadily into John's for a moment. "Yes," said Pablo. "I should like that very much."

Everyone liked it. Cutting red tape, the local authorities got their part done in two days. The censor flew to Mexico City to help with details. Before John left, Pablo was ward of the Hustons by Mexican law.

If all this seems sudden, if you're wondering how John could be sure that Evelyn really wanted the boy, it's because you don't know the Hustons. They live spontaneously. Three weeks after their first meeting, they were married.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During the time of the War Bond Drives, one of the biggest shows ever held in Dallas took place in the Cotton Bowl, and there was an audience of several thousand people. While we were waiting to go on, Ginny Simms amazed me by pacing back and forth, saying nervously, "Oh, I just know I'll do something wrong! And in front of all those people!" Her first job was to lead the audience in "God Bless America." She started off too high and my heart sank as I heard her miss a still higher note. But Ginny laughed, joked about it, and started over again. She handled the whole situation so smoothly that no one guessed she was scared to death. Thanks, Ginny, for the lesson in poise you taught me.

Margaret McDaniel,
Waco, Texas

Indecision irks them; they take what seems good in life where they find it. When Evelyn said, "There's the kid to adopt," John knew she wasn't just tossing words around. Both recognize quality when they see it—

In which connection, Evelyn tells a story that has nothing, yet everything, to do with Pablo.

One day, she went location-hunting with John. Driving ahead of the rest, they stopped at a place whose magnificent trees shaded an adobe hut, ideal for the scene John had in mind. Out stepped an old man in serape and sombrero, with the face of a patriarch.

"*Buenas tardes,*" they chorused.

"*Buenas tardes,*" he answered, and stood smiling down at them, since it was clear they had no more Spanish to offer. The others came up. It was explained to the old man that these strangers wished to photograph his land for its beauty, and would be glad to pay for the privilege. He mounted his doorstep, and, with a courteous gesture that took them all in, made a little speech.

"I am poor, therefore money is important to me. But other things are more important. I see my land with eyes different from yours. That you who have traveled so widely should find it beautiful, does me great honor. The land is at your service."

For graciousness and dignity you couldn't beat it.

"That man was no kin of Pablo's," Evelyn says, "but he might have been. They come of the same stock. Pablo was the son of people like that."

On the way home, Pablo's poise was shaken only once. Naturally, he was all eyes and ears and attention. The plane, the crowds, the shower-bath he'd have turned on and off all day if John hadn't pulled him out, the shoes that cost 35 pesos! These were all wonders, but understandable. He kept his composure. The only thing that threw him was the hotel elevator.

They crowd into this small little room with many others. A strange performance. But it seems all right with his father, so it's all right with him. The door closes—and opens on a whole new change of scenery. Also peculiar. They go to their room, wash up, and come out again. Leading Pablo to the stairhead, John

points down. "Oh!" squeals Pablo, reeling back with a grand gesture as the truth hits him. In that small little room, crowded with many people, they've been borne to this great height. When the small little room returns, he takes an enormous stride over the crack and squats promptly in a corner. Father or no father, this is something he doesn't trust.

At no other point was his equilibrium upset. When they took him home from the airport, there was no tearing around to touch this or admire that. His feeling seemed to be: "This is your house, you've brought me here. When you want me to see it, you'll show it to me." That first night at dinner, faced with an array of silver, he watched without embarrassment, to see what John and Evelyn would do and followed suit. This was how they ate in America. Being the son of Americans, he would now eat this way.

It was a rule he seemed to adopt from the start. The week he arrived, Evelyn couldn't bear him out of her sight, and took him along to the studio where seven different kids were testing with her for the part of Tommy. At the end of the scene, each kid had to plant kisses all over her face. Having watched it seven times, Pablo must have reached the conclusion that this was how children kissed mothers in America. He's been kissing Evelyn that way ever since. She hopes he'll never find out that American 12-year-olds consider it sissy to kiss their mothers at all.

To Pablo, John and Evelyn are as truly his parents as if they'd been his parents from his birth. Their home, their friends are his. It's something beautiful that's happened to him, he's thankful for it, he loves them dearly, as they do him, and that's that. They're all relaxed about it. If you're bent on rubbing the Hustons the wrong way, call them benefactors. They'll tell you the benefaction's on the other foot. They know what the coming of Pablo has meant to them. Whether they've done right by him remains to be seen.

"How can you tell?" demands Evelyn. "He was happy down there—the best adjusted human I've ever met. It must have been pretty exciting Saturday nights, hanging around the cantinas, with the dancing and music and even the brawls, and no mother to say don't go. Maybe life's dull for him here. So he's got a bed, and he's supposed to be in it by nine o'clock. Where's the fun in that? If John said, 'Come on, let's sleep on the lawn tonight, or over there on the mountain across the way,' I'm sure that would make perfect, good sense to Pablo. He's a child of nature. We Americans are full of complexes and self-consciousness. How do I know we've done him any favor?"

Meantime, Pablo's not kicking. Maybe the comforts don't matter, but the love does, and being part of a family. While Mommy and Poppy work, he keeps his end up by tending the lawn after lunch. He still finds it diverting that what Mommy and Poppy do should be called work. To him, the studio is a large playground. People sit around. Then they walk into a make-believe room and chatter. That's work? Work is with muscles and with callouses on your hands. Meantime, he does enjoy the few movies he's seen. These he attends with three friends. Manuel, who speaks Spanish, acts as interpreter. The Hustons have it in mind to adopt a brother for Pablo—an American near his own age.

"I envy him," sighs Evelyn, "growing up with Pablo."

Toward Mommy, Pablo assumes certain masculine responsibilities. Like making her rest when she's tired. Or getting up to see her off when she has an early call. It's also his job to pass on her clothes. She'll be dressing to go out, with Pablo watching as she adds the finishing touches.

"Vairy good," he'll comment on a new hairdo or dress, and sometimes, "No—no good." His vocabulary doesn't run to explaining why it's no good, but the judgment's always made with serene finality.

his mother's keeper . . .

About smoking, he hasn't quite made up his mind. Today he'll let it go, tomorrow he'll take issue with it. As Mommy picks up a cigarette, she'll find the finger wagging to and fro. "Okay for Poppy, no good for Mommy."

"You're perfectly right," she'll agree, and drop it back in the box.

This pleases him no end. On the other hand, he'd do as much for her. His single-minded idea is to give them pleasure. For instance, he draws, and very well, too. Each night when John came home, Pablo would have a drawing to show him. At first, to encourage him, John's praise was unreserved. Then he grew critical, pointed out flaws. Next night, no drawing. Poppy had the devil's own time, explaining that criticism wasn't active loathing.

Within these few weeks, Pablo's grown to be more of a kid. Like any kid, he loves to play jokes. Late one morning, Evelyn found him in bed.

"What goes on here? You should have been up long ago—" She pulled off the covers, under which lay Pablo, fully dressed. This he considered the rib of the ages.

Like any kid, he hates to go to bed. "Jost leetle beet more," he pleads. "Jost wahn more pool." And like any kid, he can be a pest. This doesn't bother his folks. They enjoy seeing the years drop off. One day he was being a pest as they sat round the swimming-pool, teasing, monopolizing the conversation.

"That kid needs squelching," said John, like any father. He picked his son up, hauled him struggling to the end of the diving-board, and dumped him in. Though he swims well, Pablo had never jumped. Now he clambered out and, without a word to anyone, ran up the diving-board and jumped, himself.

Then his face appeared at the pool's edge, radiant with the grin which had first enchanted them both.

"Good boy now?" inquired Pablo, who no longer walks alone.



"'I wanna drink of water I wanna drink of water' Do you suppose I'll get *any* sleep this winter?"

The Ideal Way to Reduce

LOSE FAT

Lose Pounds
Lose Inches

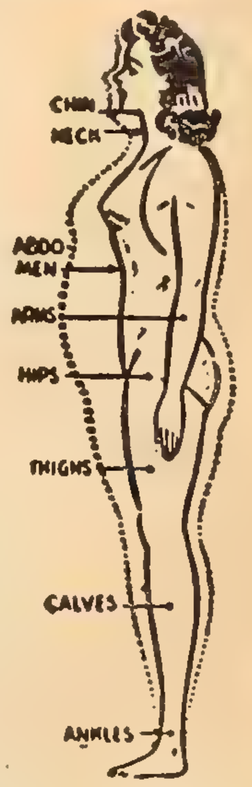


REDUCE

In the Privacy of Your Home

WONDER BATH

Helps you to relax while reducing. LOSE WEIGHT with this new, easy, pleasant, harmless method. No more tiring exercises, no more laxatives or drugs. No starvation diets. You just take a warm, soothing, comforting WONDER BATH, just rest and relax for 15 minutes this healthful, pleasant way. By following the WONDER BATH method, you will be amazed and delighted at the way your fat and bulges just seem to melt away. If you are normally overweight you can easily lose pounds and inches. The more you use the WONDER BATH method, the more weight you lose. This is the easy, pleasant, harmless way used by the most expensive and exclusive Reducing Salons. This is the way many New York and Hollywood stage, screen and radio people help to keep their figures slim, lovely and glamorous. You may now say goodbye to your heavy waistline and hips and those unnecessary, unsightly bulges at a trifling cost.



The WONDER BATH method is an amazing new way to reduce superfluous fatty tissues on most all parts of the body.

FREE A large size jar of Special Formula WONDER Body Cream and "FIGURE BEAUTY" will be included absolutely FREE with your order for WONDER BATH. To achieve best results, this Special Formula Body Cream should be used after each WONDER BATH.

10-DAY NO-RISK TRIAL

Use the WONDER BATH method for 10 days at our expense. If you are not truly delighted with your loss of weight, if you don't look and feel better—return the remaining contents and your money will be refunded in full.

ACADEMY VITA PRODUCTS CO., Dept. DM-12
Academy Building, Newark 2, N. J.
Please send me postpaid, 60-day supply of WONDER BATH and Free Special Formula WONDER Body Cream with "FIGURE BEAUTY." I enclose $5.00 cash, check or money order. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return the remaining contents within 10 days and my money will be promptly refunded.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

C.O.D. Orders. Send $1.00 deposit. Pay postman balance of $4.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Same Money-Back Guarantee.

THE DAY WAS THANKSGIVING

(*Continued from page 29*)

so much else crowding in, and nothing to remind her of her own American holiday. In England they had no Thanksgiving. Naturally. No Pilgrim Fathers, no Plymouth Rock, no Thanksgiving. But across the sea there'd be snow in New Hampshire maybe, and if not snow, then that beautiful zing! in the air, and you'd take a walk for the simple pleasure of breathing it, and scuffing the leaves underfoot, and watching clouds scud high through the blue overhead. Then back to the fire roaring and the turkey roasting and the family gathered round.

Twisting, she flung herself face down on the bed, and let the storm of misery tear through her.

This was the climax of what had started months back.

Over a period of time, Bette and her bosses had differed on the subject of pictures. Who was right and who wrong is no concern of this story. Let's play it cagey, and say there was much to be said on both sides.

So we arrive at a picture called *The Man with the Black Hat,* which nobody mentions now, and we touch on it briefly only because of its part in advancing the plot. Against every instinct, Bette made it, dusted her hands off and decided the next one would have to be good, or the law of averages was certainly going to the dogs.

Up comes the next one. "This," said our forthright heroine, "is the most diabolically boring script I have ever read."

"It is nevertheless the script of your next picture."

So Bette walked off the lot.

two irresistible objects . . .

Now there's nothing phenomenal in that. Stars walk off lots every Monday and Thursday, and after a while somebody makes an overture and the star comes back, and everything's divine again. Only this time nobody made an overture. Firm in the right as God gave them to see the right, the parties of both parts stuck to their guns. Allowed to stay off the screen for months, Bette's position grew ridiculous. An actress who wasn't permitted to act. Not to mention a bank account battered by the law of diminishing returns.

At this juncture, a producer named Toplitz rushed in where others feared to tread. Would Miss Davis make a picture in England? Miss Davis would adore making a picture in England, but she was, after all, under contract to Warner Brothers.

The contract was studied under a lens. The consensus of opinion was that in England it wouldn't be binding.

"But if I'm injuncted," said Bette, "are you willing to fight it in the English courts?"

"If you're injuncted," Toplitz agreed, "we'll fight it."

Well and good. Bette packed. But every time she caught sight of a man with papers, she'd duck. On the advice of experts, she flew to Vancouver, trained across Canada, sailed from a Canadian port. By the time she set foot on English soil, men with papers had lost a certain sinister quality.

Till a courteous voice at her elbow said, "Miss Davis?" And a courteous man with a paper handed it to her.

Recovering from the shock, Bette's spirits rose to the challenge. She'd have had the thing to fight sooner or later. Okay, gentlemen, let's get it over with.

The law was in no hurry. First, you waited for the preliminary hearing. Then for the judge's decision as to whether the case was worthy of trial. It was. Then you engaged counsel. Then you fooled around two months more till the case came up.

During these months she discovered the little inn at Rottingdean, where living cost so much less than in London. Loneliness was better than crowds who stared, and newspaper people who asked questions you wouldn't have answered. even if your counsel hadn't warned you to keep quiet. Not till the evening before the trial did a slim, gray-suited figure slip into a London hotel and sign the register.

"I want a back room," she said, "away from the street."

That sounded nice and elegant, as if one couldn't endure the noise of traffic. It was nobody's business that one couldn't afford a front room.

The trial lasted four days. Now, even in England, where journalism is supposed to be less flamboyant than ours, any movie star makes news, and a battling movie star is good for headlines. But the quiet girl in the courtroom proved disappointing. The press craved drama.

All Bette wanted at the end of the day was to make that back room, and stay there. All the newshounds wanted was news. Morning and evening they waylaid her. First they were baffled, then they grew desperate. Failing everything else, they picked on her clothes. Ah Hollywood, ah luxury, ah purple and fine linen —ought to be color there. But Bette wore the same gray suit with a change of blouses.

"How about another outfit tomorrow, Miss Davis?"

"Sorry, this is the only suit I brought along."

From this, some enterprising scribbler—probably a husband—whipped up a feature story, slanted at wives. "Bette Davis," he chided, "wears the same suit in court every day. Who are you to want more?"

She couldn't get back to Rottingdean fast enough. There she waited again, but with a difference. Now everything hung on the judgment of one man. A kindly man—that was clear from his manner. But kindliness had nothing to do with the law.

At first, things had seemed to be going her way. Then some legal twist had sent them in the other direction. Now, where the balance would fall was anyone's guess.

Don't think, she cried to herself, try not to think of anything, put your mind to sleep. But you couldn't keep the surge of agonizing suspense from rising every so often to suffocate you.

Toplitz phoned the day before the verdict was to be read. "Don't you want to come up to London to hear it?"

"That," said Bette, "is the last thing in the world I want."

"Very well, then, I'll phone you. Keep your chin up."

Good old Toplitz, good old England, keep your chin up. How did you keep your chin up when you were a mass of quivering nerves? How would she ever get through this night?

People are tougher than they give themselves credit for. She got through the night and some hours of the following day, and across the room to the 'phone when Toplitz called.

"I'm sorry, the verdict's against us."

At first, the blow had been cushioned. Before she'd really taken it in, Toplitz had added: "But I think we can still make the picture. I'm coming right down to talk it over with you."

She hung on to that. If they could still make the picture, if she could work, if she could go on fighting, then there was hope. Toplitz must know what he was talking about. She watched the hands of the clock crawl round, she stood at the window, mentally pushing his car along the London road, she flew down to meet him when at last he turned into the drive.

one more chance . . .

His plan was simple. They'd make the picture in Italy. There wasn't a thing anyone could do to stop them. He'd gone over and through it and criss-cross, hunting for loopholes. It looked air-tight. It looked as if they'd be strictly legal in Italy.

For a day that had started so black, it wound up all right. That evening a cable came from Ruthie. On hearing news of the verdict, Bette's mother had packed bag and baggage into a car, reserved space on the next steamer, was even now tearing cross-country and would shortly be with her daughter, car and all. Ruthie to the rescue, bless her, as she'd dashed to the rescue on so many other occasions.

Then the crusher fell. A cable from the releasing company in the States. Terse and unanswerable. Wherever it was made, they wouldn't touch a Davis picture.

"We're licked," said Toplitz. "We're licked 100 per cent, and we might as well face it."

At a dock on the New York waterfront, they were lowering a dusty car into the ship's hold as one of the passengers raced to the purser's office.

"I'm sorry, you'll have to get my car ashore. I'm not sailing."

Her hand clutched a cable. "Have to come home," it read. "Leaving Friday, the 27th. Wait for me there. Bette."

She lifted her head from the pillow. Well, now she was really through with tears, if only because there couldn't be an ounce of moisture left in her. Come on, do something useful. What, for instance? All but the last-minute stuff was packed.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Hollywood Boulevard was crowded with cars and pedestrians, and my family and I added to the confusion by trying to make a left-hand turn in our ancient jalopy. We were right in the middle of a beautiful jam and traffic was being held up in both directions. Suddenly, a tall man stepped out into the road and, like a very good-natured policeman, held the pedestrians back and cleared the way for us. He then bowed deeply to us, and with a flourish of his arm, motioned us through. As we gratefully completed the turn, we recognized our benefactor. It was the screen's beloved "butler," Arthur Treacher.

Pat Adams
Los Angeles, California

She must look a sight. This the mirror confirmed. Better start making herself presentable before her guest arrived. Wringing out a towel, she lay down again with the damp coolness over her eyes.

Think of something pleasant. All you've got to be thankful for today—health, family, friends. Think of your friend, George Arliss.

"I'd like to come down to see you on Thursday," he'd written. It was so gracious of him, to make the long trip from London. But he'd always been kindness itself. Since that faraway day in Hollywood.

She'd been ready to return to New York, convinced that she and the movies could never mean a thing to each other. Then the phone, and a voice saying, "This is George Arliss," and the incredible wonder dawning that it *was* George Arliss, and he wanted her for a picture called *The Man Who Played God.*

That was the beginning, that was the picture she'd clicked in. And this was the end. Her head moved wearily.

Mr. Arliss had come and gone. They'd had their tea in a corner of the rambly living-room, and you wouldn't have known Bette for the same girl. Outwardly nothing had changed, yet the whole world looked different.

"He's coming," Bette had thought, "to cheer me up."

That was part of it maybe, but not the principal part. He came because he was a man of imagination, and knew she'd be desperate and guessed what form her desperation would take. Because he was old and seasoned, because she was young and proud and mutinous. Because the years had taught him a lesson he wanted to pass on.

"There are just two things you can do," he told her. "Continue your rebellion or take your medicine. In the first case, you'll go off somewhere and hide. That's a child's trick. You're grown up, my dear."

"You don't mean go back and give up? Oh, I couldn't do that!"

"What's to prevent? All it requires is courage," he observed blandly, "and you've plenty of that."

"Not enough, I'm afraid. They could put me through purgatory."

"I don't think they will. But whatever they put you through, you must accept it. Because, either you work in California, or you never work in this industry again. One road or the other, you've got to choose."

She heaved a miserable sigh. "That's the trouble. I can't face either."

"Face one, and you'll find half the trouble's gone. You've carried the fight to the last gasp and you've lost. Maybe the fighting was important, but the outcome isn't. All your thinking is poisoned by the notion that there's something shameful about defeat. Win or lose, nothing matters but the spirit in which you take one or the other. Kipling said it this way: 'If you can meet with triumph or disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same—' Impostors, because they have no value in themselves, only in what they do to you. If you refuse to let defeat make you bitter, it's powerless against you. Rise above it, and you'll be a bigger person than if you were going back at the head of a parade."

Long before tea was over, the blinders had dropped off Bette's eyes. George Arliss pierced the confusion of her mind with light, re-established her values and gave her a measure of peace.

His judgment proved sound on all scores. Once she knew what she had to do, half the load was lifted. And to run ahead of the story a little, he was right about the studio, too. They were wonderful. The ordeal by humiliation never took place except in Bette's mind. The trial was never mentioned. Mr. Warner greeted her, said "Let's forget it," and put her into a memorable picture called *Marked Woman.* From then on, Bette's star zoomed upward.

None of which Bette could foresee that day. But bidding her old friend goodbye, she held his hand between hers. "This is Thanksgiving Day in my country, Mr. Arliss. You'll never know how much I have to thank you for."

That night she was ravenous, causing the waitress who'd watched her pick at her food for weeks, to beam. "I'm glad you enjoyed your dinner, Miss Davis."

"I did indeed." A funny little smile came over her face. "But I'll tell you a secret. You think that was beef and Yorkshire pudding you gave me? It wasn't at all. It was turkey and cranberry sauce and the most delicious mince pie I ever tasted."

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 47*)

it had to happen. Sometimes the girls fell in love with someone else. This was temporarily rough on the guys. When the news came, they were lower than barnacles on the bottom of a transport tub. And when the minor tragedy occurred on board the *Storis,* some two hundred shipmates tried to take the curse off the lad's suffering by singing, "I wonder who's kissing her now?"

One day came news that Rita Hayworth was about to wed Orson Welles.

Everybody but Mature took a deep breath and let go with the song. It echoed all over the North Atlantic. For seven days, Mature walked the rolling decks like a blind man. Then he announced that he was a well man. And he was, except for the small furies that disappeared into his subconscious.

Later, when a city editor got him on the telephone and asked how he felt about Orson Welles marrying "his" girl, Vic snapped quite cheerfully, "Well, I guess the best way to a woman's heart is to saw her in half." This flippery made all the headlines. So did Rita's marriage.

But why go into all that?

What has been happening recently is like watching two people try to live twice. It's a good trick if you can do it. The reunion began with a telephone call, the day Rita Hayworth arrived back in Hollywood from her European trip. The time was around midnight. Vic was studying his script of *Ballad of Furnace Creek.*

When the phone rang, he yanked the receiver up and said, "Yeah?"

A voice replied, "This is Rita."

And a half hour later two people were sitting in a parked convertible on the Pacific Palisades, but it wasn't so romantic. Or was it? After all, they don't build glove compartments in cars large enough to hold reporters.

This actress and this actor had a lot to talk about, so it was around dawn by the time he took her to her Brentwood home. Then he went back to his house which is four and eight-tenths miles away measured with a speedometer, but on the other side of the world under certain circumstances.

It's a funny thing about Hollywood. A romance is not a romance until you take



BLONDES!

...give your hair that Golden Look men can't resist!

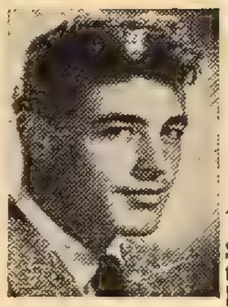
• Don't envy the girl whose gloriously golden hair wins instant attention. You can make *your* hair gleam just as alluringly with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash!

Even though your hair may be streaked or faded, Marchand's can make it beautifully golden again. Or, if you are a brunette or redhead, and want to make your hair a lovelier, lighter shade, you can do it yourself . . . *so easily* . . . with Golden Hair Wash.

With the improved Marchand's, you can control the degree of lightness . . . and make your hair as blonde as you like. Not a dye, not an expensive "treatment," Marchand's is now complete in one package. Easier and more convenient than ever to use at home.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is perfect, too, for lightening arm and leg hair. Try it today!





Guy Madison

FREE PHOTO
LARGE SIZE
of your favorite
MOVIE STAR
Direct from Hollywood
INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Also FREE list decorated with all the latest stars and poses.
Send name of YOUR FAVORITE with ten cents to cover handling and mailing.
HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150—Dept. S-2
Hollywood 28, Calif., U. S. A.



Learn RADIO BROADCASTING

Radio professionals offer complete home training course and job-getting secrets, which prepares beginners to easily break into the rich and fast-growing radio field. Acting, announcing, etc. taught. Large demand for men and women, all ages. Learn at home in short time. No experience needed. Microphone and equipment included in low tuition. Write for details—FREE.
RADIO TALENT CASTING AGENCY
6253 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 1028-D8, Hollywood 28, Cal.



DENTAL NURSES AND DENTAL TECHNICIANS
Learn a well-paying vocation easily, using theory and practice at home. Positions open in every state in the country.
Write for full information



DEPT. No. DM-1
DENTAL ARTS INSTITUTE
1122 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 2, CALIF.

there's magic in the right lipstick
NEW TRANSFORMING LIPSTICK
® Pearls in Wine #6



$1 PLUS TAX

A truly flattering, new kind of lipstick. Transforming color, exquisitely smooth texture. Stays on without smearing or drying. Six wonder-working shades. At your druggist.

VETO Colgate's Antiseptic Deodorant, Checks Underarm Perspiration, Stops Odor—Yet is

Doubly Safe!



Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant . . . Does *not* rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar, never gritty, rubs in easily. Use *doubly safe* Veto regularly to guard daintiness—and to check underarm perspiration, stop odor *safely.*



DOUBLY PREFERRED!

Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS—Better Fabrics Bureau



DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR?

MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST!

Just try this **SYSTEM** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **ATTRACTIVE HAIR** that can so very often capture Love and Romance for you.

MARVELOUS HELP for DRY, BRITTLE, Breaking-Off HAIR

WHEN SCALP and HAIR CONDITIONS are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer . . . and much more beautiful.

SEND NO MONEY—*Fully Guaranteed*

Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** for 7 days. Then let your mirror PROVE the thrilling results. **JUELENE** comes in 2 Forms ☐ Pomade ☐ Liquid. SEND FOR IT TODAY! C. O. D. $1.00 plus Government charges. It is fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write Now!

JUEL CO., 4727 N. Damen, Dept. N603, Chicago 25, Ill.



WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO KNOWN!

Wt. only ¼ lb. Beautiful Silver Black plastic case. Has Inductive Slide Tuner—W4 Crystal Diode—NO TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRIC "PLUG IN" NEEDED! Should last for years!

GUARANTEED TO PLAY **NEW 1948 MODEL**

on local stations if complete instructions sent are followed. Use it at home, in bed, in many offices, hotels, cabins—most anywhere! HUNDREDS OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ALL OVER THE WORLD!

SEND ONLY $1.00 (Cash, M.O. Check) and pay postman $2.99 plus delivery fees on arrival or send $3.99 for Post Paid delivery. Complete as shown—ready to play with self contained personal phone. WONDERFUL GIFTS FOR CHILDREN! Order now at this low bargain price—Prompt shipment on orders sent now—today! Be the first to get YOUR Pakette Radio! (All foreign orders $5.00 U. S. cash with order).

Pa-Kette Radio Co., Inc. Dept. MM-12, Kearney, Nebr.

YOUR HOROSCOPE FREE

HANDWRITING ANALYZED $1

Know yourself as others do. Learn your good points . . . and bad ones. Be a Success. **Knowledge is Power.** Send $1 for expert analysis plus **free horoscope,** while they last.
GRAEHAM OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. D
444 N. Camden Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif



LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. Begin a profitable business in spare time. Low cost, easy terms.

LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 North Wabash Avenue, Dept. 1812, Chicago 1, Ill.

Please send me your FREE catalog describing your training course in professional millinery.

Print Name
Address _____

a girl out in public and expose yourselves to that flash bulb tan. I could have scooped Louella Parsons at the time, because I was having a drink with the actor when the phone rang, and Rita said she would like to be picked up from a business conference. I went along, like a fifth wheel.

As Vic eased his cream-colored convertible down Sunset Boulevard, I suggested we stop in somewhere for a cup of coffee or whatever.

Rita said, "That's a good idea—where'll we go?"

"Let's go to a nice quiet place," I said. "Let's go to Mocambo."

I felt that the best was none too good for these friends of mine, and besides, maybe Gus Gale and Bob Beerman would be around to take some romantic pictures. I'm scoop-happy.

Rita is a very bright girl. She said she didn't want to go to Mocambo. So they wound up on their first date in the polo lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. A couple of nights later, it was Ciro's. I tried to pay close attention to them like I knew the boss editor would like me to, but I had a beautiful blonde problem of my own. (Reporters got to live, too.)

Then, all of a sudden, Rita asked me to dance. Rita's very sweet, but she knows I dance like a tired banker. I excused myself from the celestial blonde, and was about to take Rita in my arms, when the music stopped, so I never did get to hear what she wanted to say.

I didn't have to hear. I got the general idea.

Vic was giving her several brands of merry old hell in a quiet sort of way. If I didn't know better, I'd have thought he was being a sadistic so-and-so. Anyway, Rita was saved by the bell because Harry Richman got up in the spotlight and sang a lot of wonderful songs. Afterwards, Rita and Vic danced together for awhile.

When they came back I said, diplomatically, "How can you stand to dance with the guy? All he knows is the Charleston."

friendly enemies . . .

Rita said that was a lie. She said that Mature was a very good dancer, indeed. Then eight photographers came up, and the two of them posed like they were strangers and wanted to stay that way. Only it wasn't so, and I can prove it.

That afternoon, Vic had spent three hours playing with Rita's little girl, Rebecca.

Rebecca calls Vic "Man."

He calls her "Peeks" because she always does.

It's darned near a romance.

The other night, several of us went to a party. The emotional content of the evening was so normal and like old times that I couldn't stand it. I went out and jumped into the swimming pool, putting on a pair of trunks first, of course. I talked with the spectacular blonde some more. She had stars in her eyes, and was enjoying a vicarious thrill from what was going on.

"Those two are so perfect together. Isn't it wonderful that they can forget everything that happened before and pick up where they left off?"

I don't know. Is it?

I remember when I lived in a mausoleum of a house in Beverly Hills during war time. Vic moved in with my family while he was on leave. Somehow, they couldn't understand his habit of forgetting his key at night, and putting his fist through French window panes so he could get in. He broke about eight windows that way, and gave other indications of violent feeling, including almost marrying a couple of girls on the rebound.

Some people might say he was carrying a torch, but it wasn't that so much. He'd just misplaced his incentive. Let's put it this way. Consciously, Vic and Rita were definitely through with each other, but in their subconscious minds the pulsations had merely gone into a coma. Anyway, it makes a nice plot.

And it could happen, you know. Even if you read in a gossip column that Rita and Vic didn't resume their romance after all. It could simply be that more living is prescribed before that wrong chapter can be torn completely out of their book.

It seems to be pretty well established now that Mature is a solid actor with an important future. *Kiss of Death* did that, just as *My Gal Sal* was a turning point for both Rita and Vic. Both of these people have grown up considerably on the screen. There's some talk of putting Rita into *Carmen.* My suspicion is that she would be exceedingly unhappy if Vic were to be ruled out as her leading man in that one, whether for personal or business reasons.

That's the trouble. Life has its fly-in-the-ointment department. Vic has been more than casually interested in a girl who is not in the movie business. He doesn't want to do an adagio dance into the wrong person's life, and neither does Rita. The bright boys like myself who interpret Hollywood lives would like to see Rita grab a six week Las Vegas or Reno divorce and then marry Vic. Would be a whale of a good story.

But if they go for it, I'll be surprised.

As I write this, Mature is still whipping up an occasional rough attitude during which he gives Rita what-for. He has to get it all off his chest. Rita mostly sort of takes it on the chin. Enjoys it a little, too, I think.

It's like she feels she has it coming to her, and in the process her mistake, if it was one, will be completely erased.

And since neither one of them will probably ever speak to me again, after the going over I've given this situation, I might as well say a couple more things:

When Vic was hung up in a conference with his agent, he asked me to please call Halchester's and have them send Rita a dozen gardenias. I took the risk of overegging the pudding. "Make it two dozen," I said. After all, it was the first time he'd sent her flowers in more than four years.

Also, that weird sound that howls through West Los Angeles every now and then these days is not a new type of fire siren. It's Mature calling Rita on the phone in a pet way that seems to make sense to both of them.

"Sweeeeeeeeeeeeetie!" he hollers. "SWEEEEEEEEEETIE!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



This past summer, Oscar Levant, whom I have always admired and wanted to know personally, appeared as guest-soloist with the Louisville Philharmonic. Mr. Levant's program was entirely Gershwin and he played many encores. Finally, he asked for requests. Encouraged by his informal manner, I was the first to call out. "Embraceable You" I shouted. He paused a moment and then, bowing with great dignity, he said, "Why, thank you." Then he played "Embraceable You"—at my command.

Evelyn Rae Windhorst,
Louisville, Ky.

CROSSROADS

(*Continued from page 24*)

seems to have flown out the window.

Sometimes it works, too, as in the case of Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight, who sailed off together for Honolulu and a new honeymoon after a trial separation during which they had a lot of dates together. June Haver and Jimmy Zito tried the same thing, but the results weren't so happy with them, since June finally filed for divorce.

Danny and Sylvia are making a desperate effort to see eye to eye, and get their matrimonial bark back on an even keel. I saw them just the other night at Romanoff's, dining together, toasting one another in champagne, and having a lot of laughs, in very evident enjoyment.

But when the evening was over, Sylvia went back to the family mansion alone, and Danny retired to the solitude of his hotel room.

The only utterance he has made is this: "We're just having a trial separation, and doing our best to adjust our differences without a final and permanent break."

Everyone knows Danny's fanatical devotion to baby Dena, and maybe this will be the tie that holds them together.

Sylvia says nothing at all, but goes rather bleakly about the business of bossing production on Danny's next picture. This is to be the first under his new contract at Warner Brothers and, as has always been the case, Sylvia has a lot to say about the conditions under which he will work. She moved into very flossy new quarters at the studio in mid-September, and plunged into the vast mass of detail with her customary practiced skill. But not a word from her for publication to anybody.

She has maintained throughout her ordeal a calm and dignity which must be described as admirable, and if her heart is sad, she betrays no sign. At night, she leaves her round of tasks to go home and be a mother to Dena.

One fact seems to stand out in the current strained situation, and that is that the old-time gay companionship of Danny and Sylvia that marked the days before he struck pay dirt as a Samuel Goldwyn star is no more.

Some of their closest mutual friends have assured me that they were seeing too much of each other, both at work and at home. Sylvia was omnipresent in every phase of Danny's life, and hers was the decisive voice in every question that arose affecting his career.

At times, she was almost shrewish with the press and with the crews working on his films. He sometimes reflected her mood, and got the reputation of being hard to work with. For no apparent reason, he would duck interviews set up for him with important columnists. Goldwyn's publicity experts tore their hair over the problem of maintaining favorable public relations for their star who can exert such irresistible charm when he wants to turn it on.

Then, all of a sudden, everything changed. Danny welcomed the press, he had a fund of funny jokes to tell, and he never seemed depressed. This new mood came to be noticed first during the making of *The Kid From Brooklyn,* in which blonde, sophisticated Eve Arden had an important role.

Soon persons close to the picture were talking. Danny and Eve had such a lot to tell each other that they wouldn't find time between scenes, so they took to going out together evenings. This left Sylvia very much to herself, and naturally, she didn't like it. What wife and mother would? Buzz, buzz, buzz went Hollywood's gossip-mongers.

Eve went quietly about shedding her mate, Ned Bergen, agent, via Las Vegas. The buzzing shot up in tempo. Some of this gossip must have reached the ears of Sylvia, because she made some very sharp and pointed remarks to Danny, which resulted in his moving out. The separation was announced with due formality and reserve, but there was pointedly no mention of an impending divorce.

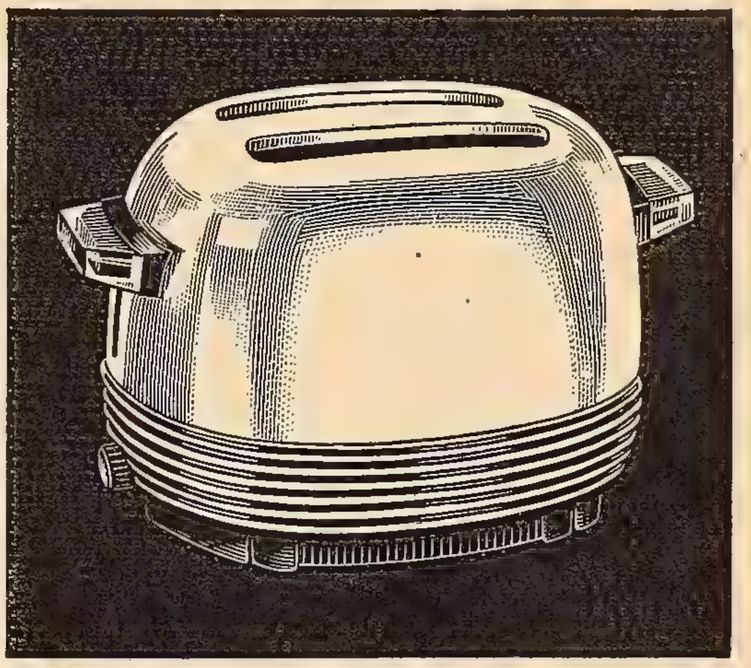
I cannot remember during a long term of observation of the Hollywood scene any other wife who has been so inextricably identified with her husband's career and success as Sylvia.

She's an exacting task-mistress, and she's driven herself at top speed. At the studio, long hours every day, she was in on every conference involving stories,



"Find the proud father," is the appropriate title for this picture, as Danny Kaye shows off pictures of Dena to his house guests: night club entertainers Jackie Miles, Joey Adams and Joe E. Lewis.

Announcing a distinctive new toaster by Proctor



★ Elegant graceful lines...one-piece chromium top!
★ Remarkably accurate "color guard" toast control.
★ Silent Automatic Pop-up.
★ Sliding crumb tray—permanent cord.

It's new... it's exclusive... it's

PROCTOR

AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

PROCTOR ELECTRIC COMPANY, PHILA. 40, PA.

Help yourself to **BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS**



Don't be embarrassed by short, broken, thin nails. It's so easy to cover unsightly nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy, they bring you long, lovely nails that everyone admires. Can be worn any length and polished any shade. **Help you overcome nail biting habit.** Set of 10 only 20c at all 5c-10c stores ... and at Sears.

NU-NAILS *ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS*
5251 West Harrison Street
Dept. 15-S Chicago 44, Illinois

REPLICA



Set #S-102—Flashing Replica Diamond in Solid Sterling Silver, with wedding band to match



Set #S-104—Flashing Replica Diamond, white gold color effect, with wedding band to match

DIAMOND
Engagement Rings
with matched wedding bands

Flashing replica diamond engagement rings chased wedding bands to match.

Only **97¢**
FOR BOTH

Choice of any set in Sterling Silver, White or Yellow Gold Color Effect. SEND NO MONEY. Just name, address, ring size. Order by set number. Pay postman 97c plus postage or send $1 with order and we pay postage. GUARANTEE: If not pleased, return in 10 days for refund.



Set #S-103—Flashing Replica Diamond, yellow gold color effect with wedding band to match. →

Send All Orders To **HAREM CO.**
30 Church St., Dept. N-135
New York 7, N. Y.

EASE TIRED EYES WITH EYE-GENE

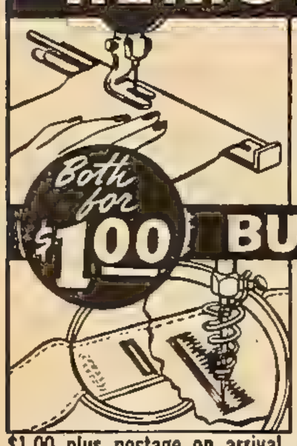


You'll See, Feel The Difference In Seconds!

Just two drops of safe EYE-GENE in your eyes tired or irritated from overwork, wind, glare, late hours or over-indulgence—presto!—they will be rested, cleared, refreshed! Yes, EYE-GENE is gentle and safe. Use it every day. At all Drug stores in handy eye-dropper bottles—25¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

HEMSTITCHER



Hemstitch on any sewing machine with this handy attachment. Does two piece, criss-cross, inlaid, circular and hemstitching for pleats; also tucking, smocking and picoting. Makes rugs, comforters, slippers, etc. out of any material. Easy directions included.

Both for $1.00

BUTTON HOLER

Makes button holes on your sewing machine instead of by hand. Also darns stockings, sews buttons, zippers; and can be used for quilting. Sews in any direction — front, back or sideways.

SEND NO MONEY — Merely send your name, address and pay postman $1.00 plus postage on arrival. Or, send $1.00 with order, and we mail attachments postage paid. You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

LELANE CO. Dept. DM-127, Box 571 Kansas City 10, Mo.



FREE ENLARGEMENT of your Favorite Photo



FROM FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

Just to get acquainted we will make a beautiful 5 x 7 enlargement of any picture or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing and get our bargain offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in your choice of handsome frames. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing each enlargement. Your original picture or negative will be returned with the FREE 5 x 7 enlargement postpaid. Act now! Offer limited to U. S. A.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept.373, Hollywood, Calif.



PERFECT COPIES of "Famous-Name" PERFUMES

EXPERTS CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE

between these exotic, alluring, quality Reproductions by VALLETTE and costly FAMOUS NAME Perfumes. You pay only a fraction of the cost of the originals. SEND 50¢ TODAY for this Miniature TREASURE CHEST containing reproductions of THREE of the most costly and famous Perfumes in the World and full details of my AMAZING and SENSATIONAL INTRODUCTORY GIFT OFFER.

VALLETTE Dept.D-21, Box 1143 Decatur, Illinois



BE A Nurse

LEARN AT HOME

Practical nurses are needed in every community . . . doctors rely on them . . . patients appreciate their cheerful expert care. You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. 48th yr. Earn while learning. High School not required. Men, women, 18 to 60. Trial plan. Write now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 2312, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____

City _____ State _____ Age _____

songs, publicity, and every angle of production. Her say-so carried heavy weight.

The first break in this rule came with the making of *A Song Is Born,* Danny's current and final starring picture for Goldwyn. Sylvia's absence at the start of this picture was so conspicuous that it started tongues wagging anew. When she did go to the studio, she stayed away from the sound stages where her husband was working. The long consultations and conversations between husband and wife were no more.

Sometimes Danny betrayed uncertainty in how to play a scene, or put over a bit of business before the camera. He seemed conscious that something was missing, because he was accustomed to the presence of a friendly critic to point out his mistakes and give him a hand when his work was wonderful.

Could it be that Sylvia, one of the smartest gals in the business, was playing a smart game in staying away, and letting Danny do the best he could on his own?

You can't help recalling an almost parallel case. That of Red Skelton and his ex-wife, Edna, now Mrs. Frank Borzage. Junior, as Edna calls Red, took another wife, but Edna still manages him. He lets her decide what's best for him, and it's an arrangement that seems to work.

The question Hollywood is asking now is: will Sylvia Fine take a leaf out of Edna's book, and will she be content to assume the role of guide and friend, while abdicating that of wife and sweetheart? Or is that the way Danny wants things to be?

No matter what happens, it's certain Sylvia will figure very importantly in his life at least for the next seven years, the term of the Warner contract that establishes her as associate producer on all his pictures. Sylvia has a great deal of quiet pride. There will be no plush carpet laid out for Danny unless and until he definitely makes up his mind that Sylvia is the only girl in his life.

A baby, and especially a baby like little Dena, whom Danny loves to rave about, can make a lot of difference in the life of a sentimental gentleman of comedy.

And one wonders if perhaps there may have been a note of prophetic irony in the song that Danny warbled tenderly to Eve Arden when they were appearing together in *Let's Face It* on Broadway in 1943. The title of the song was "Let's Not Talk About Love."

THE FANS

(*Continued from page 86*)

job is listening to the fine things your stars say about YOU! And we think we're violating no confidence in letting you in on some of their comments:

FRANCES LANGFORD: "I am fully aware of the wonderful work that fan clubs are doing and I want to tell my fans that their interest in me and my career is very heartening. I wish to thank them for this and for their loyalty . . . Sometimes we get blinded by our success and it is through suggestions by our loyal fans, writing to us from time to time, and letting us know what they think of our radio shows and pictures, that keep us on our toes."

JOHNNY COY: "I always compare a solid well-organized fan club with the cheering section of a football squad or baseball team—every player wants to know that he has friends rooting for him in the grandstands. I hope the fans realize that their interest and enthusiasm are greatly appreciated."

JOHNNY LONG: "People don't stop to consider the constructive work lots of the clubs do. They provide a healthy social outlet for naturally sociable youngsters, who might otherwise spend their time . . . in a not too choice environment . . . Most clubs publish periodicals . . . they send out members to report on the movies, radio shows and personal appearances of the star. Many develop a publicity or reportorial sense that might prove useful later on . . . Club members are passing through an important, formative time of their life. It's a time when they develop lasting opinions and ideas. That's why I think it's important that they learn how to get along with each other, regardless of any little differences in physical makeup or family background."

CHARLES KORVIN: "Response to one's performance on the stage is one of the most rewarding things an actor can ask for, and this is where fans enter in a most important way. Through their letters of appreciation, of encouragement, and even of criticism, does a movie actor get his reward for his work. Without that, one would be working in a vacuum . . . Some people think I am crazy because I spend so much time reading all my fan mail. I was told after my first year here that I will not do it very long. However, I have been doing it and intend to do it, as the letters are to me what the faces down in the audience are to the actor on the stage. They are the applause after the final curtain is down."

HINTS FOR JOURNAL EDITORS: Every club paper should have a title page, which lists the official name and address of your club, the full names of your star and club officers, journal editors, staff contributors, artists, etc., date of publication, honoraries, affiliations, etc. All work that appears in your journal (articles, poems, art work, etc.) whether original or reprinted from another source, must be credited with the author's or artist's name. Although a paper should be as friendly as the spirit of the club, remember your journal is not a closed corporation for members only. Would a non-clubber who chanced upon your journal be confused by a mass of "I's" when you mean editorial "we's?" Do you use first names only in recounting a meeting or event, forgetting

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Not long ago, Johnnie Johnston was appearing at the RKO Theater here in Boston. While he was on stage with Jan Murray, the comedian, a few boys in one of the boxes began to throw pennies down onto the stage to attract their attention. Jan Murray asked them to stop because a roller-skating act was next and the skaters might trip. Then Johnnie said, "You're right, Jan. And boys, don't do it again . . . you remember the name of the animal that throws a scent!" That got a bigger hand than any of the other jokes that were told.

Diane Kennedy,
Burlington, Mass.



Harry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell, Nelson Eddy and Janis Paige at the L.A. Fan Club Convention.

that new members may not be familiar with all your club officers or regulars? When editing a journal, be objective. Try to imagine that a stranger from Mars (or, at least, a non-clubber) is going to read your journal over somebody else's shoulder. If the stuff you put in it is going to confuse him, make him feel like a rank outsider, he's not going to want to join your club. (Say, how do you collect dues from Mars, anyway?) Miscellaneous: No mush-stuff about your star, please. It's embarrassing to everybody. No pages filled with corny jokes, either. A joke that's really funny makes a good filler, but when our editorial staff reads a whole page devoted to sad little egg-layers, it starts thinking, "What's the matter? Don't the clubbers have anything to say about their star, movies, books, records, or any of the million-and-a-half subjects that should interest them?"

CLUB BANTER

Parties: We don't want to steal Louella's thunder, but we certainly have a batch of fine parties to cover this month: First, there was the picnic the Bobby Beers Clubbers held at Jackson Park in Chicago. Bob was there, along with several members of the Lawrence Welk Ork, who served as guest ant-shooers . . . Dixie Jean Gibbs' Jack Smith Club attended a super beach party at Dixie Jean's home which was loads of fun . . . and the Esther Williams group, headed by Jane Griffis, reports the spectacular success of their first lawn party . . . Helen Gerald hostessed a theater party for her boosters . . . the new Bedford chapter of the Fultonites put on what is perhaps the first "double feature" party on record when they attended a performance of two of Joan's pics, *Michigan Kid* and *Buck Privates Come Home* on the same bill . . . way over in England, Betty McKeown's Perry Como Conclave threw a bang up swimming party to discuss new ideas (they were *not* all wet) . . . and back in New York, the Martin-eeks put over a little shindig with the aid of cokes and ice cream, at Ted's music store . . . the Milton Berle clubbers were pretty excited about Milton's appearance at the Roxy and bought him "a little something" to present to him at the dinner he's planning for his club . . . the Glenn Miller Memorial Clubbers were looking forward to Tex Beneke's appearance at the Moonlight Gardens in Cincinnati and planned to swoop down on him for a gay evening . . . and some local lucky Charles Korvin-ites had a mad confab with their honorary when he stopped in New York on his way to Europe. **Meetings:** A brand new Gene Autry Columbia film in Cine Color may be previewed at the Autry convention in New York . . . Jordine Skoff held a meeting in her home for local members of her Johnny Desmond Club when he was appearing in person in Buffalo, and sure enough, Johnny was there! . . . Jack Smith attended a special meeting of Barbara Stoney's club in his honor in Carmel, Calif. . . . British Frank Sinatra Club hopes to be 700 strong at their London Convention in December . . . Como's Cream City Club, headed by Margaret Staley, held a meeting to start work on their first journal. **Cancer:** The Frank Keys, Frank and Nancy Club, Nancy's Pop Club and Our Boy Swoonatra Club pitched in with a Detroit department store to stage a Teen Town party for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research . . . Bev Bush's Melody of Sinatra Club attaches Cancer Prevention seals to all correspondence . . . Peggy Kress' Sinatra-Ettes have donated $25 to the Cancer Fund . . . Danny Scholl Clubbers have raised $15 for the same cause . . . Arthur Kennedy clubbers, $7 . . . Betty Schwarz's Lanny Ross Club, $3, and others who are busy fighting cancer with cash are the International Teddy Walters club and the John Tyer club (the latter donated $25) . . . **Publicity:** Loretta Verbin, prexy of Jack Carson's club has already appeared on two San Francisco radio programs, and hopes to appear with Jack on another when he hits her town for personal appearances. Also, the management of the theater where Jack is to appear has invited all Carson Bay City Clubbers to a special radio party . . . Betty Norris, publicity director of King James Court (Mason, Fitzmorris) has posted a sign in her local theater lobby, announcing a contest on "Why I'd like to join James' club," and James himself has contributed autographed pics as prizes . . . Dorothy Reisser's James Melton Club is going to have special folders printed about her club and distributed in music stores . . . Anne Anderson, Jack Smith prexy, is trying to interest her local record shop owner in her plan to insert little slips in the jackets of Jack's records, with the legend, "If you like Jack Smith's recording of—, why not join his club?" . . . the Wild over Wilde fan club rated a plug in the Chicago Times . . . Jack Owens Swoonsters snagged a feature story in the New Bedford Times . . . Myrla McDougall of the Sarnia, Ontario, chapter of the Gene Autry Club, has gotten her local theater manager so enthusiastic about Gene's club, he's inaugurating a Gene Autry Friendship Club Day every Saturday that Gene's pictures are booked at his theater. **Miscellaneous:** Teddy Walters Club prexy, Gloria Hoyle, was Teddy's guest at his Phila. home, met his 83-year-old grandmother . . . Ginger Bagnall asks will we please announce that Alice Frost (Pamela on the "Mr. and Mrs. North" program) is looking for a new fan club prexy for her club, which already numbers 150. If interested, please write a letter, stating your qualifications, to Ginger, at 12 Lafayette Ave., Summit, N. J. . . . Willard Parker Club sponsoring free membership to first person from each state, Hawaii and Alaska who writes in to us.

* * *

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: Here's the good news you've all been waiting for! The new revised Fan Club Chart, with the very latest list of approved and promising fan clubs, will be ready on or about November 15. Over 350 clubs, prexies' names and addresses, names of journals, interesting facts, etc. The most comprehensive list of fan clubs published anywhere! Also, tells you what to do about joining a fan club, how to make inquiries, when to send dues, what you can expect from a well-run club, etc. For your copy of MODERN SCREEN'S *Exclusive Fan Club Chart, send 10c and a 4x9 inch, 3c stamped self-addressed envelope to: Service Dept.,* MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16. Note: Do not address your request to Fan Club Dept., but to SERVICE DEPT.!*

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

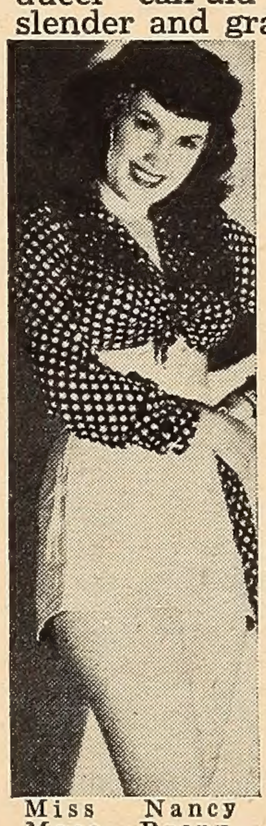
where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or starvation diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.



Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.



Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. DM-4, 871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey.

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State _____

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 23*)

Ingraham would never think of looking for His Royal Majesty at work as a farmhand.

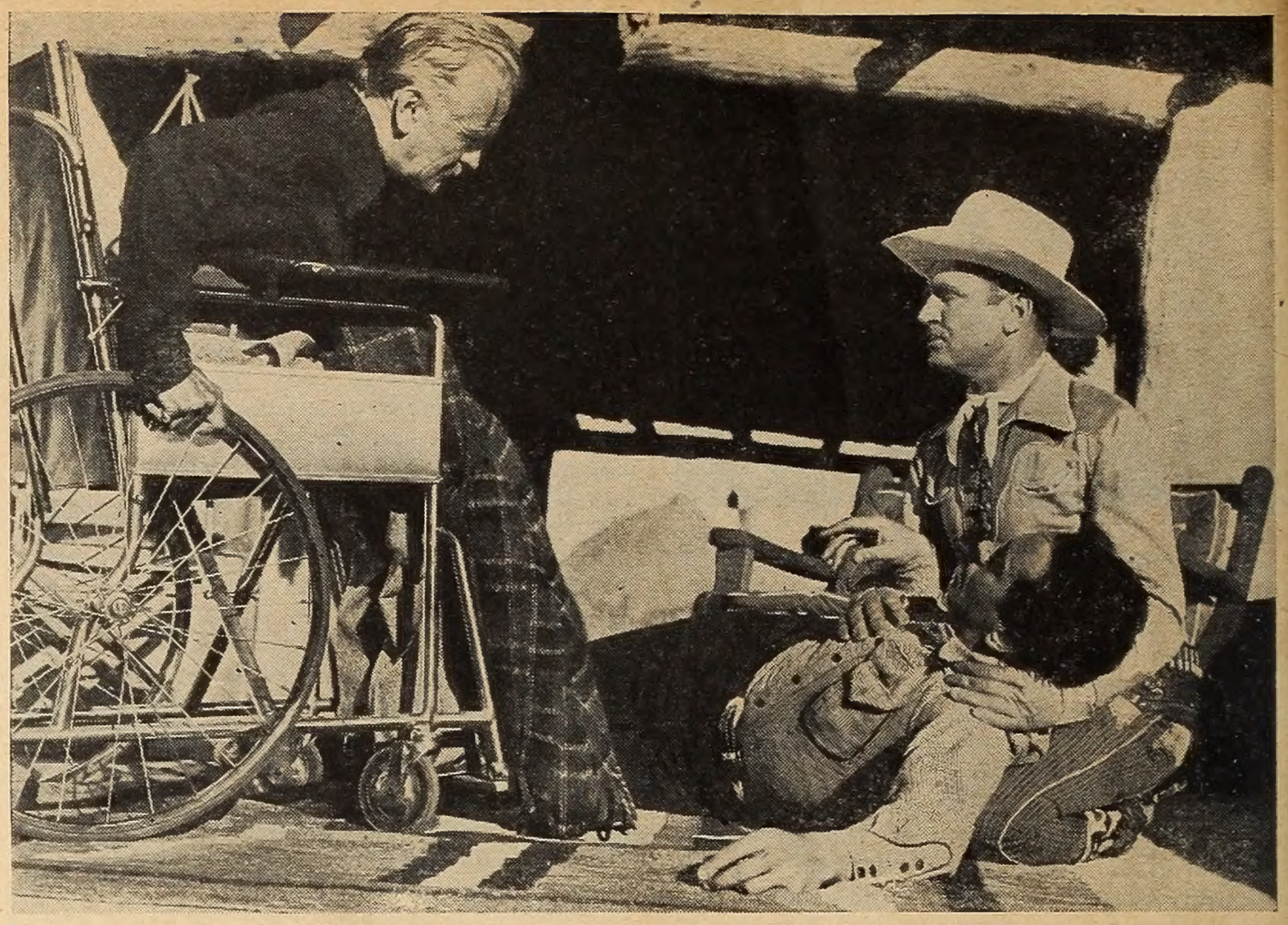
But all of a sudden, Katie's little farm becomes considerably less obscure. There arrives a mincing, prancing character who calls himself Pinner (Robert Coote) but insinuates he is really King Charles. On his heels arrives a luscious, scented creature direct from the French court. A countess, no less, she (Maria Montez) is thoroughly familiar with the real Charles, from a past love affair. Then Ingraham arrives. All of this explodes on poor Katie's farm, in a sizzle of racing horses, clashing swords and general melee. Such fun.—*Univ.-Int.*

OUT OF THE PAST

You'd be surprised how snarled up a guy's life can get when the girl he's in love with commits a murder. Of course, the life of Jeff Bailey (Robert Mitchum) was snarled even before that. In fact he was bucketed straight into trouble from the moment he met racketeer Whit Sterling (Kirk Douglas).

Jeff is a private detective and Whit has a job for him. It sounds all right—just go to Mexico and find a girl named Kathie Moffatt (Jane Greer). It seems Kathie has walked off with $40,000 of Whit's money.

That, really, is what crosses things up. Because when Jeff finds Kathie, he doesn't want to take her back to Whit who is still in love with her in spite of what she did. No, Jeff wants her himself, so badly, that he's willing to toss over the whole job, and also take a chance on Whit's putting a bullet in him as a reminder of what private detectives are *not* supposed to do.



The Last Roundup: Ralph Morgan tries to stir up trouble among the Indians and to cut off the water supply to Mesa City. Autry opposes him, but is accused of killing his own pal, Russ Vincent.

Quite a girl, this Kathie. They hide out in San Francisco for awhile, but an old partner of Jeff's finds them and starts a little plain and fancy blackmail. So Kathie shoots him. She leaves Jeff to explain the body to any curious people, such as the police, and goes back to Whit. Jeff was fun for awhile but he's run out of money.

Jeff gets out of that particular jam, but later Whit maneuvers him into a position where he seems to be responsible for still another murder. Frankly, if I needed a detective, this Jeff Bailey is the last guy I'd hire. He doesn't seem to know which way is up. And even Robert Mitchum can't make him very convincing.—*RKO.*



Out of the Past: Private detective Bob Mitchum goes to Mexico to find Jane Greer and $40,000 that isn't hers. He falls for her, but she loves his money and involves him in blackmail, murder.

THE LAST ROUND-UP

Gene Autry has moved over to Columbia and Columbia has rewarded him by giving him a good, fast Western for his first picture. There's plenty of shooting and a stampede or two and all the other ingredients, including Gene's horse, Champion.

The locale is a little western valley near Mesa City. Everyone's been living in peace and comfort, minding their own business. Then, with complete unexpectedness, comes the news that an aqueduct bordering the Indian reservation will leave the whole valley as dry as a buffalo nickel. Mesa City needs a bigger water supply and the aqueduct is the only way they can get it. But what about the Indians who live in the valley?

There is one man whom everyone trusts to try and work out a deal for them. This man is Gene Autry. But what Gene doesn't know is that there are two men right in the valley who are doing their best to mess things up. If Charlie Mason (Ralph Morgan) and his son, Matt (Mark Daniels) can grab off the land for themselves, they don't care what trickery it takes to do it.

Their first move is to start a stampede among Gene's cattle just when he's ready to address a town meeting. They don't want him explaining things to the people. The less everyone knows, the better off the Masons will be. Besides, young Matt doesn't like the way pretty Carol Taylor (Jean Heather) has been looking at Gene lately, so he has a personal grudge.

The Indians have always been especially friendly toward Gene, but the Masons fix that, too. They cause a fight where several tribesmen are killed and make it look as if Gene was to blame. Even Gene's best friend, an educated Indian named Jeff (Russ Vincent) won't trust him any more. It looks for awhile as if the Mason clan will win out, but then the riding and shooting really starts, and no one is as good at either as Gene.—*Col.*


Maxine
$180.00
that wonderful "In Love" feeling . . .
Ann
$47.50
Marie
$525.00
Choose the symbol of
your betrothal with care.
Remember that Cardinal Diamonds
are Fine Diamonds . . .
guaranteed by the Cardinal Bond
for color, clarity, proportion and
brilliance. At your jewelers.
Cardinal
BONDED DIAMOND RINGS
Dress by
Ceil Chapman
CARDINAL DIAMOND SYNDICATE • ST. LOUIS • LOS ANGELES • MINNEAPOLIS

Your Skin's Softer!
You're Lovelier with just
One Cake of Camay!

MRS. HUDSON C. MILLAR, JR.
the former Barbara Jean Carpenter
of East Orange, N. J.
bridal portrait by Maurice

MEET THE MILLARS!



The Millars honeymooned in Bermuda. Neighbors all their lives, they'd only met a few years ago. She's gorgeous! She says: "My *first cake* of Camay brought a softer, clearer look to my skin."

There's sorcery in a lovely skin—a soft, clear complexion holds hearts in its spell! That's true—and you can win a smoother, lovelier skin with just *one cake* of Camay.

Just give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow directions on the wrapper—and watch your beauty grow!



Bride and groom share a love of sailing. Both can set a spinnaker or tie a clove hitch. Expert, too, in complexion care—Barbara helps guard the loveliness of her skin with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.